

Sing unto the Lord a new song.—David.

THE



GOSPEL

*Alice*

AWAKENING

BY F. A. BLACKMER.

For Use in Pr

WHEN thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly. Matt. 6:6.

with Schools, and

ADDRESS, "THE OLD PATH," HARRISBURG, PENNA.

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THE  
GOSPEL AWAKENING,

BY  
F. A. BLACKMER.

A COLLECTION OF ORIGINAL AND SELECTED

“Hymns and Spiritual Songs”

FOR USE IN

GOSPEL MEETINGS EVERYWHERE.

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PUBLISHED BY F. A. BLACKMER,  
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

## PREFATORY.

"O sing unto the Lord a new song: sing unto the Lord, all the earth. Sing unto the Lord, bless his name; show forth his salvation from day to day."—Psa. xcvi. 1-2.

"Sing unto the Lord a new song, and his praise from the end of the earth. Let the inhabitants of the rocks sing, let them shout from the tops of the mountains. Let them give glory unto the Lord, and declare his praise."—Isaiah xlii, 10-12.

"Sing unto the Lord a new song, and his praise in the congregation of saints. Let the saints be joyful in glory: let them sing aloud upon their beds. Let the high praises of God be in their mouth."—Psalms cxlix, 1-5, 6.

"Where is God my maker, who giveth songs in the night?"—Job xxxv, 10.

"I call to remembrance my song in the night: I commune with my own heart."—Psalms lxxvii, 6.

"Be filled with the Spirit: speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart unto the Lord."—Eph. v, 18-19.

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THE foregoing quotations from the Word of the Lord is deemed a sufficient reason for offering to the Church one more book containing some of the "new songs" for which the servants of the Most High of old called, when moved upon by Divine inspiration; and if through this volume the name of the Lord shall be magnified and the Church comforted and blessed in some degree, the highest ambition of the author will be realized.

Aside from new material, much will be found in this book which has been tested and proved to be good. Some of the old standard hymns, which are always indispensable, are retained. The valuable assistance of the many authors who have contributed to these pages is hereby gratefully acknowledged.

F. A. BLACKMER.

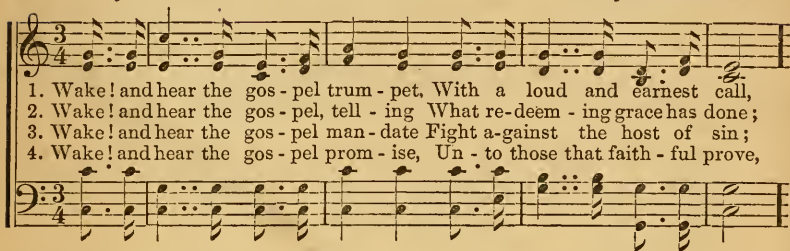
# THE GOSPEL AWAKENING.

## The Gospel Call.

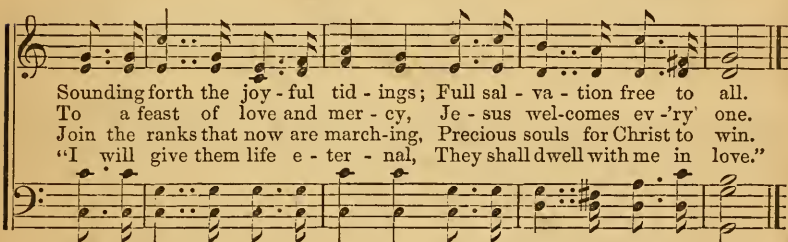
### DEDICATION HYMN.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

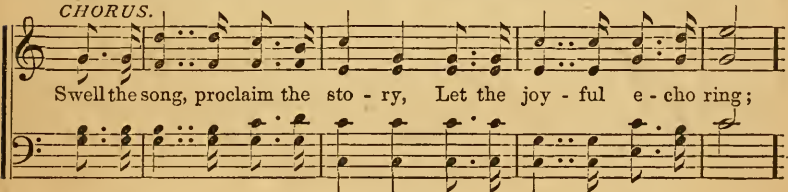


1. Wake! and hear the gos - pel trum - pet, With a loud and earnest call,  
2. Wake! and hear the gos - pel, tell - ing What re - deem - ing grace has done;  
3. Wake! and hear the gos - pel man - date Fight a - gainst the host of sin;  
4. Wake! and hear the gos - pel prom - ise, Un - to those that faith - ful prove,

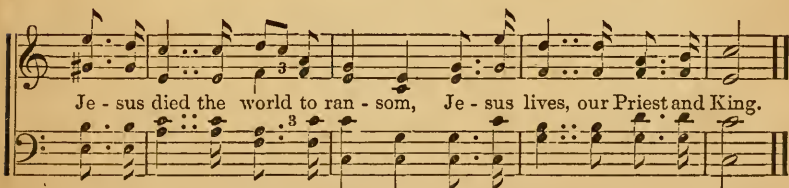


Sounding forth the joy - ful tid - ings; Full sal - va - tion free to all.  
To a feast of love and mer - cy, Je - sus wel - comes ev - 'ry one.  
Join the ranks that now are march - ing, Precious souls for Christ to win.  
"I will give them life e - ter - nal, They shall dwell with me in love."

### CHORUS.



Swell the song, proclaim the sto - ry, Let the joy - ful e - cho ring;



Je - sus died the world to ran - som, Je - sus lives, our Priest and King.

## No. 2.

## "The Lord is There."

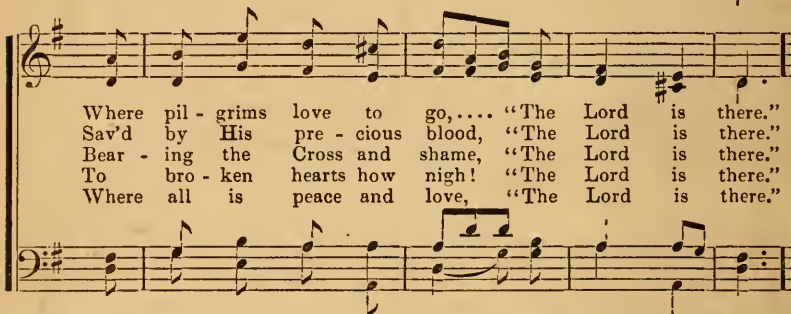
"It was round about eighteen thousand measures; and the name of the City from that day shall be, 'The Lord is there.'—Ezekiel xlviii. 35.

SAMUEL PEACH.

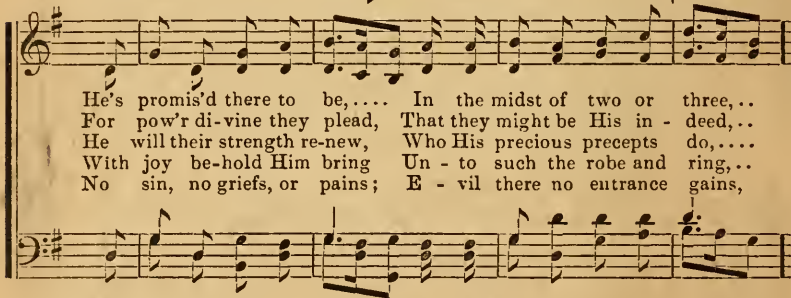
F. A. BLACKMER.

*Not too fast.*

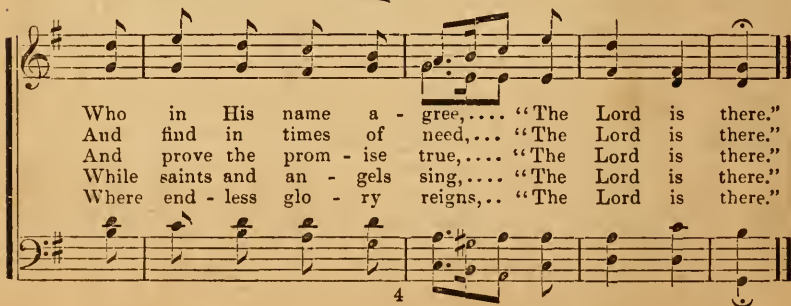

1. In Zi - on's courts be - low, "The Lord is there,"  
 2. All one in Christ, how good! "The Lord is there,"  
 3. Where saints ex - alt His name, "The Lord is there,"  
 4. When souls for mer - cy cry, "The Lord is there,"  
 5. In yon bright world a - bove, "The Lord is there,"



Where pil - grims love to go,.... "The Lord is there."  
 Sav'd by His pre - cious blood, "The Lord is there."  
 Bear - ing the Cross and shame, "The Lord is there."  
 To bro - ken hearts how nigh! "The Lord is there."  
 Where all is peace and love, "The Lord is there."



He's promis'd there to be,.... In the midst of two or three..  
 For pow'r di-vine they plead, That they might be His in - deed..  
 He will their strength re-new, Who His precious precepts do,....  
 With joy be-hold Him bring Un - to such the robe and ring..  
 No sin, no griefs, or pains; E - vil there no entrance gains,



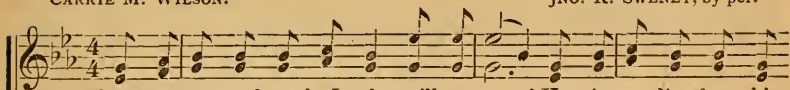
Who in His name a - gree,.... "The Lord is there."  
 And find in times of need,.... "The Lord is there."  
 And prove the prom - ise true,.... "The Lord is there."  
 While saints and an - gels sing,.... "The Lord is there."  
 Where end - less glo - ry reigns,.... "The Lord is there."

## No. 3.

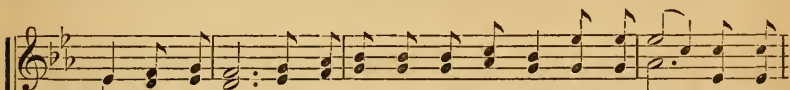
## Will You Come?

CARRIE M. WILSON.

JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.



1. There's a message from the Lord,—will you come? Hear it sounding from his
2. He has tar-ried long for you; will you come? See his locks are wet with
3. Will you heed the Saviour's call? will you come To the feast prepared for

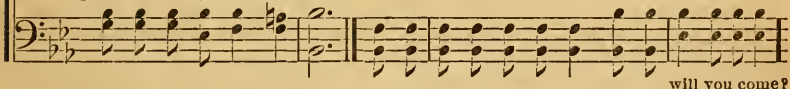


word,—will you come? Whosoever on his name will believe Life e-  
dew: will you come? He alone your many sins can for-give; Will you  
all, will you come? You will find him at the cross waiting there With the

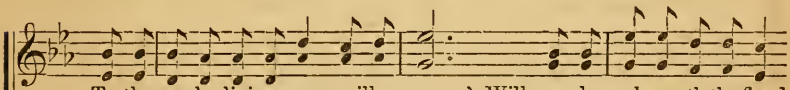


## CHORUS.

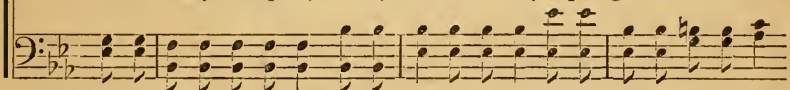
ternal shall from him receive. He is calling you to-day—will you come?  
look to him by faith and live?  
garment that your soul must wear.



will you come?



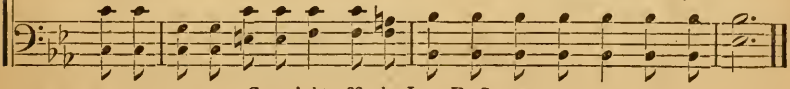
To the on-ly living way—will you come? Will you plunge beneath the flood



will you come?



of his all-a-toning blood? Will you be a child of God; will you come?



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## No. 4.

## Land of Beulah.

ANON.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1. I am dwell - - ing on the mountain, on the mountain, Where the  
 2. I can see..... far down the mountain, down the mountain, Where I  
 3. I am drink - - ing at the fountain, at the fountain, Where I  
 4. Tell me not..... of heavy crosses, heavy crosses, Nor of  
 5. Oh! the Cross..... has wondrous glory, wondrous glo - ry! Oft I've

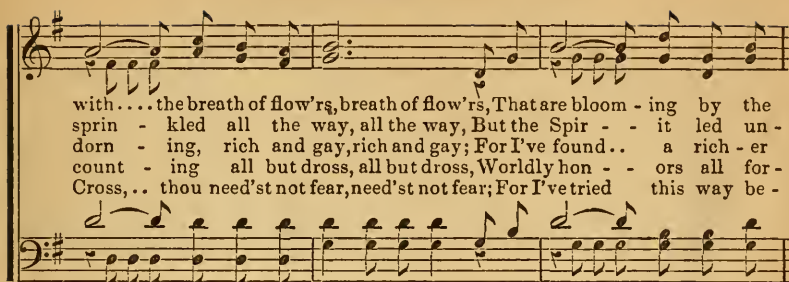
gold - - en sunlight gleams, sunlight gleams O'er a land.. whose wondrous  
 wan - der'd wea - ry years, weary years, Often hin - - der'd in my  
 ev - - er would a-bide, would abide; For I've tast - - ed life's pure  
 bur - - dens hard to bear, hard to bear; For I've found.... this great sal-  
 prov'd.. this to be true, to be true; When I'm in..... the way so

beauty, wondrous beauty, Far ex - ceeds..... my fondest dreams, fondest dreams.  
 jour - ney, in my journey, By the ghosts..... of doubts and fears, doubts and fears,  
 riv - er, life's pure river, And my soul..... is sat - is - fied, sat - is - fied;  
 va - tion, great salvation, Makes each bur - den light ap - pear, light ap - pear;  
 nar - row, way so narrow, I can see..... a pathway through, pathway thro';

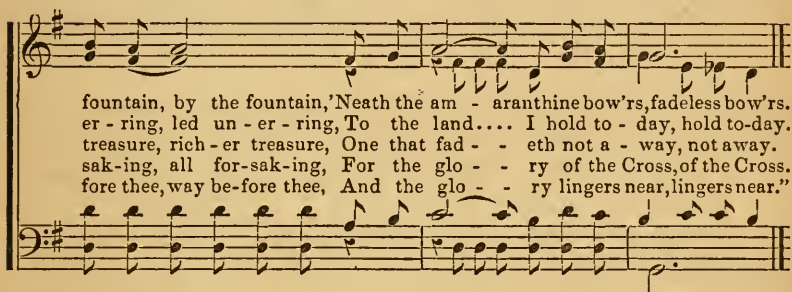
Where the air..... is pure, e - the - real, pure, e - the - real, La - den  
 Brok - en vows..... and dis - ap - pointments, disappointments, Thickly  
 There's no thirst - - ing for life's pleasures, for life's pleasures, Nor a -  
 And I love..... to fol - low Je - sus, fol - low Je - sus, Gladly  
 And how sweet - - ly Je - sus whispers, Je - sus whispers: "Take the

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# LAND OF BEULAH. Concluded.



with.... the breath of flow'rs, breath of flow'rs, That are bloom - ing by the  
sprin - kled all the way, all the way, But the Spir - it led un -  
dorn - ing, rich and gay, rich and gay; For I've found.. a rich - er  
count - ing all but dross, all but dross, Worldly hon - - ors all for -  
Cross,.. thou need'st not fear, need'st not fear; For I've tried this way be -



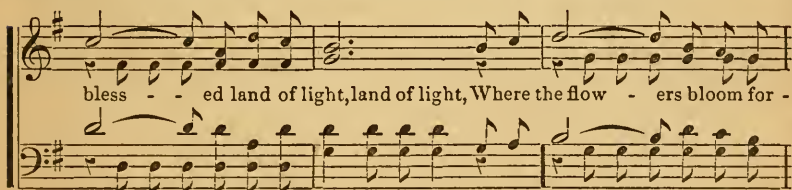
fountain, by the fountain, 'Neath the am - aranthine bow'rs, fadeless bow'rs.  
er - ring, led un - er - ring, To the land.... I hold to - day, hold to-day.  
treasure, rich - er treasure, One that fad - - eth not a - way, not away.  
sak-ing, all for-sak-ing, For the glo - - ry of the Cross, of the Cross.  
fore thee, way be-fore thee, And the glo - - ry lingers near, lingers near."

## CHORUS.

Is not this.....

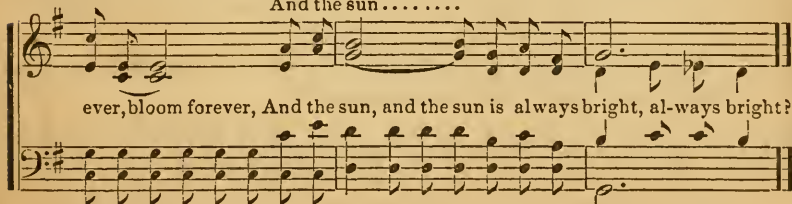


Is not this the land of Beu-lah, land of Beu-lah, Blessed,



bles - - ed land of light, land of light, Where the flow - ers bloom for -

And the sun.....



ever, bloom forever, And the sun, and the sun is always bright, al-ways bright?

## No. 5.

## Papa, Are You Ready?

Companion song to "If Papa Were Only Ready."

E. B. REXFORD.

Willie read Matt. 24: 36-44.

REV. W. E. PENN.

1. Wil-lie bro't his lit - tle Bi - ble, With a grave and thoughtful look In the  
 2. When I told him of the mean-ing Of the words that he had read, He was  
 3. "If you can't tell when He's coming, I should think you'd want to be Always  
 4. Then I clasped my darling clo - ser, Smitten with a sud-den fear, For the

eyes he lift - ed to me From the pa - ges of the book ; "Tell me what this  
 si - lent for a moment, Then looked up at me and said : "Tell me, are you  
 read - y," said my Wil - lie, Looking gravely up at me. "Should He come to-  
 words that he had spoken Seemed to bring life's end so near, And my heart cried :

means, dear pa - pa?" And he read me from God's word What it says of  
 read - y, pa - pa?" O the child could lit - tle know How the sim - ple  
 night and call you, You would have to say to Him : "I'm not read - y,  
 "O my Mas - ter, There shall be no more de - lay, Make me read - y

## CHORUS.

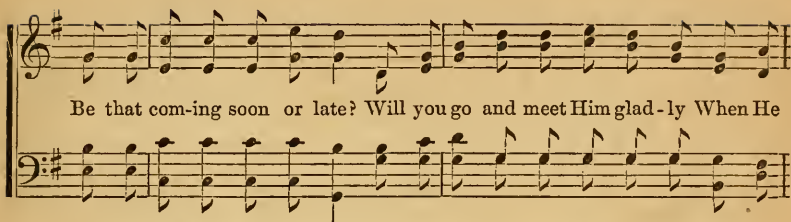
be - ing read - y For the coming of the Lord.  
 question thrilled me As in shame I answered : "No !"  
 O dear papa ! "And his eyes with tears were dim.  
 for Thy coming, Be that coming when it may !"

} Are you ready for His coming,

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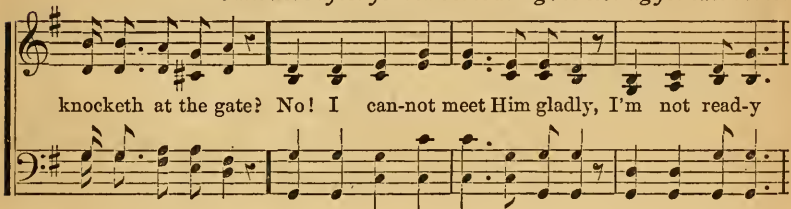


# Papa, Are You Ready? CONCLUDED.

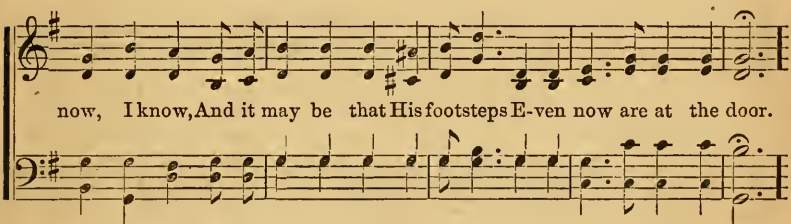


Be that com-ing soon or late? Will you go and meet Him glad-ly When He

*Omit here after fourth verse and go to closing for last verse.*

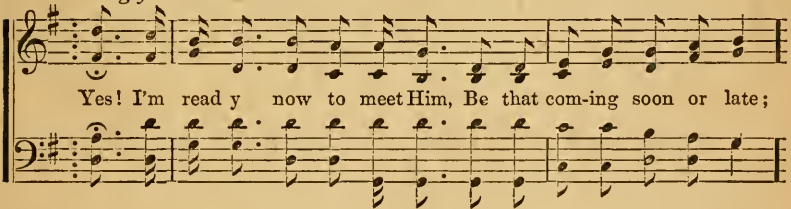


knocketh at the gate? No! I can-not meet Him gladly, I'm not read-y

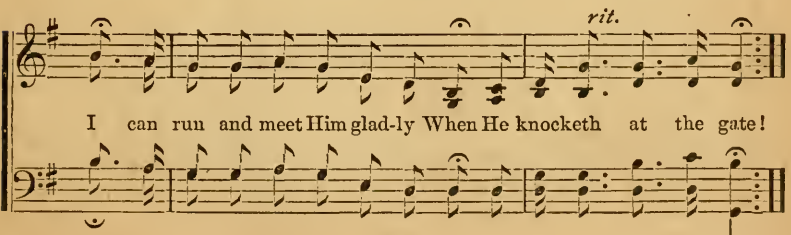


now, I know, And it may be that His footsteps E-ven now are at the door.

*Closing for last verse.*



Yes! I'm read y now to meet Him, Be that com-ing soon or late;



*rit.*  
I can run and meet Him glad-ly When He knocketh at the gate!

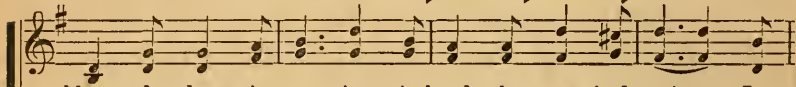
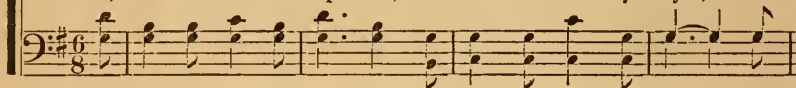
# No. 6. Holiness to the Lord.

A. T. G.

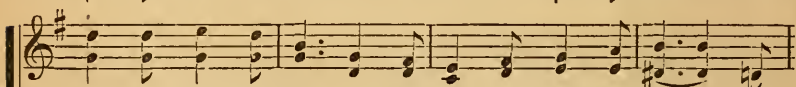
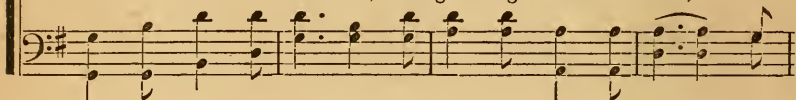
A. T. GORHAM.



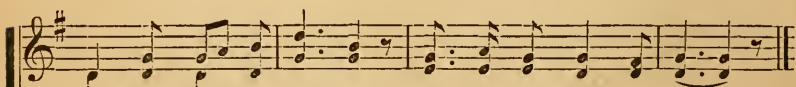
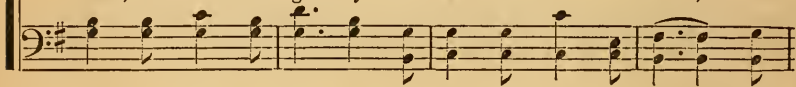
1. Come, all ye way-worn pil-grims, And let your songs a - rise; The
2. In E-den's star - ry man-sions, Will lurk no taint of sin; The
3. Oh, let us then be hope - ful, And lift our wea - ry eyes, Where



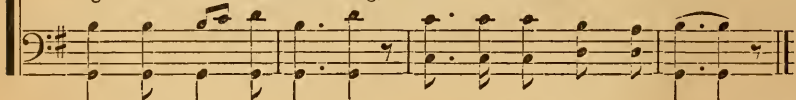
bless - ed dawn is near - ing, At hand the prom - ised prize; Let  
blood-washed, pure and spot-less, A - lone can en - ter in. We  
in the dim ho - ri - zon, The gleaming tur - rets rise; O



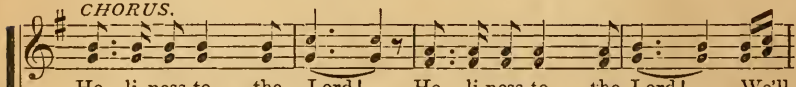
ev - 'ry lamp be burn - ing, And shout with one ac - cord, The  
must be true and faith-ful, To gain the rich re - ward, And  
home, sweet home in glo - ry! A - wake each tune - ful chord, And



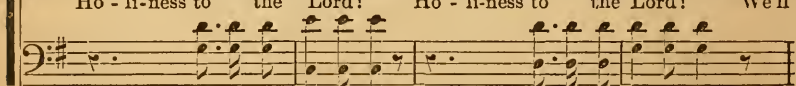
watch - cry of the faith-ful, — "Ho - li - ness to the Lord!"  
sing with all the ran-somed, "Ho - li - ness to the Lord!"  
sing while morn is break - ing, "Ho - li - ness to the Lord!"



## CHORUS.



Ho - li - ness to the Lord! Ho - li - ness to the Lord! We'll



Ho-li-ness to the Lord! Ho-li-ness to the Lord!

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# HOLINESS TO THE LORD. Concluded.

write up - on our ban-ners,— Ho - li - ness to the Lord!

Ho - li - ness to the Lord!

Ho - li - ness to the Lord! Ho - li - ness to the Lord We'll

Ho - li - ness to the Lord! Ho - li - ness to the Lord! We'll

write up - on our ban-ners,— Ho - li - ness to the Lord!

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the hymn 'Holiness to the Lord'. It consists of three systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The first system ends with 'Ho - li - ness to the Lord!'. The second system has two lines of lyrics: 'Ho - li - ness to the Lord! Ho - li - ness to the Lord We'll' and 'Ho - li - ness to the Lord! Ho - li - ness to the Lord! We'll'. The third system ends with 'write up - on our ban-ners,— Ho - li - ness to the Lord!'.

No. 7.

Just as I Am.

MISS CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

WM. D. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not, To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
8. Just as I am, tho' tossed about, With many a con-flict, many a doubt,

And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!  
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!  
With fears with-in, and foes without, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the hymn 'Just as I Am'. It consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is two flats (Bb, Eb) and the time signature is 6/4. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The first system has three lines of lyrics numbered 1, 2, and 8. The second system has three lines of lyrics starting with 'And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God!'. The music ends with a double bar line.

4 Just as I am; Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
Because Thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

5 Just as I am—Thy love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down;  
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

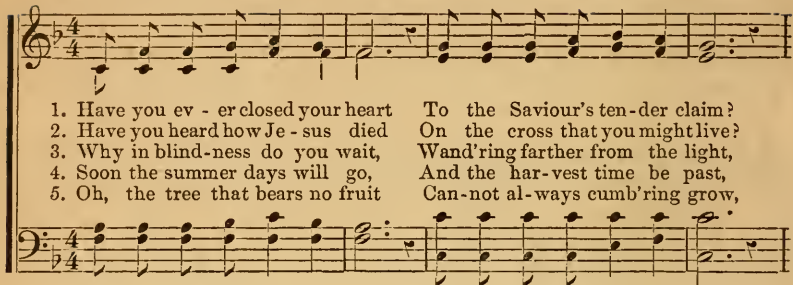
## No. 8.

## Except Ye Repent.

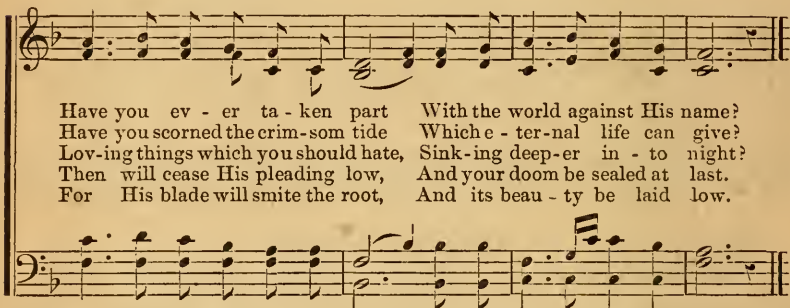
MRS. T. M. GRIFFIN.

Luke 13: 3.

REV. W. E. PENN.

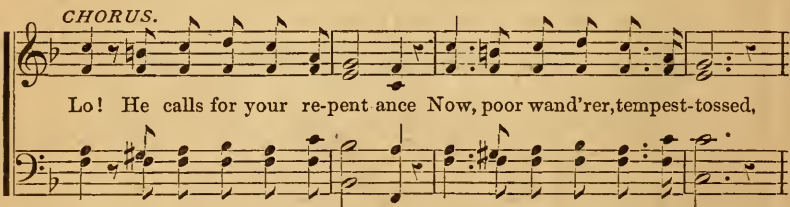


1. Have you ev - er closed your heart      To the Saviour's ten - der claim?  
 2. Have you heard how Je - sus died      On the cross that you might live?  
 3. Why in blind - ness do you wait,      Wand'ring farther from the light,  
 4. Soon the summer days will go,      And the har - vest time be past,  
 5. Oh, the tree that bears no fruit      Can - not al - ways cumb'ring grow,



Have you ev - er ta - ken part      With the world against His name?  
 Have you scorned the crim - som tide      Which e - ter - nal life can give?  
 Lov - ing things which you should hate,      Sink - ing deep - er in - to night?  
 Then will cease His pleading low,      And your doom be sealed at last.  
 For His blade will smite the root,      And its beau - ty be laid low.

*CHORUS.*



Lo! He calls for your re - pent - ance Now, poor wand'rer, tempest-tossed,



Hear the Mas - ter's sol - emn mes - sage: "Come, re - pent, or you are lost."

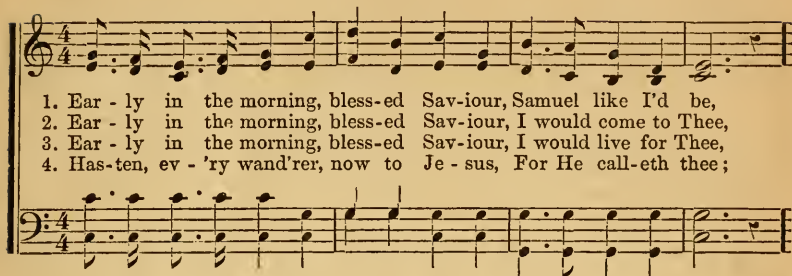


# No. 9. Here Am I, Send Me!

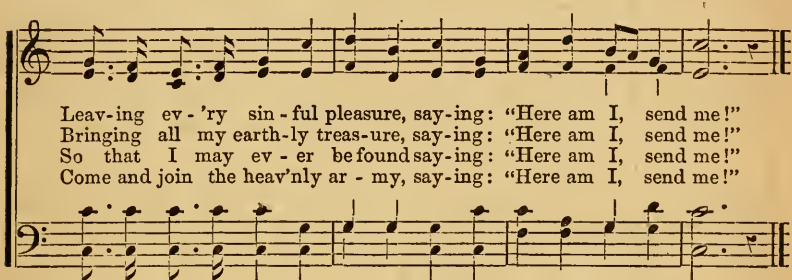
1 Sam. 3, 4: 10. Isaiah 6: 8.

W. E. PENN.

F. A. BLACKMER.



1. Ear - ly in the morning, bless-ed Sav-iour, Samuel like I'd be,  
 2. Ear - ly in the morning, bless-ed Sav-iour, I would come to Thee,  
 3. Ear - ly in the morning, bless-ed Sav-iour, I would live for Thee,  
 4. Has-ten, ev - 'ry wand'rer, now to Je - sus, For He call-eth thee;

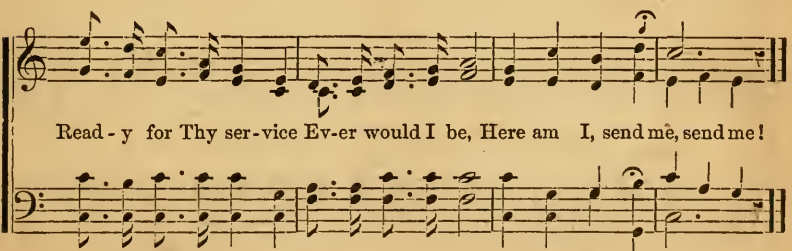


Leav-ing ev - 'ry sin - ful pleasure, say-ing: "Here am I, send me!"  
 Bringing all my earth-ly treas-ure, say-ing: "Here am I, send me!"  
 So that I may ev - er be found say-ing: "Here am I, send me!"  
 Come and join the heav'nly ar - my, say-ing: "Here am I, send me!"

CHORUS.



Here am I, here am I, Here am I, send me!  
 Here am I, here am I, Here am I, send me!



Read - y for Thy ser-vice Ev-er would I be, Here am I, send me, send me!

# No. 10. The Lord's Prayer.

D. S. T.

D. S. TAYLOR.

1. Teach us to pray, O God, our King, As Je - sus taught his own; Help  
2. Our Fa - ther, who in heav - en art, All hallow'd be Thy name; Thy

*cres - - - - cen - - - - do.* *f* *p*  
us Thy love and grace to sing, Un - til we reach the heav'nly throne. The  
kingdom come, Thy will be done In heav'n and earth always the same. Give

*rit.* *a tempo.*  
prayer our Sav - iour bids us say, "Our Fa - ther," words so sweet, May  
us this day our dai - ly bread, And par - don all our sin; And

we re - peat it day by day, Till Christ and Christian meet.  
in temp - ta - tion leave us not, May we o'er e - vil win.

*f* *p* *pp*  
Un - til He come and take us home, Be this our prayer: A - - - men.  
Thine be the kingdom and the power, And endless praise: A - - - men.

## No. 11.

## God be with You.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."—Rom. 16: 20.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By his counsels guide, uphold you,  
 2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath his wings protecting, hide you,  
 3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's perils thick confound you,  
 4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,

With his sheep se - cure - ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.  
 Dai - ly man - na still di - vide you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.  
 Put his arms un - fail - ing round you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.  
 Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

*CHORUS.*

Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet,  
 Till we meet, till we meet again, till we meet

Till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet again.  
 Till we meet, till we meet again.

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## No. 12.

## Happy Day.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1. O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Saviour, and my God!  
 2. 'Tis done, the great transaction's done; I am my Lord's, and He is mine;  
 3. Now rest, my long - di - vid - ed heart; Fixed on this bliss - ful cen - ter, rest;  
 4. High heav'n, that heard the solemn vow, That vow renewed shall dai - ly hear,

Well may this glowing heart re - joice, And tell its raptures all a - broad.  
 He drew me, and I fol - lowed on, Charm'd to con - fess the voice di - vine.  
 Nor ev - er from Thy Lord de - part: With Him of ev - ery good possess'd.  
 Till in life's lat - est hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear.

Hap - - py day, Hap - - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins away;  
 Hap - py, happy day, Hap - py, happy day,

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day;

Hap - - - py day, hap - - - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way.  
 Hap - py, happy day, hap - py, happy day,



# No. 13.

# Oh, Turn Ye.

SIR HENRY ROWLEY BISHOP.

1-2-

1. { Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye for why will ye die, }  
When God in great mercy is com-ing } so nigh? Now Jesus invites you, the

*Fine.* *D.C.*

Spirit says "Come," While angels are waiting to welcome you home. Come, come, come, oh, come,  
While angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2 How vain the delusion, that while you delay,  
Your hearts may grow better, your chains melt away;  
Come guilty, come wretched, come just as you are  
All helpless and dying, to Jesus repair.

3 The contrite in heart He will freely receive,  
Oh! why will you not the glad message believe?  
If sin be your burden, why will you not come?  
'Tis you He makes welcome; He bids you come home.

# No. 14.

# Launch the Life-Boat!

A. T. G.

A. T. GORHAM.

*Con Spirito. Solo or Duet.*

1. The tempest broods ov-er the bil-lows, The storm banner's folds are unfurled, And  
2. A-las! for the frail barks that wan-der, And aim-less-ly drift out to sea; A-  
3. A-way, gal-lant hearts, to your stations, Tho' storms rage and wild billows foam; For

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# Launch the Life-Boat. CONTINUED.

shad-ows of night are de-scend-ing las! for the white sails that sparkle, soon our great Captain is com-ing

In gloom on a slum-ber-ing world; And i-dly dance on as in glee; To gath-er His mar-i-ners home. Far The Toil

out on the per-il-ous o-cean thunders that herald de-struc-tion on, while the tempest is beat-ing,—

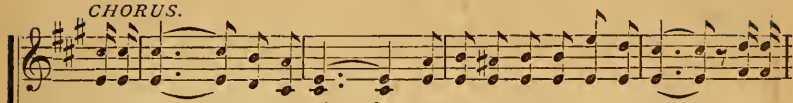
There's many a frail craft a-float; Peal forth with a threaten-ing note, Stand firm, while a spar is a-float, Let us As the Or a'

haste, ere too late for the res-cue,— swift pinioned fate is a-ris-ing,— weak voice for rescue is call-ing,—

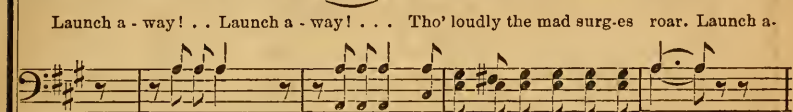
Up! comrades, and launch the life-boat. . . Up! comrades, and launch the life-boat. . . Up! comrades, and launch the life-boat. . .

# Launch the Life-Boat. CONCLUDED.

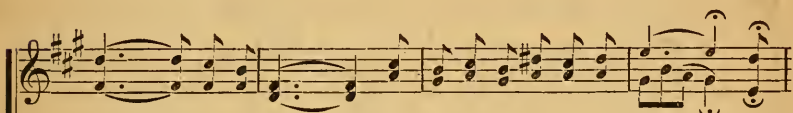
## CHORUS.



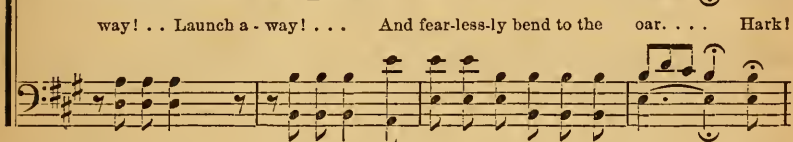
Launch a - way! . . Launch a - way! . . . Tho' loudly the mad surg-es roar. Launch a -



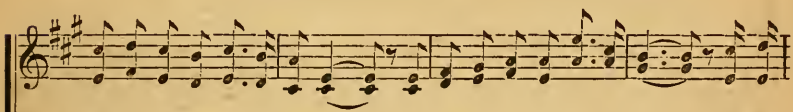
Launch away! Launch away!



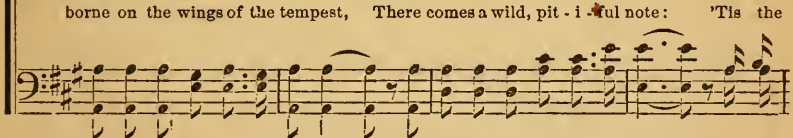
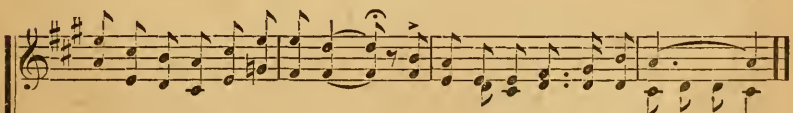
way! . . Launch a - way! . . . And fear-less-ly bend to the oar. . . . Hark!



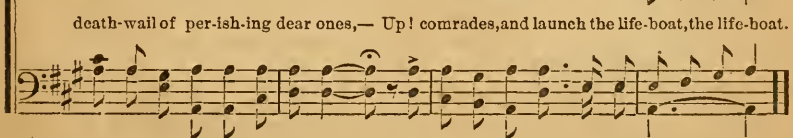
Launch away! Launch away!



borne on the wings of the tempest, There comes a wild, pit-i-ful note: 'Tis the

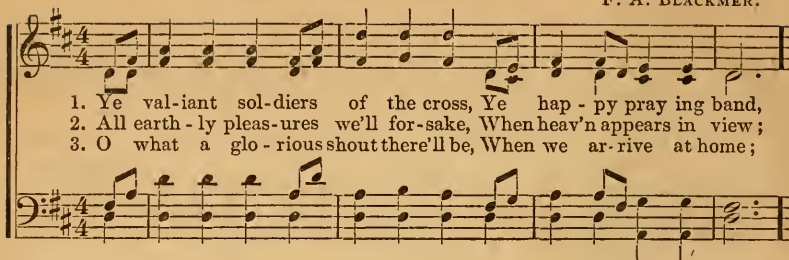



death-wail of per-ish-ing dear ones,— Up! comrades, and launch the life-boat, the life-boat.

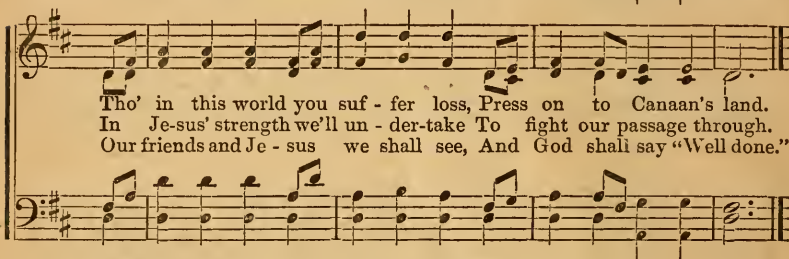


# No. 15. Soldiers Of The Cross.

F. A. BLACKMER.

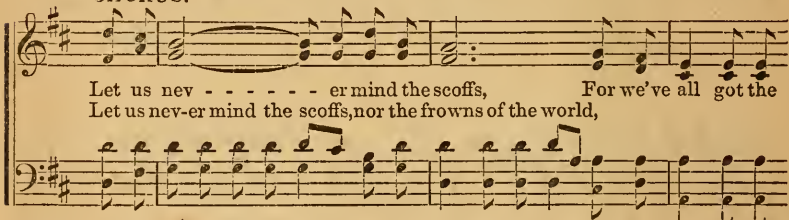


1. Ye val-iant sol-diers of the cross, Ye hap-py pray ing band,  
 2. All earth-ly pleas-ures we'll for-sake, When heav'n appears in view;  
 3. O what a glo-rious shout there'll be, When we ar-rive at home;

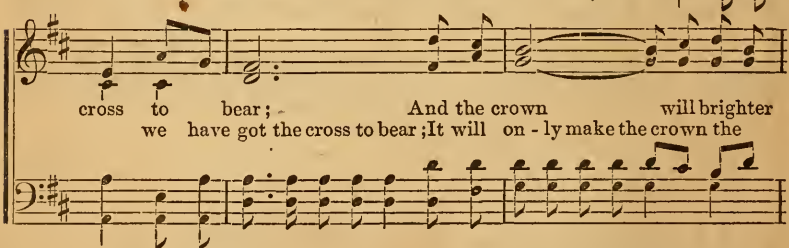


Tho' in this world you suf-fer loss, Press on to Canaan's land.  
 In Je-sus' strength we'll un-der-take To fight our passage through.  
 Our friends and Je-sus we shall see, And God shali say "Well done."

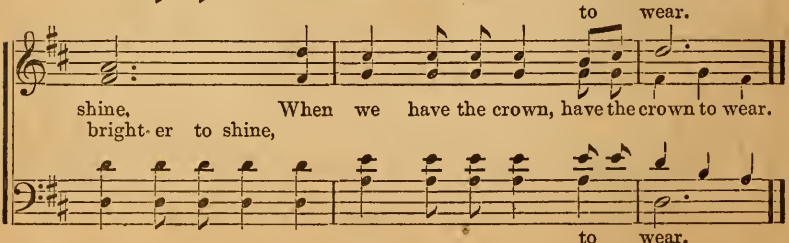
## CHORUS.



Let us nev-er mind the scoffs, For we've all got the  
 Let us nev-er mind the scoffs, nor the frowns of the world,



cross to bear; And the crown will brighter  
 we have got the cross to bear; It will on-ly make the crown the



to wear.  
 shine, When we have the crown, have the crown to wear.  
 bright-er to shine,  
 to wear.

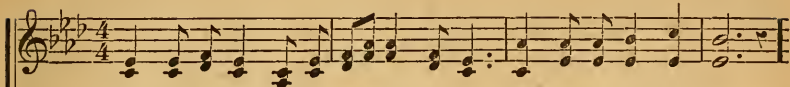


# No. 16. Are You Waiting and Watching?

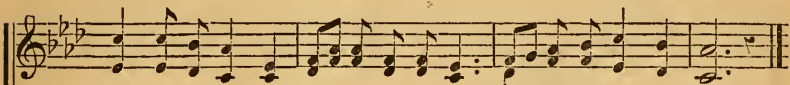
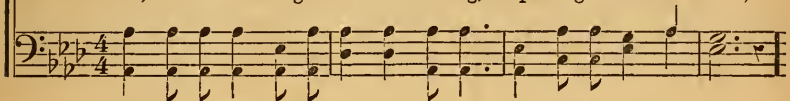
To F. A. BLACKMER, author of Numberless Host, Grand Review, etc.

W. E. PENN.

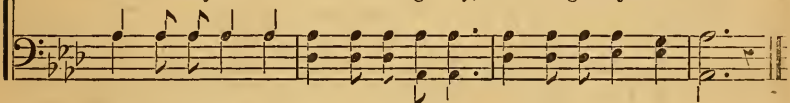
W. E. PENN.



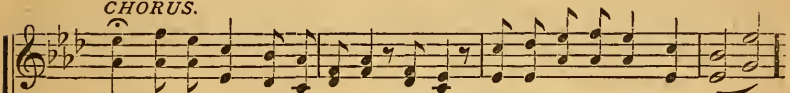
1. Should Je-sus come in the ear-ly morning, Or should He come at night,
2. Should Je-sus come with His holy an-gels, With shoutings in the air,
3. When Je-sus comes will He find us faithful, With garments pure and white,
4. Yes, I am wait-ing and ev-er watching, Hop - ing to see Him come,



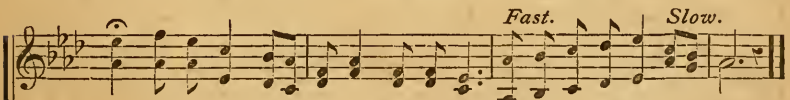
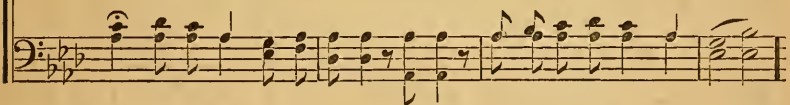
Say, will He find us wait-ing and watching With lamps all burning bright?  
*O who will then be waiting and watching,* Who will His glories share?  
 With precious sheaves all garner'd and read-y. To hail Him with de-light?  
 That I may see Him in all His glo-ry, Gath'ring His jew-els home.



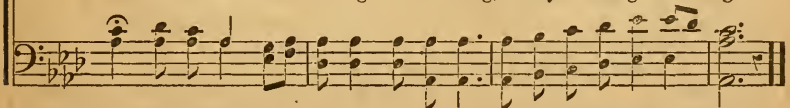
## CHORUS.



O can you say you are read-y, brother, Read-y eith-er day or night!



O will He find us waiting and watching, Ready for the glorious sight!



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## No. 17.

## Wash and Be Clean.

English.

Chorus and Music by W. E. PENN.

1. { Roy - al and rare was the won - drous store Naa - man had bro't  
 { Will - ing to give his count - less wealth To be restored  
 2. { Noth - ing to do but be - lieve and live; God was the Giv -  
 { Such was the mes - sage that came to him, Bid - ding the lep -  
 3. { Naa - man, in an - ger, would not o - - bey, Proud - ly re - ject -  
 { He would have purchased his health with gold, Naught that was need -

1 2 CHORUS.  
 to the proph-et's door,  
 (Omit.....) to per - fect health.  
 er and loved to give;  
 (Omit.....) er "Wash and be clean." } Wash and be clean,  
 ing the sim - ple way,  
 (Omit.....) ed would he withhold.

wash and be clean, Wash in the foun - tain once o - pen'd for sin;

Wash and be clean, wash and be clean, This is the message: "Believe on His name."

4 Humbled at last was the ruler's pride, 5 Sinner, would'st thou be cleansed from sin?  
 Slowly he journeyed to Jordan's tide, Heed the command: "Go, wash and be  
 Health, joy and peace from his gracious clean."  
 Lord Wash in the blood of the Lamb to-day,  
 Came thro' believing the prophet's word. God hath decreed—there's no other way.

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# No. 18. Not Here, but There is Home.

DUET AND CHORUS.

LUCY D. HARRINGTON.

A. T. GORHAM.

*Con espress.*

1. Not here not here where sad tears flow, Not here, not here where sleep my dead,  
 2. Not here, not here 'mid sin and grief, Not here, not here where tempests beat,  
 3. Not here, not here where e - vil flows In wild, in wild and swell-ing tide,

*cres.*

But there, but there where grief is o'er, With Christ, my Liv - ing Head.  
 But there, but there in light and love, With Christ, the Bridegroom sweet.  
 But there, but there, all tri - als o'er, I shall with Him a - bide.

CHORUS.  
*Cheerfully.*

Not here, but there . . . Is my home, . . . sweet home. . .

Not here, but there, sweet home, my home, sweet home.

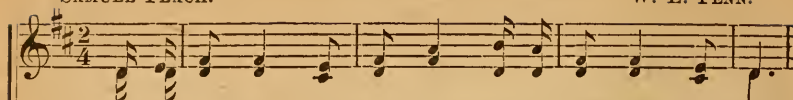
Not here, but there . . . Is my home, . . . sweet home. my home.

Not here, but there, sweet home, my home, sweet home.

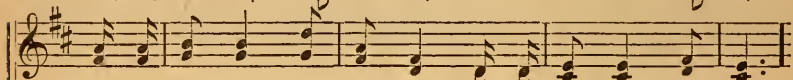
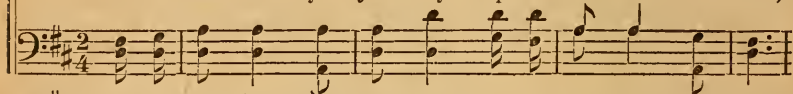
# No. 19. Are the Signals All Right?

SAMUEL PEACH.

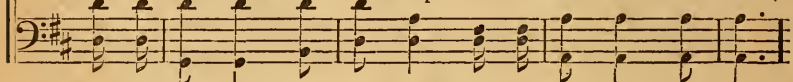
W. E. PENN.



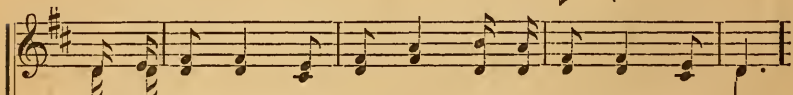
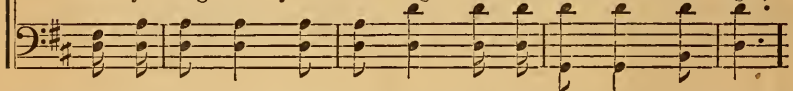
1. Wel-come, band of true toil - ers, who by thou - sands are found  
2. By the red lights of dan - ger have you left the down line?  
3. With a love for Christ's ser - vice, and your soul well sup - plied,  
3. And at last when your jour - neys up and down shall be done,



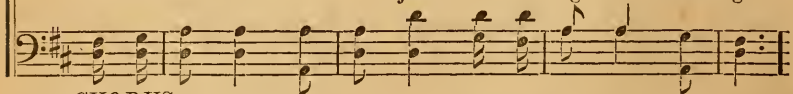
On the hun - dreds of rail - ways and the sta - tions a - round;  
By the green lights of cau - tion have you knowledge di - vine?  
With in - spir - ed di - rec - tions full - y test - ed and tried;  
And life's train shall in tri - umph to the ter - mi - nus come;



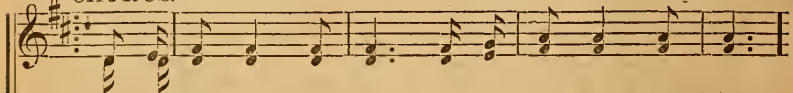
There's a ques - tion con - cern - ing heav - en's call - ing so bright:  
Can you say when on - du ty, ei - ther day - time or night,  
With the Points set for glo - ry, with the met - als all tight,  
Will you sing as you're near - ing heav - en's stores of de - light,



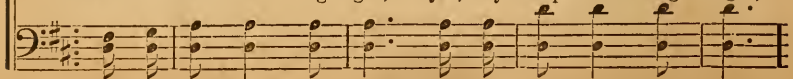
Are you hap - py in Je - sus? "Are the sig - nals all right?"  
I am hap - py in Je - sus, and the "sig - nals are right?"  
Are you hap - py in Je - sus, with the "sig - nals all right?"  
Praise the Lord! Hal - le - lu - jah! all the "sig - nals are right?"



## CHORUS.



With a clear shin - ing light, is your lamp burn - ing bright?  
*Chorus for last verse.*  
With a clear shin - ing light, yes, my lamp's burn - ing bright,





# Are the Signals All Right?—CONCLUDED.

Have you oil in your ves - sels? Are the sig - nals all right?  
I am hap - py in Je - sus, with the sig - nals all right.

## No. 20. Trusting in Jesus.

F. S. S.

FREDK. S. STANTON, 1888.

1. Ten - der-ly call - eth the Sav - iour, Call-ing your heart to in - cline;  
2. Pathways with clouds may be cov - ered, Pur - pose and work be un - seen;  
3. Warm in the heart burns thy Spir - it, Hap - pi-ness heav'nly, di - vine;  
4. Je - sus his yoke doth make ea - sy, Charming us sweet-ly to toil;  
2. Time for our la - bor is shortening; Harvest-day soon we'll be - hold;

Lov - ing-ly, plead - ing - ly call - ing, "Come, lost one, now be mine.  
Steps will be bright-ly il - lu - min'd, Firm on his love if we lean.  
Toil grows so light in thy bless - ing, Ser - vice so pre - cious is thine.  
Giv - ing us strength in our la - bor, Sow - ing in ev - er - y soil.  
Moments of wea - ri - ness end - ing, Treasures and sheaves to un - fold.

### CHORUS.

Now I am trust - ing in Je - sus, Safe - ly in him to a - bide;

Knowing his grace is suf - fi - cient, Trust - ing what - ev - er be - tide.

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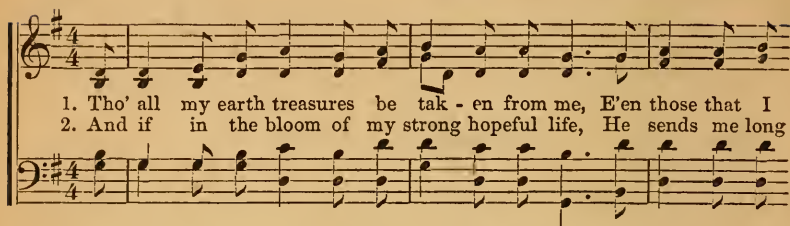
# No. 21.      Though He Slay Me.

To all the suffering people of God this song is affectionately dedicated.

*"Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."*—Job 13: 15.

MRS. T. M. GRIFFIN.

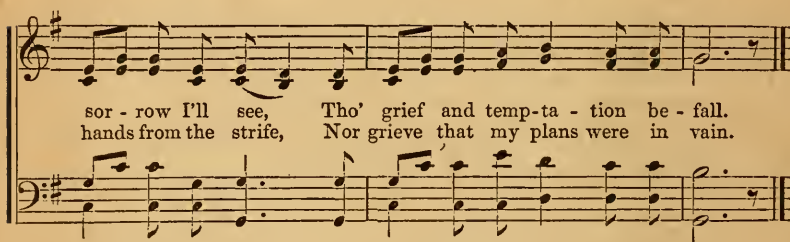
Music and Chorus by REV. W. E. PENN.



1. Tho' all my earth treasures be tak - en from me, E'en those that I  
2. And if in the bloom of my strong hopeful life, He sends me long

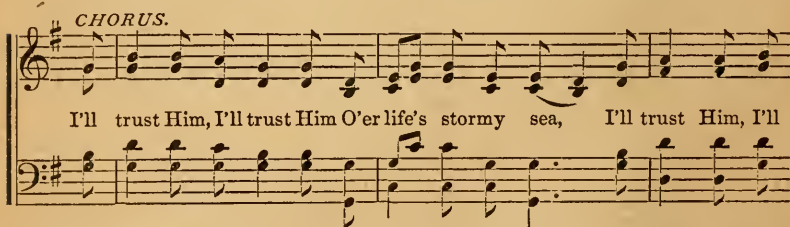


prize most of all, By faith His dear love in my  
watch - es of pain, I meek - ly will fold my poor

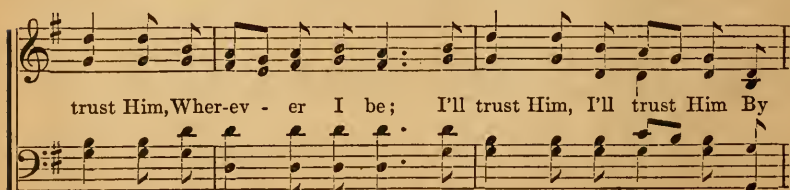


sor - row I'll see, Tho' grief and temp - ta - tion be - fall.  
hands from the strife, Nor grieve that my plans were in vain.

CHORUS.



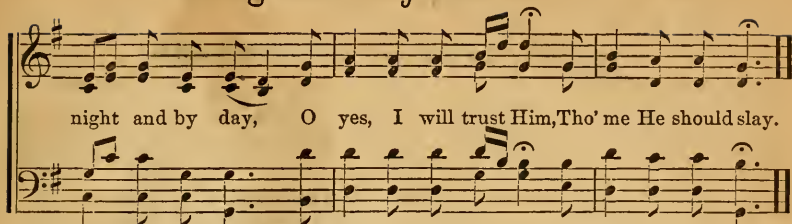
I'll trust Him, I'll trust Him O'er life's stormy sea, I'll trust Him, I'll



trust Him, Wher - ev - er I be; I'll trust Him, I'll trust Him By

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# Though He Slay Me. CONCLUDED.



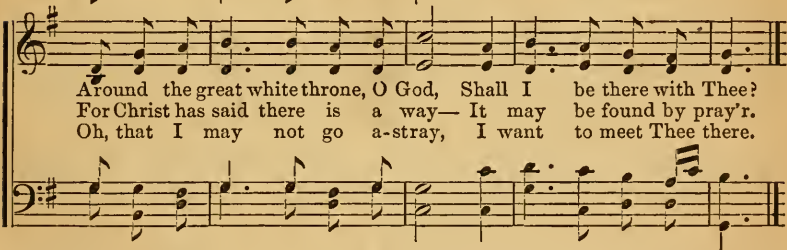
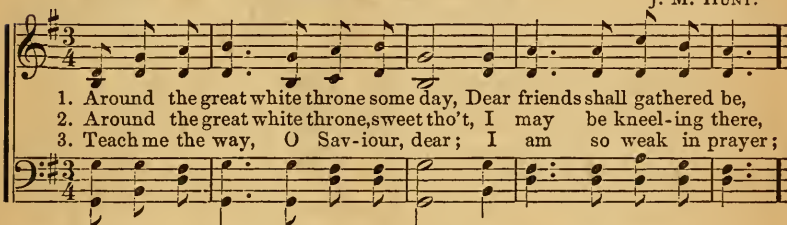
3 Tho' friends should forsake me and leave me alone,  
And Marah's full cup I should quaff,  
Though peace never come and my rest be a stone,  
He'll still be my rod and my staff.

4 My rod and my staff, yes, on Him will I lean,  
When through the deep waters I go,  
In Him will I trust, and my soul be serene,  
Though billows of woe overflow.

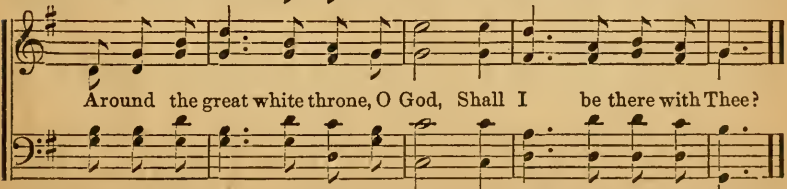
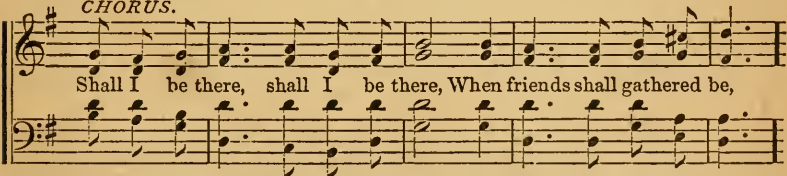
No. 22.

## Shall I Be There?

J. M. HUNT.



### CHORUS.



## No. 23.

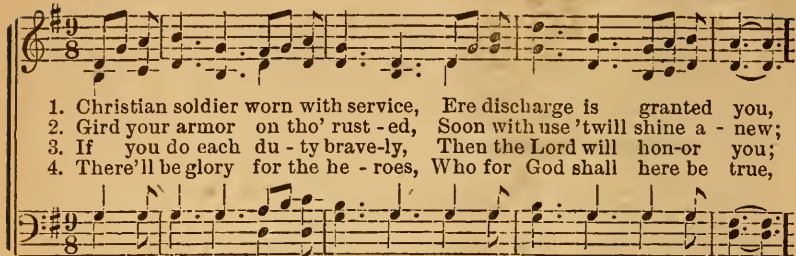
## The Grand Review.

## No. 10.

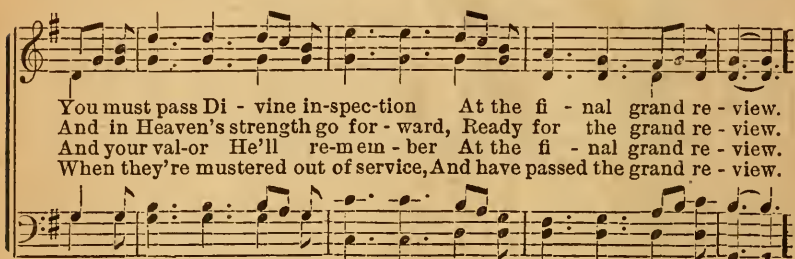
"And before Him shall be gathered all nations."—Matt. xxv: 32.

F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER.

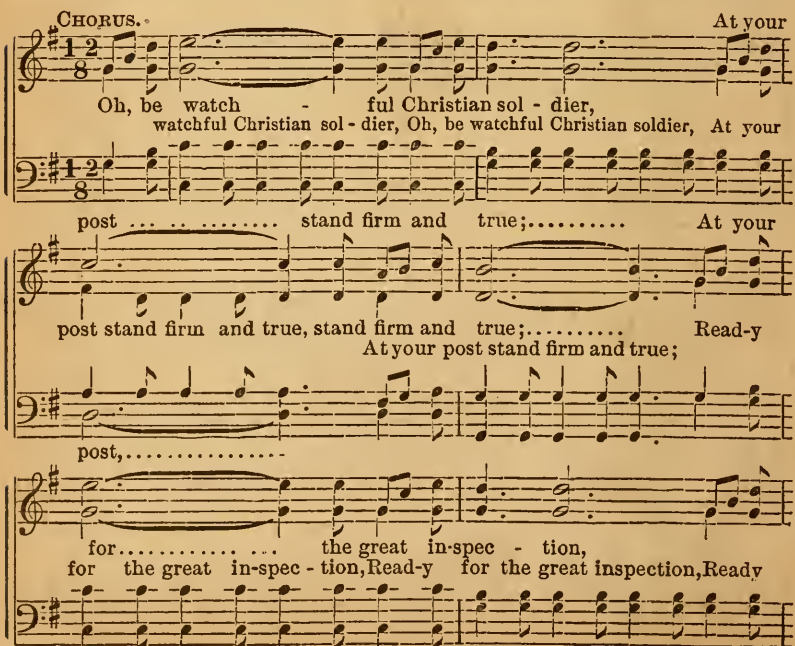


1. Christian soldier worn with service, Ere discharge is granted you,  
 2. Gird your armor on tho' rust-ed, Soon with use 'twill shine a - new;  
 3. If you do each du - ty brave-ly, Then the Lord will hon-or you;  
 4. There'll be glory for the he - roes, Who for God shall here be true,



You must pass Di - vine in-spec - tion At the fi - nal grand re - view.  
 And in Heaven's strength go for - ward, Ready for the grand re - view.  
 And your val - or He'll re - mem - ber At the fi - nal grand re - view.  
 When they're mustered out of service, And have passed the grand re - view.

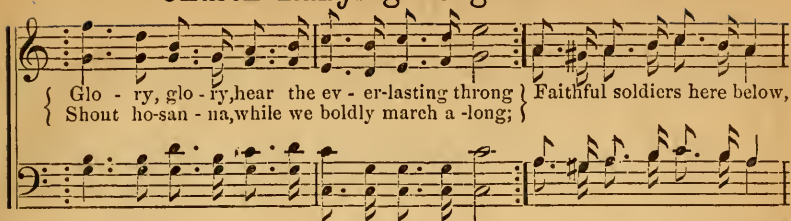
CHORUS. At your



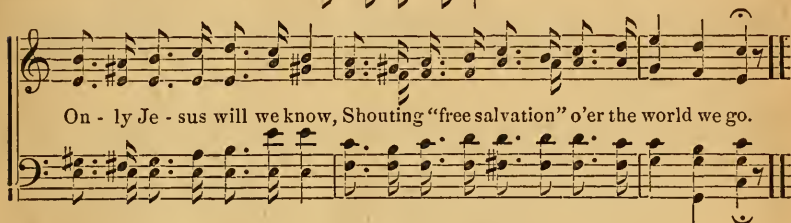
Oh, be watch - ful Christian sol - dier,  
 watchful Christian sol - dier, Oh, be watchful Christian soldier, At your  
 post ..... stand firm and true;..... At your  
 post stand firm and true, stand firm and true;..... Read-y  
 At your post stand firm and true;  
 post,.....  
 for..... the great in-spec - tion,  
 for the great in-spec - tion, Read-y for the great inspection, Ready



# Church Rallying Song.—CONCLUDED.



{ Glo - ry, glo - ry, hear the ev - er-lasting throng } Faithful soldiers here below,  
 { Shout ho-san - na, while we boldly march a - long; }



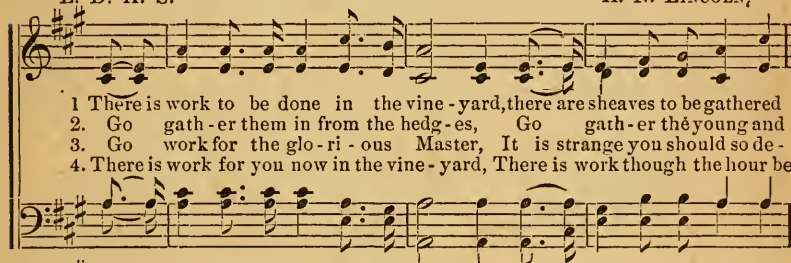
On - ly Je - sus will we know, Shouting "free salvation" o'er the world we go.

## No. 26. The Trumpet Call.

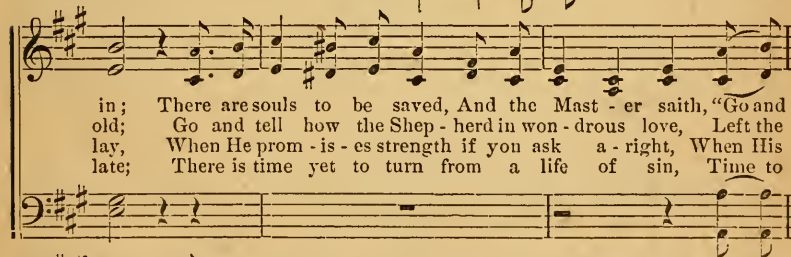
Written for "THE GOSPEL AWAKENING."

L. D. A. S.

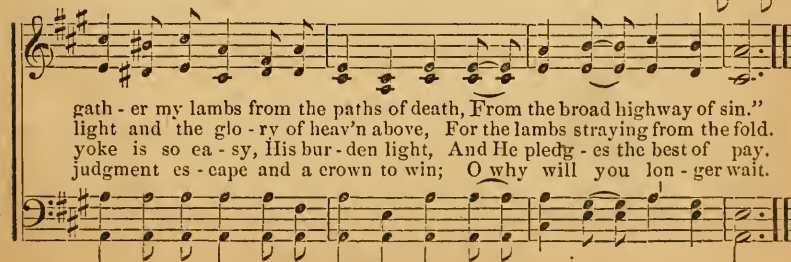
H. N. LINCOLN,



1 There is work to be done in the vine - yard, there are sheaves to be gathered  
 2. Go gath - er them in from the hedg - es, Go gath - er the young and  
 3. Go work for the glo - ri - ous Master, It is strange you should so de -  
 4. There is work for you now in the vine - yard, There is work though the hour be



in; There are souls to be saved, And the Mast - er saith, "Go and  
 old; Go and tell how the Shep - herd in won - drous love, Left the  
 lay, When He prom - is - es strength if you ask a - right, When His  
 late; There is time yet to turn from a life of sin, Time to



gath - er my lambs from the paths of death, From the broad highway of sin."  
 light and the glo - ry of heav'n above, For the lambs straying from the fold.  
 yoke is so ea - sy, His bur - den light, And He pledg - es the best of pay.  
 judgment es - cape and a crown to win; O why will you lon - ger wait.

## No. 27.

## The City of Refuge.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

H. N. LINCOLN.

*Earnestly and Boldly.*

1. O, guilt - y one, haste to the ci - ty of ref - uge, Where  
 2. O, guilt - y one, haste! for the day - beams are fad - ing, A -  
 3. O, wea - ry one, haste! for the night-clouds pur - sue thee; How

*Tenderly.**Pleadingly.*

mer - cy awaits thee, so boundless and free; O, haste with thy burden of  
 far on the des - ert; say, why wilt thou roam? The arms of the Saviour will  
 darkly they frown on the cold mountain's brow; The voice of the tempest is

*Encouragingly.*

sin and of sor - row; Thy lov - ing Redeemer is wait - ing for thee.  
 glad - ly en - fold thee; He longs with forgiveness to welcome thee home.  
 wail - ing around thee, And none but the Saviour can shelter thee now.

*CHORUS.*

free;

O fly to the ref - uge! To the ref - uge sure and free;  
 O fly to the ci ty of refuge to - day;

*Slow.**rit. thee.*

With thy sin and sor - row; Je - sus waits for  
 He waits for thee.  
 Come with thy burden of sin and of sorrow;  
 thee.

## No. 28.

## If Thou'lt Be Saved.

DR. H. BONAR.

2 Cor. 6: 2.

REV. W. E. PENN.

1. O do not let the word depart, Nor close thine eyes against the light ;  
 2. To-morrow's sun may nev - er rise To bless Thy long-de-lud - ed sight ;  
 3. The world has nothing left to give, It has no new, no pure de-light ;  
 4. Our bless-ed Lord re - fus - es none Who would to Him their souls u-nite ;

Poor sin-ner, harden not thy heart ; If thou'lt be sav'd, why not to night ?  
 This is the time ! oh, then be wise ; If thou'lt be sav'd, why not to-night ?  
 Oh, try the life which Christians live ; If thou'lt be sav'd, why not to-night ?  
 Then be the work of grace be-gun ; If thou'lt be sav'd, why not to-night ?

## CHORUS.

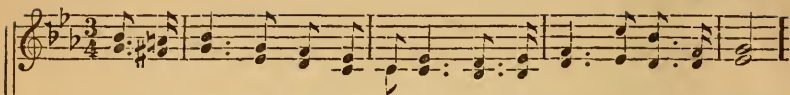
Why not to-night?..... why not to-night?.....  
 Why not to-night? why not to-night?

If thou'lt be saved,..... why not to-night? Poor  
 If thou'lt be saved,

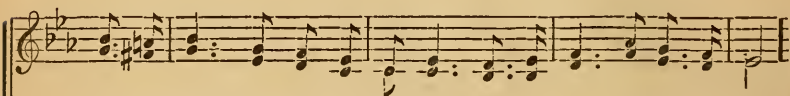
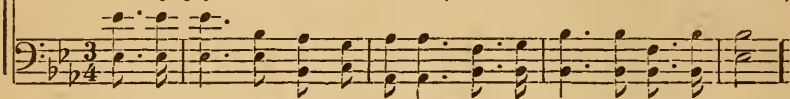
sin-ner, hard-en not thy heart, If thou'lt be saved, why not to-night?

I. I. L.

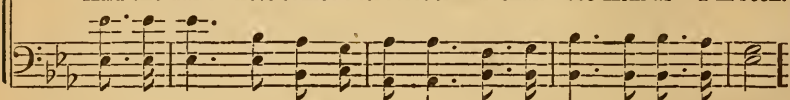
I. I. LESLIE.



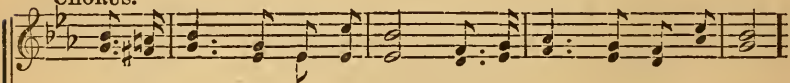
1. Oh! 'twas love that brought me to Him, And 'tis love that keeps me there;
2. Dark it was be - fore I found Him, And the way I could not see;
3. Oh, how blest to walk with Je - sus! Joy we nev - er knew be - fore;
4. Now it is by faith I view Him, As I walk this narrow way;
5. Then my joy will be for - ev - er; There no clouds will in - ter - vene;



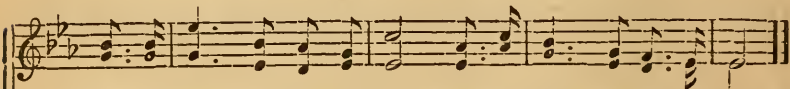
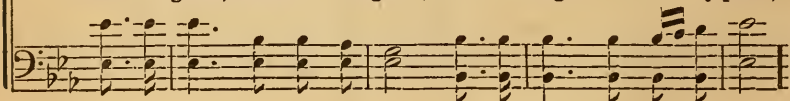
By His grace it was I knew Him, Now my Sav - ior dear and fair.  
 Now the light that shines around Him, As I fol - low, falls on me.  
 From our fears His presence frees us, While we trust Him more and more.  
 But He soon will call me to Him, In that bright approaching day.  
 And the dark - ness comes there never— I shall see Him as I'm seen.



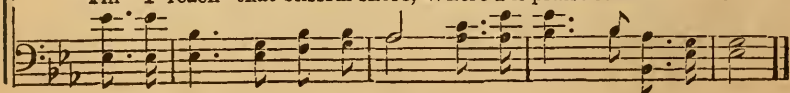
## CHORUS.



Love and grace, His love and grace, I will sing in ev - 'ry place,



Till I reach that blissful shore, Where I'll praise Him ever - more!





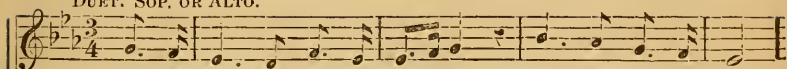
# No. 30. He That Goeth Forth and Weepeth.

J. E. H.

By permission.

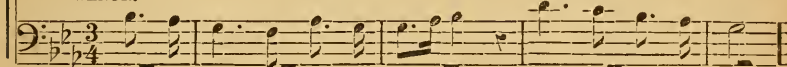

J. E. HALL.

DUET. SOP. OR ALTO.

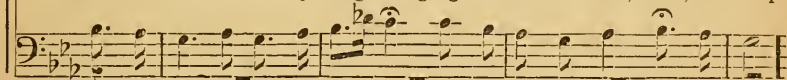


1. He that go - eth forth and weepeth, Bear - ing precious seed,  
 2. He that go - eth forth and weepeth, Trust - ing in the Lord,  
 3. He that go - eth forth and weepeth, All a - glow with love,  
 4. He that go - eth forth and weepeth, Christ he nev - er leaves,

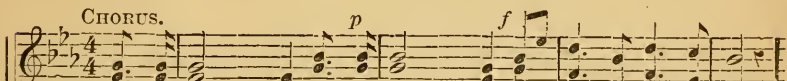
TENOR.

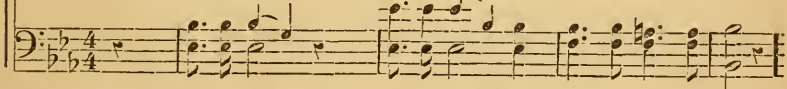
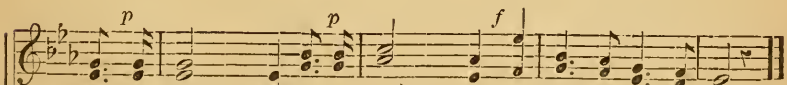
Let him know that as he soweth To the sinner's need, So he'll reap.  
 Let him know that all he soweth Of the precious word, That he'll reap.  
 Oft-en-times, just while he soweth, Hearts begin to move; So he'll reap.  
 Doubtless shall return rejoicing! Bringing home his sheaves, Thus, he'll reap.



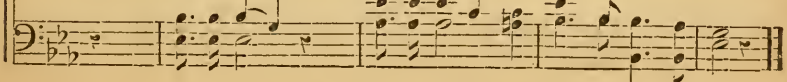
CHORUS.



*p* Sowing now, *p* sowing now, *f* But reaping by and by;  
*p* Sowing now, *p* sowing now,

*p* Weeping now, *p* weeping now, *f* Re - joic - ing by and by.  
*p* Weeping now, *p* weeping now,

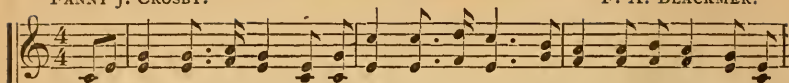


## No. 31.

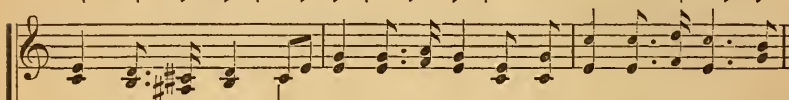
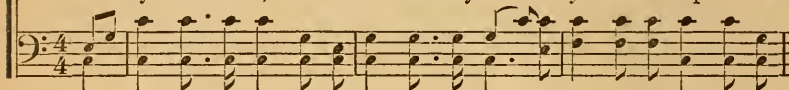
## Already Condemned.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

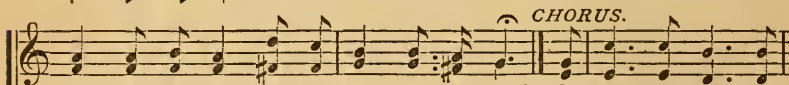
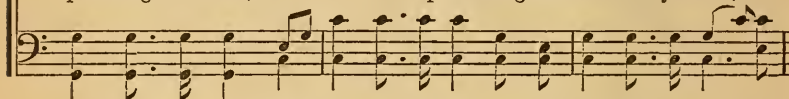
F. A. BLACKMER.



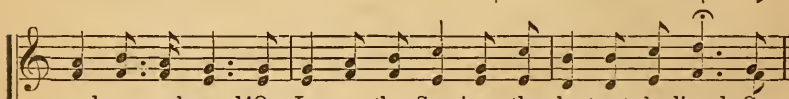
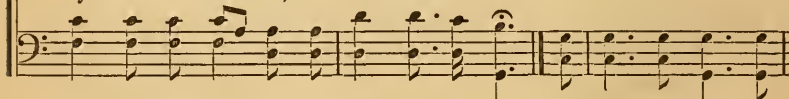
1. God so loved the world, that in mer-cy He gave His Son as a ran-som, lost
2. Al - read - y condemned in the sight of the Lord, Be-cause thou art turning a-
3. Al - read - y condemned; un-be-liev-er thou art; O think what a sentence hangs
4. Already condemned; wilt thou turn from thy sin? Then yield to the Spir-it now



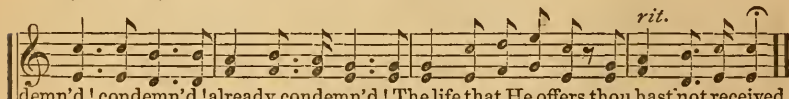
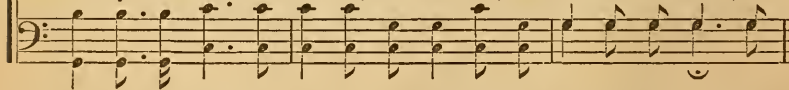
sin - ners to save; O thou who hast nev-er believed on His name, Re-way from His word; Thou choos-est the e - vil, re-ject-est the right; Thou o - ver thy heart; Yet why wilt thou per-ish when thou canst be free? If plead-ing with - in; Thro' faith and repentance give Je - sus thy heart; De-



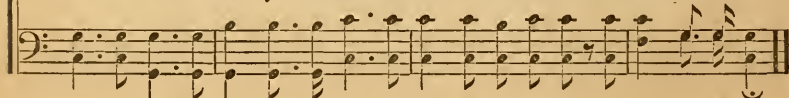
mem - ber the truth that the Scriptures proclaim: Condemned! Condemned! al-  
lov - est the dark - ness far bet - ter than light.  
thou wilt ac-cept it there's par - don for thee.  
lay not a mo-ment, but come as thou art.



read - y condemned! On Je - sus, the Sav-iour, thou hast not be-lieved; Con-



demn'd! condemn'd! already condemn'd! The life that He offers thou hast not received.

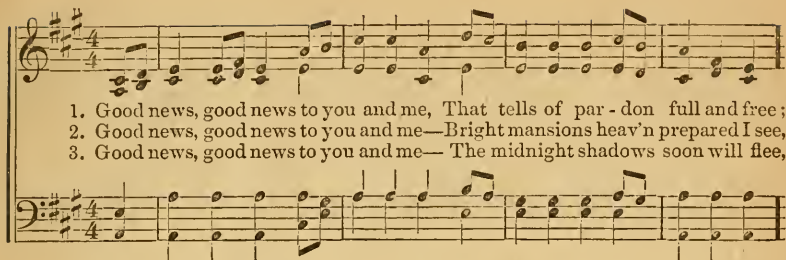


## No. 32.

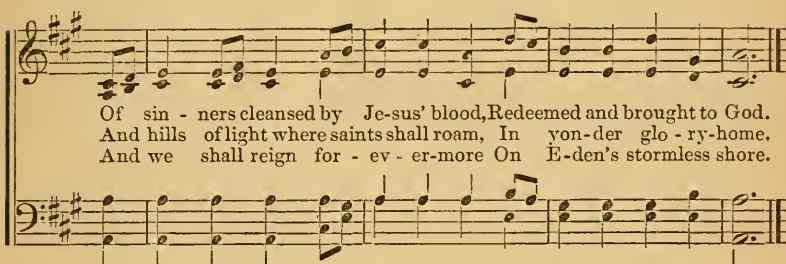
## Good News.

A. T. G.

A. T. GORHAM.




1. Good news, good news to you and me, That tells of par - don full and free;  
 2. Good news, good news to you and me—Bright mansions heav'n prepared I see,  
 3. Good news, good news to you and me— The midnight shadows soon will flee,

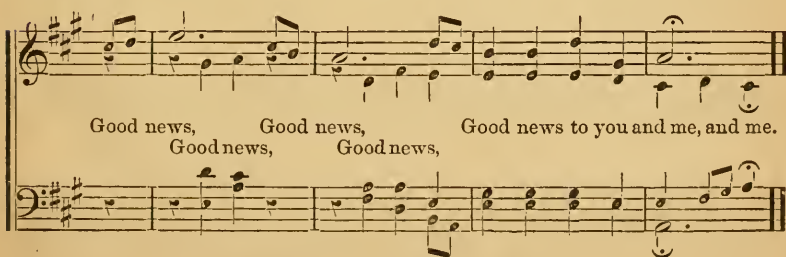


Of sin - ners cleansed by Je - sus' blood, Redeemed and brought to God.  
 And hills of light where saints shall roam, In yon - der glo - ry - home.  
 And we shall reign for - ev - er - more On E - den's stormless shore.

*f* CHORUS.



Good news, Good news, Good news to you, good news to me,  
 Good news, Good news, Good news to you and me,



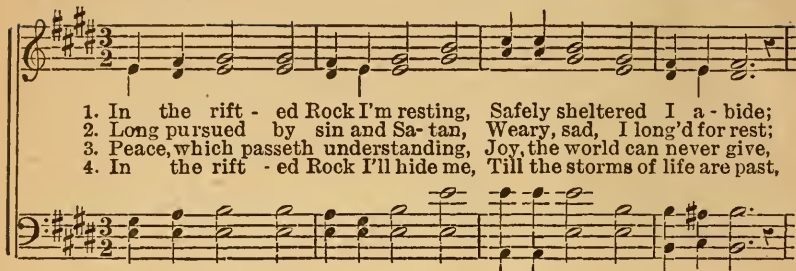
Good news, Good news, Good news to you and me, and me.  
 Good news, Good news,

## No. 33.

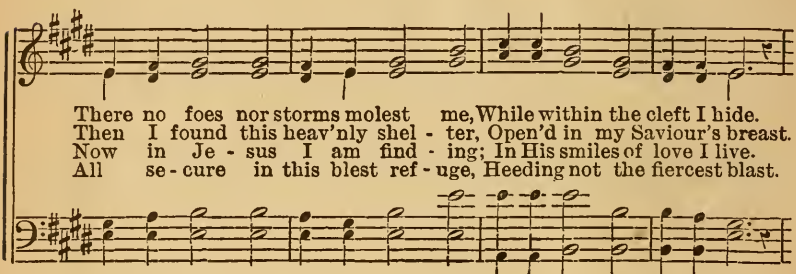
## Sweetly Resting.

MARY D. JAMES.

W. WARREN BENTLEY. By per.

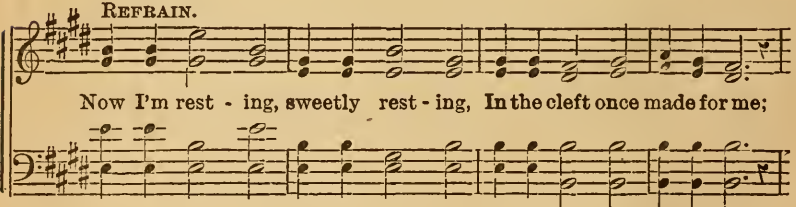


1. In the rift - ed Rock I'm resting, Safely sheltered I a - bide;  
 2. Long pursued by sin and Sa - tan, Weary, sad, I long'd for rest;  
 3. Peace, which passeth understanding, Joy, the world can never give,  
 4. In the rift - ed Rock I'll hide me, Till the storms of life are past,

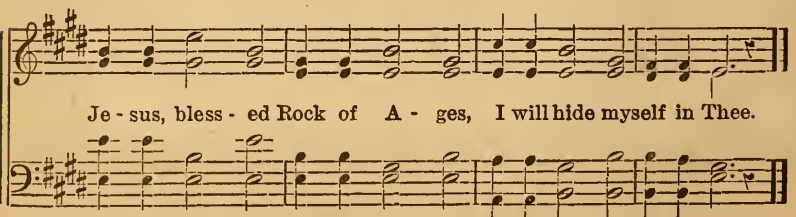


There no foes nor storms molest me, While within the cleft I hide.  
 Then I found this heav'nly shel - ter, Open'd in my Saviour's breast.  
 Now in Je - sus I am find - ing; In His smiles of love I live.  
 All se - cure in this blest ref - uge, Heeding not the fiercest blast.

## REFRAIN.



Now I'm rest - ing, sweetly rest - ing, In the cleft once made for me;



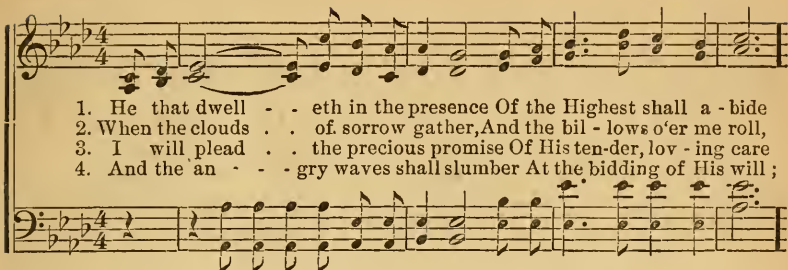
Je - sus, bless - ed Rock of A - ges, I will hide myself in Thee.



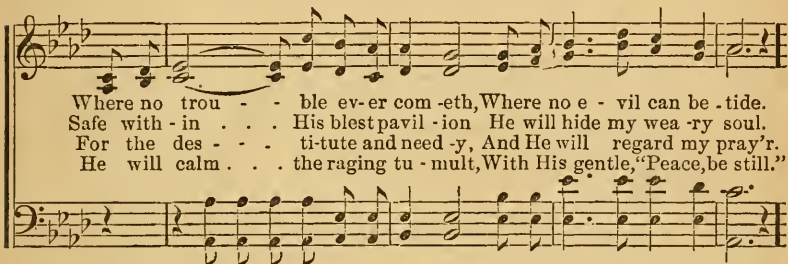
# No. 34. In The Shadow of Thy Wing.

AMELIA M. STARKWEATHER.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

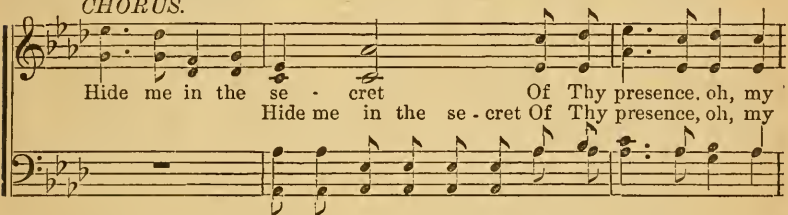


1. He that dwell - - eth in the presence Of the Highest shall a - bide  
 2. When the clouds . . of sorrow gather, And the bil - lows o'er me roll,  
 3. I will plead . . the precious promise Of His ten - der, lov - ing care  
 4. And the an - - gry waves shall slumber At the bidding of His will ;

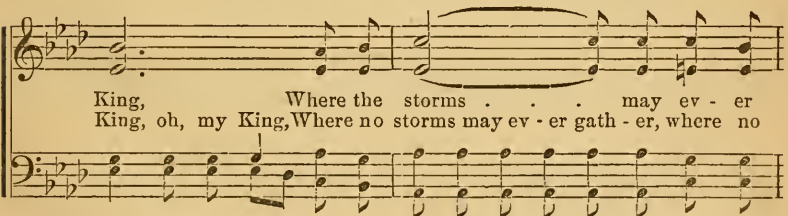


Where no trou - - ble ev - er com - eth, Where no e - vil can be - tide.  
 Safe with - in . . . His blest pavil - ion He will hide my wea - ry soul.  
 For the des - - ti - tute and need - y, And He will regard my pray'r.  
 He will calm . . . the raging tu - mult, With His gentle, "Peace, be still."

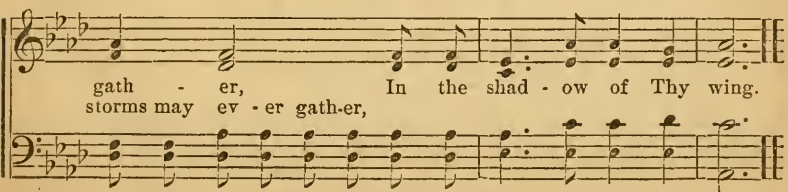
## CHORUS.



Hide me in the se - cret Of Thy presence, oh, my  
 Hide me in the se - cret Of Thy presence, oh, my



King, Where the storms . . . may ev - er  
 King, oh, my King, Where no storms may ev - er gath - er, where no



gath - er, In the shad - ow of Thy wing.  
 storms may ev - er gath - er,

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## No. 35.

## The Sheltering Rock.

W. E. P.

Isaiah 32: 2. 12: 3. 65: 10. Col. 1: 20.

W. E. PENN.

1. There is a Rock in a wea - ry land, Its shad-ow falls on the  
 2. There is a Well in a des - ert plain, Its wa-ters call with en-  
 3. A great fold stands with its por-tals wide, While stray the sheep on the  
 4. There is a cross where the Sav-iour died, His blood flow'd out in a

burn - ing sand, In-vit-ing pilgrims as they pass To seek a shade in a  
 treat-ing strain, "Ho, ev'-ry thirst-ing sin-sick soul, Come free-ly drink, and thou  
 mountain side, The Shepherd climbs o'er mountains steep, He's searching now for His  
 crim-son tide A sac - ri - fice for sins of men, And free to all who will

## REFRAIN.

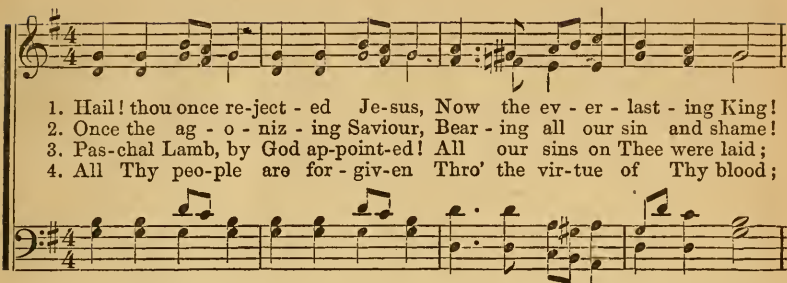
wil - der-ness.  
 shalt be whole." } Then why will ye die? Oh! why will ye die?  
 wand'ring sheep.  
 en - ter in. }

## Slower.

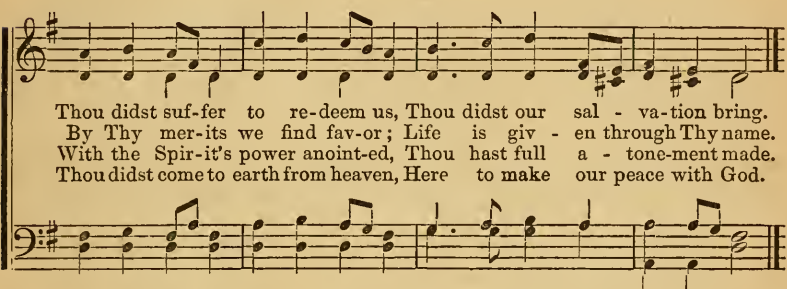
When the shelt'ring Rock is so near by?  
 When the liv - ing Well is so near by?  
 When the Shepherd's fold is so near by?  
 When the crim-son cross is so near by? } Oh! why will ye die?

# No. 36. Hail! Thou Once Rejected Jesus!

F. A. BLACKMER.

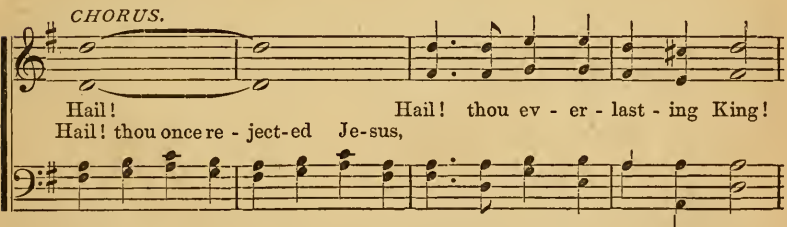


1. Hail! thou once re-ject - ed Je-sus, Now the ev - er - last - ing King!  
 2. Once the ag - o - niz - ing Saviour, Bear - ing all our sin and shame!  
 3. Pas-chal Lamb, by God ap-point-ed! All our sins on Thee were laid;  
 4. All Thy peo-ple are for - giv-en Thro' the vir-tue of Thy blood;

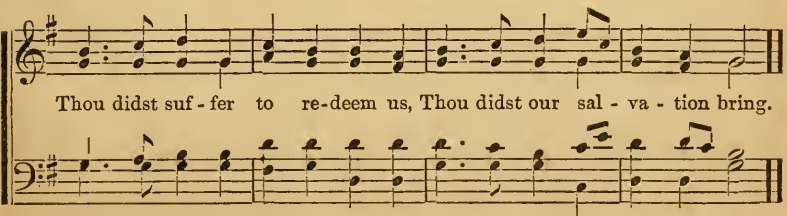


Thou didst suf-fer to re-deem us, Thou didst our sal - va - tion bring.  
 By Thy mer-its we find fav-or; Life is giv - en through Thy name.  
 With the Spir-it's power anoint-ed, Thou hast full a - tone-ment made.  
 Thou didst come to earth from heaven, Here to make our peace with God.

*CHORUS.*



Hail! Hail! thou ev - er - last - ing King!  
 Hail! thou oncere - ject-ed Je-sus,



Thou didst suf - fer to re-deem us, Thou didst our sal - va - tion bring.

## No. 37.

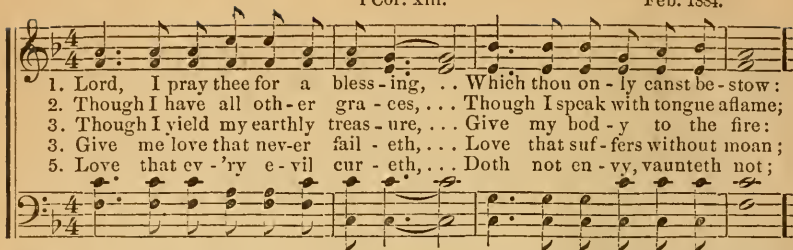
## Perfect Love.

R. K. C.

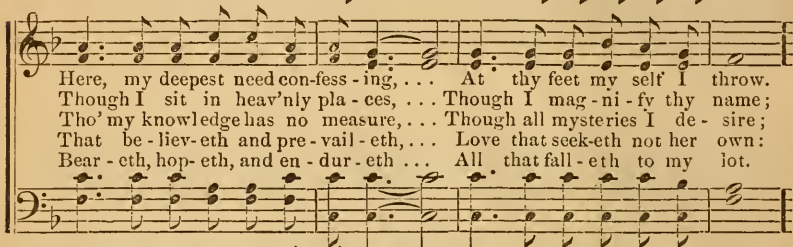
I Cor. xiii.

R. KELSO CARTER.

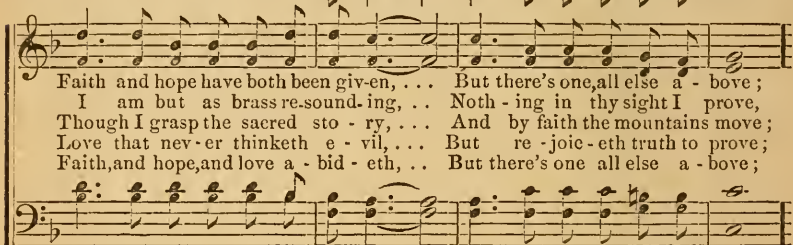
Feb. 1884.



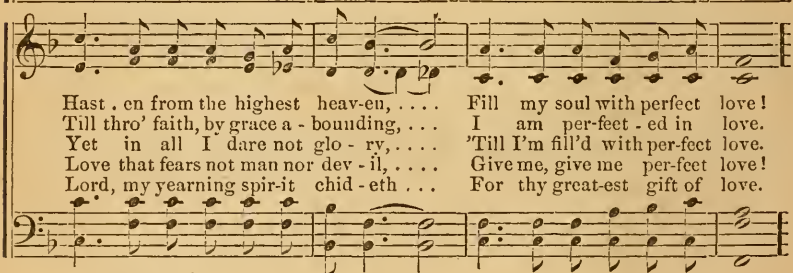
1. Lord, I pray thee for a bless-ing, .. Which thou on-ly canst be-stow :  
 2. Though I have all oth-er gra-cies, ... Though I speak with tongue aflame;  
 3. Though I yield my earthly treas-ure, ... Give my bod-y to the fire:  
 3. Give me love that nev-er fail - eth, ... Love that suf-fers without moan;  
 5. Love that ev-'ry e-vil cur - eth, ... Doth not en-vy, vaunteth not;



Here, my deepest need con-fess-ing, ... At thy feet my self I throw.  
 Though I sit in heav'nly pla-ces, ... Though I mag-ni-fy thy name;  
 Tho' my knowledg-e has no measure, ... Though all mysteries I de-sire;  
 That be-liev-eth and pre-vail-eth, ... Love that seek-eth not her own:  
 Bear-eth, hop-eth, and en-dur-eth ... All that fall-eth to my lot.

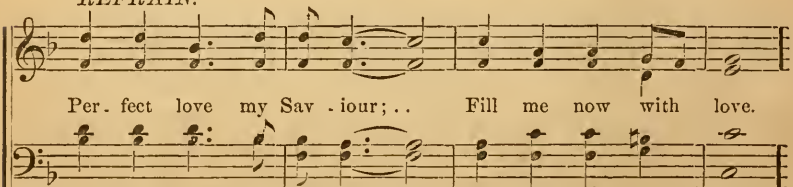


Faith and hope have both been giv-en, ... But there's one, all else a - bove;  
 I am but as brass re-sound-ing, ... Noth-ing in thy sight I prove,  
 Though I grasp the sacred sto-ry, ... And by faith the mountains move;  
 Love that nev-er thinketh e - vil, ... But re-joic-eth truth to prove;  
 Faith, and hope, and love a - bid - eth, .. But there's one all else a - bove;



Hast-en from the highest heav-en, .... Fill my soul with perfect love!  
 Till thro' faith, by grace a - bounding, ... I am per-fect-ed in love.  
 Yet in all I dare not glo-ry, .... 'Till I'm fill'd with per-fect love.  
 Love that fears not man nor dev-il, .... Give me, give me per-fect love!  
 Lord, my yearning spir-it chid-eth ... For thy great-est gift of love.

## REFRAIN.



Per-fect love my Sav-iour; .. Fill me now with love.

From "Songs of Perfect Love," by per. of JOHN J. HOOD, owner of copyright.

# Perfect Love.—CONCLUDED.

Come, almight-y to de-liv - er, Fill me now with perfect love.

No. 38.

Nearer to Jesus.

F. S. S.

F. S. STANTON.

1. Yearning for more of Je - sus, More of his sav - ing power;
2. Knowing that we have found him: Sweet is the mem'-ry still;
3. Yearning to bring him near - er, Full - ness of sweet de - sire;
4. Fit - ted to see his com - ing; Read - y to en - ter in;
- 5 Read - y to work for Je - sus, See - ing his day is nigh;

More of his sweet sal - va - tion Fill - ing each pass - ing hour.  
 Still ev - er full his store - house, Man - na, our souls to fill.  
 All of his love re - ceiv - ing, Wrapp'd in the Heavenly Fire.  
 Wear - ing the wed - ding gar - ment, Cleans'd from the stain of sin.  
 Oh, thou dear, ling'ring lost one, Quick to thy Sav - iour fly.

## CHORUS.

Trust - ing his love for ev - er; Walk - ing with him to - day:

*rit.*

Wait - ing for his ap - pear - ing, When sin shall flee a - way.

Used by permission of F. S. STANTON.



## No. 39.

## Only a Little While.

G. W. S.

Har. by F. A. B.

G. W. SEDERQUIST.

*Earnestly.*

1. On - ly a lit - tle while, to walk with wea-ry feet, On - ly a  
 2. On - ly a lit - tle while, to spread the truth a-broad, On - ly a  
 3. On - ly a lit - tle while, then let us do our best, On - ly a  
 4. On - ly a lit - tle while, then death shall be withdrawn, On - ly a  
 5. On - ly a lit - tle while; Lord, let Thy kingdom come, On - ly a

lit - tle while, the storms of life to meet; On - ly a lit - tle while, to  
 lit - tle while, to tes - ti - fy for God; On - ly a lit - tle while, the  
 lit - tle while, then comes the promised rest; On - ly a lit - tle while, O  
 lit - tle while, then pain and tears all gone; On - ly a lit - tle while, then  
 lit - tle while, Thy peo-ple sigh for home; On - ly a lit - tle while, the

*rit.*  
 tread the thorn-y way, On - ly a lit - tle while, then comes the perfect day.  
 time is fleet-ing fast, On - ly a lit - tle while, earth's sorrows will be past.  
 what a word is this, On - ly a lit - tle while, then comes the per-fect bliss.  
 by the crys-tal sea, On - ly a lit - tle while, then im-mortal - i - ty.  
 ci - ty bring to sight, On - ly a little while, come end earth's dreary night.

*CHORUS.*

Then we'll wait the lit - tle while, Yes, we'll wait the lit - tle

*rit. 2nd time.*  
 while; We will wait the lit - tle while, Till the Saviour calls, Come home.

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## No. 40.

## The Eden of Love.

W. E. PENN.

A. S. KIEFFER.

Dedicated to Prof. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Oh, when shall I dwell in my Fa - ther's bright home, From  
 2. Oh, fair are the halls in that pal - ace of song, And  
 3. There safe shall I dwell, when life's jour - ney is o'er, And

sor - row and sin ev - er free, With the fair shin - ing an - gels for -  
 sweet - ly the ransomed will sing, As a - ges of bliss roll their  
 sing with the loved and the blest; There dwell with m, Sav - iour and

ev - er to roam, And my bless - ed Re deem - er to see?  
 bright tide a - long In the home of our Sav - iour and King.  
 all the re - deemed In that beau - ti - ful E - den of rest.

## REFRAIN.

By and by, by and by, In that fair E - den home, In that

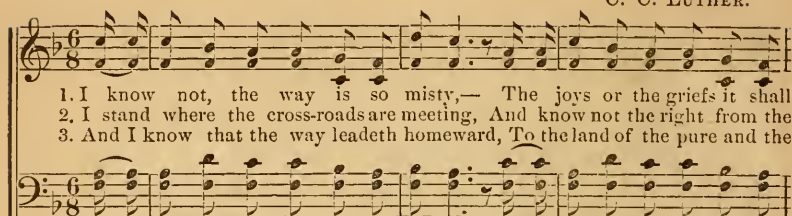
bright world to come, We shall meet our bless - ed Sav - iour, by and by.

From HARVEST BELLS No. 3, by permission of W. E. PENN, owner of copyright.

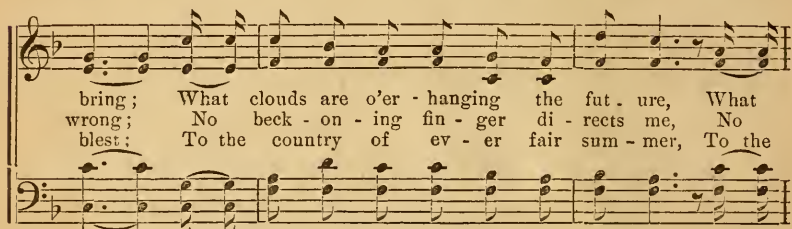
# No. 41. "He Knoweth the Way that I Take."

Job 23 : 10. John 14 : 2-3.

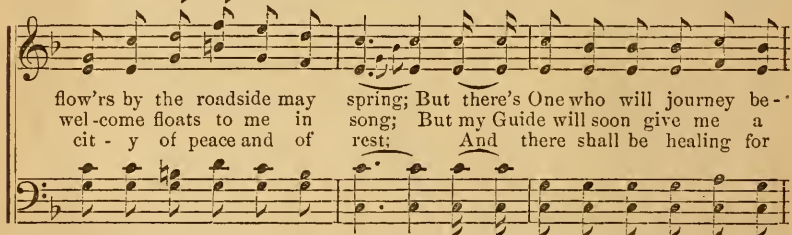
C. C. LUTHER.



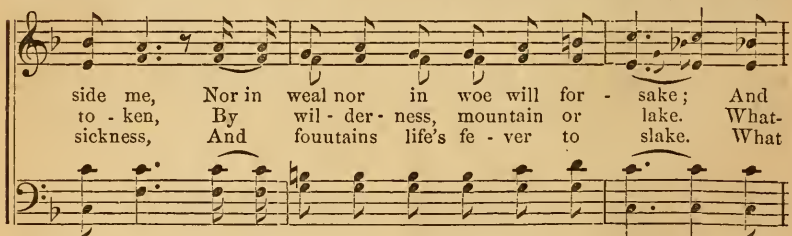
1. I know not, the way is so misty,— The joys or the griefs it shall  
2. I stand where the cross-roads are meeting, And know not the right from the  
3. And I know that the way leadeth homeward, To the land of the pure and the



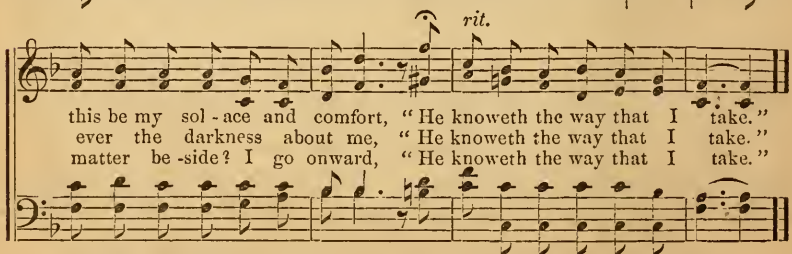
bring; What clouds are o'er - hanging the fut - ure, What  
wrong; No beck - on - ing fin - ger di - rects me, No  
blest; To the country of ev - er fair sum - mer, To the



flow'rs by the roadside may spring; But there's One who will journey be -  
wel - come floats to me in song; But my Guide will soon give me a  
cit - y of peace and of rest; And there shall be healing for



side me, Nor in weal nor in woe will for - sake; And  
to - ken, By wil - der - ness, mountain or lake. What -  
sickness, And fountains life's fe - ver to slake. What



this be my sol - ace and comfort, "He knoweth the way that I take."  
ever the darkness about me, "He knoweth the way that I take."  
matter be - side? I go onward, "He knoweth the way that I take."

Used by permission of Evangelist C. C. LUTHER, owner of the copyright.


# No. 42.

# Watch.

"Watch therefore, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."—Matt. 24:42.

MISS MARIANA B. SLADE.

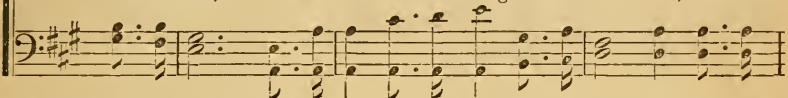
R. M. MCINTOSH.



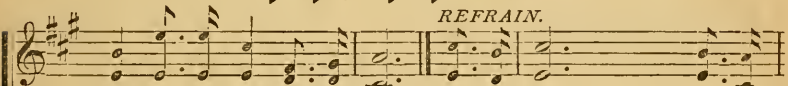
1. When the cry shall be made at the mid-night, "Go ye out, for the Bride-  
 2. Till He comes now He bids us be read - y; Can you say to the Bride-  
 3. Oh, how sad if our oil is all wast - ed, Tho' we has - ten our lamps



groom is near!" Will you rise with your lamps trimmed and burning? Will you  
 groom, I am? Will you en - ter the door that is o - pen, To the  
 to re-new; If we find that the Bridegroom has en - tered, Left with-




## REFRAIN.



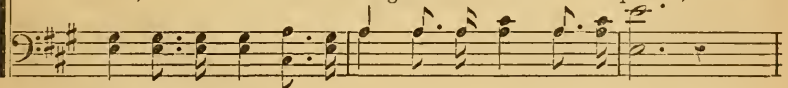
joy - ful - ly bid Him draw near?  
 dear marriage feast of the Lamb? We will watch, we will  
 out, then, oh, what shall we do?



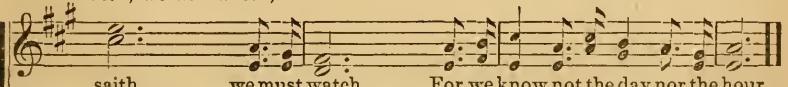
We will watch, ev - er



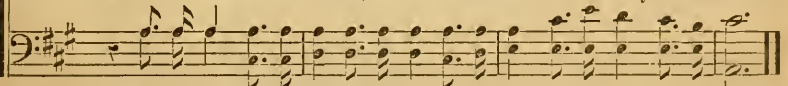
watch, Till the Bridegroom shall come in His power; Je - sus



watch, we will watch,



saith we must watch, For we know not the day nor the hour.



Jesus saith we must watch, ever watch,

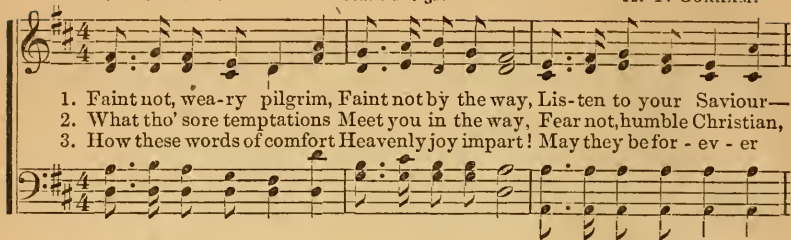
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# No. 43. "I Have Prayed For Thee."

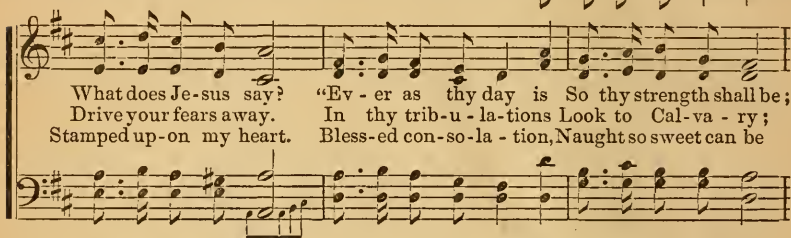
Words from  
"Christian Guardian."

Luke 22: 32.

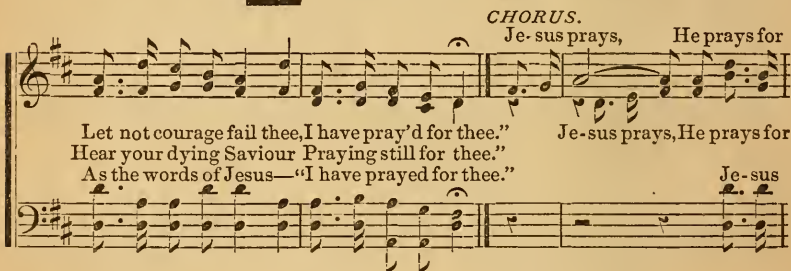
A. T. GORHAM.



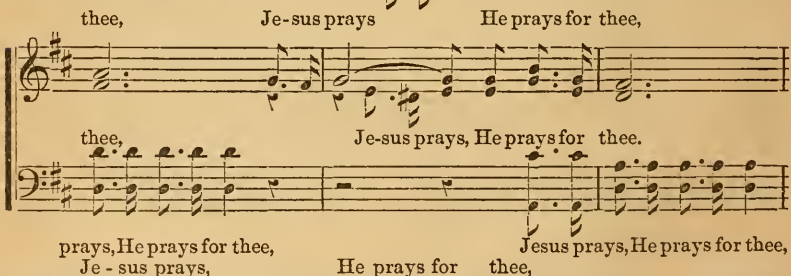
1. Faint not, wea-ry pilgrim, Faint not by the way, Lis-ten to your Saviour—  
2. What tho' sore temptations Meet you in the way, Fear not, humble Christian,  
3. How these words of comfort Heavenly joy impart! May they be for - ev - er



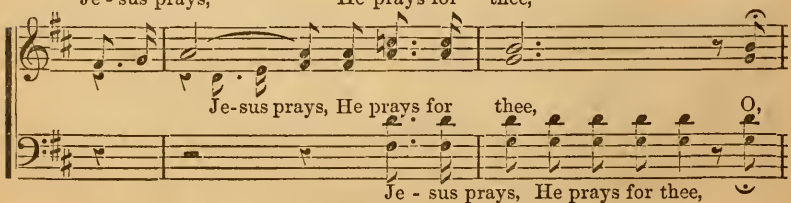
What does Je-sus say? "Ev - er as thy day is So thy strength shall be;  
Drive your fears away. In thy trib-u - la-tions Look to Cal - va - ry;  
Stamped up-on my heart. Bless-ed con-so-la - tion, Naught so sweet can be



**CHORUS.**  
Je-sus prays, He prays for  
Let not courage fail thee, I have pray'd for thee." Je-sus prays, He prays for  
Hear your dying Saviour Praying still for thee."  
As the words of Jesus—"I have prayed for thee." Je-sus



thee, Je-sus prays He prays for thee,  
thee, Je-sus prays, He prays for thee.  
prays, He prays for thee, Jesus prays, He prays for thee,  
Je - sus prays, He prays for thee,



Je-sus prays, He prays for thee, O,  
Je - sus prays, He prays for thee,



# I Have Prayed For Thee. CONCLUDED.

ne - er be dis-heart-ened, Je - sus prays for thee, for thee.

thee.

thee.

*rit.*

*rit.*

## No. 44. Washed in the Blood of the Saviour.

T. J. CARLE.

T. J. CARLE.

1. O, I praise the name of Je - sus, And of him my boast shall be;  
2. Un - to him I cried for comfort, To my aid at once he came,  
3. When I stand a-mong the ransomed, Then the prais-es will I sing

He has pardoned my transgressions By the blood he shed for me.  
When by faith I looked and saw him; O I praise his ho - ly name.  
Of the one who died to save me, My Re-deem-er and my King.

### CHORUS.

Washed in the blood of the Saviour, That from Mount Calv'ry did flow;

Washed and made white in the fountain That can make whiter than snow.

By permission.



I. I. LESLIE.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1. When I was far a - way and lost, Oh, 'tis won - der - ful!

That I was saved at such a cost! Oh, 'tis won - der - ful!

CHORUS.

Oh, 'tis won - der - ful! Oh, .. 'tis won - der - ful,

That Je - sus gave His life for me! Oh, 'tis won - der - ful!

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 2 I once was blind, but now I see;<br>Oh, 'tis wonderful!<br>Was bound by sin, but now am free;<br>Oh, 'tis wonderful! | 4 This great salvation all may share;<br>Oh, 'tis wonderful!<br>Thro'out the world the message bear;<br>Oh, 'tis wonderful! |
| 3 My guilt was all I had to bring;<br>Oh, 'tis wonderful!<br>Yet I was made His love to sing;<br>Oh, 'tis wonderful!   | 5 Come, sinner, now, and seek His grace<br>Oh, 'tis wonderful!<br>And find in Him a resting place;<br>Oh, 'tis wonderful!   |

## No. 46.

## "The New Song."

H. POLLARD.

SOUTHERN MELODY.

Cho. Wait a lit - tle while, Then we'll sing the New Song;

Wait a lit - tle while, Then we'll sing the New Song.

1. When the great Ju - bi - lee shall come, Then we'll sing the New Song;

And Christ shall take his ransom'd home, Then we'll sing the New Song.

2 When the long night of sin shall close,  
Then we'll sing the New Song;  
And life's fair day shall end our woes,  
Then we'll sing the New Song.

Cho.—Wait a little while, etc.

3 When the glad shout shall rend the sky,  
Then we'll sing, etc.  
"O grave, where is thy victory?"  
Then we'll sing, etc.

Cho.—Wait a little while, etc.

4 When sorrow, pain and death are o'er,  
Then we'll sing, etc.  
And sighs and tears shall be no more,  
Then we'll sing, etc.

Cho.—Wait a little while, etc.

5 When to the pearly gates we come,  
Then we'll sing, etc.  
When we have reached our blissful home,  
Then we'll sing, etc.

Cho.—Wait a little while, etc.

6 When we shall tread Life's river brink,  
Then we'll sing, etc.  
And of those crystal waters drink,  
Then we'll sing, etc.

Cho.—Wait a little while, etc.

7 Where all will be immortal, fair,  
There we'll sing the New Song;  
When blood-washed robes are ours to wear,  
Then we'll sing the New Song.

Cho.—Wait a little while, etc.

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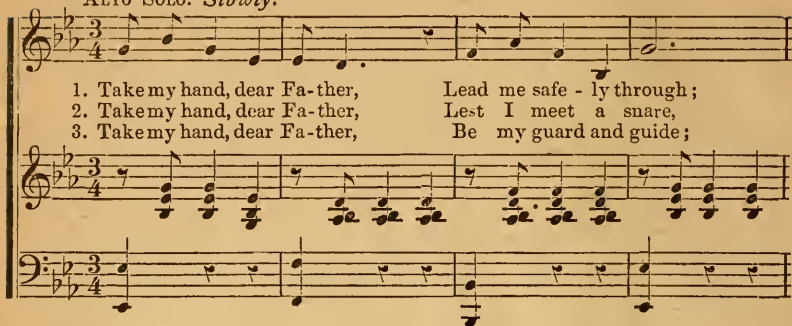
# No. 47. Take My Hand, Dear Father.

"For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand"—Isa. 12: 13.

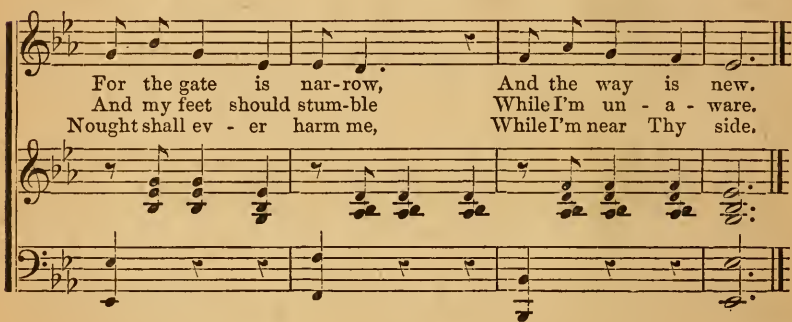
MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

ALTO SOLO. *Slowly.*

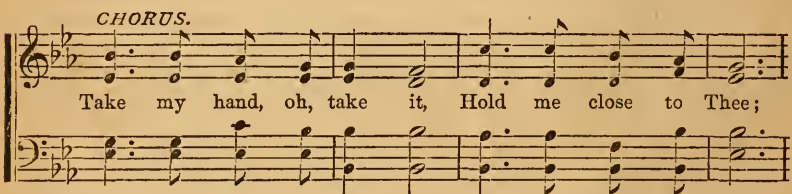


1. Take my hand, dear Fa-ther,      Lead me safe - ly through ;  
 2. Take my hand, dear Fa-ther,      Lest I meet a snare,  
 3. Take my hand, dear Fa-ther,      Be my guard and guide ;

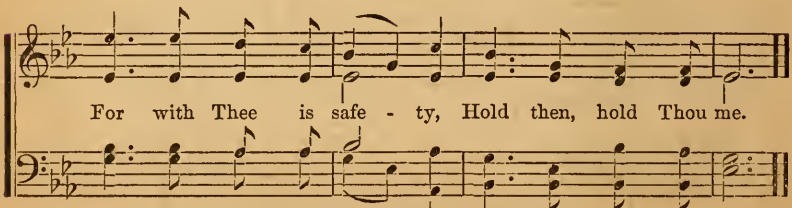


For the gate is nar-row,      And the way is new.  
 And my feet should stum-ble      While I'm un - a - ware.  
 Nought shall ev - er harm me,      While I'm near Thy side.

CHORUS.



Take my hand, oh, take it, Hold me close to Thee ;



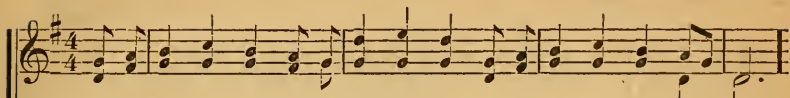
For with Thee is safe - ty, Hold then, hold Thou me.

Copyright, 1885, by CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

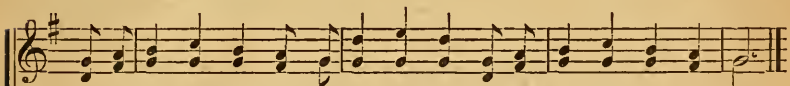
# No. 48. I Have Been Redeemed.

F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER.



1. I have been redeemed from the power of sin, By the blood of Christ my Lord;
2. 'Twas a wondrous change in my soul was wrought, And I know not how 'twas done;
3. And re-joic-ing now on my way I go, Singing praises to the Lamb,
4. Would you know the joy of a soul redeemed, Weary wand'rer from the fold?

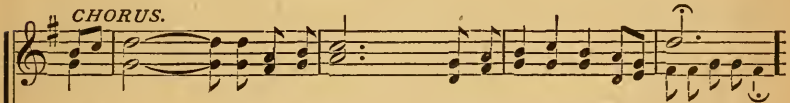


And my soul is filled with that peace this hour, That the world can ne'er af-ford.  
For I on-ly said, "Lord, to Thee I yield," And my load of guilt was gone.  
Who has cleansed my heart and redeemed my soul, And has made me what I am.  
Then to Je-sus haste; He will par-don grant, And the way of life un-fold.

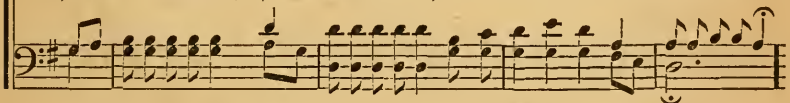


## CHORUS.

flood:



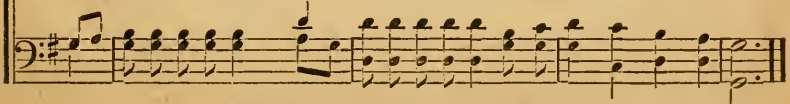
Oh, I have been re-deemed, I have plung'd beneath the flood, the crimson flood;  
Oh, I have been redeemed, Oh, I have been redeemed,



flood;



Oh, I have been redeemed, By the Sav-lour's pre-cious blood.  
Oh, I have been redeemed, Oh, I have been redeemed,





MARY A. BAKER.

H. R. PALMER.  
By permission.

Exodus. 6. 1-8.

1. Chain'd by sin in cru-el bondage, Groaning with our bitter need,  
 2. Oh, the wondrous, wondrous mercy, When Je-ho-vah, Lord of all,  
 3. Oh, the blessed, blessed promise; Not one tittle e'er shall fail,

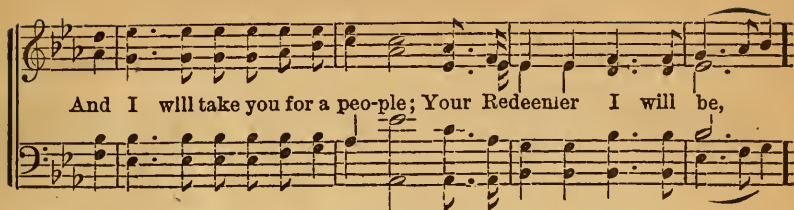
Drooping 'neath our guilty bur - den, Lord, Thy promises we plead.  
 Bending from the glorious heav - en, An-swer-eth our feeble call.  
 Tho' the earth should burn to ashes, And the suns and stars grow pale.

## CHORUS.

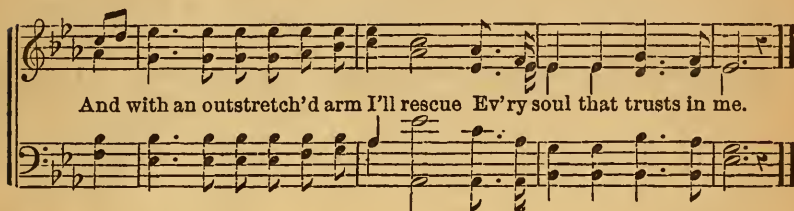
I, Je - ho - vah, will redeem you, For my name and covenant's sake,

From your burdens I'll release you, All your fetters I will break,

# Jehovah's Promise. CONCLUDED.



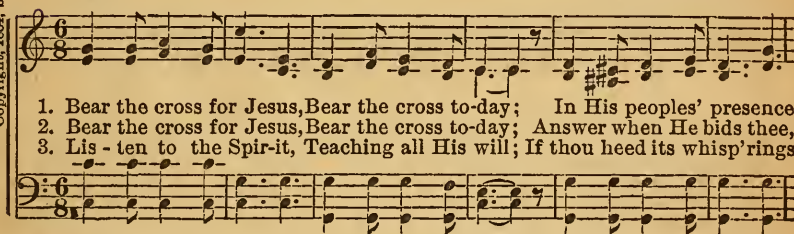
And I will take you for a peo-ple; Your Redeemer I will be,



And with an outstretch'd arm I'll rescue Ev'ry soul that trusts in me.

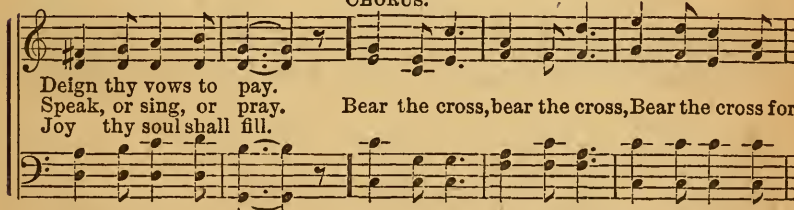
## No. 50. Bear the Cross To-day.

"I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all His people." Ps. 116: 14.  
F. A. B. F. A. BLACKMER.

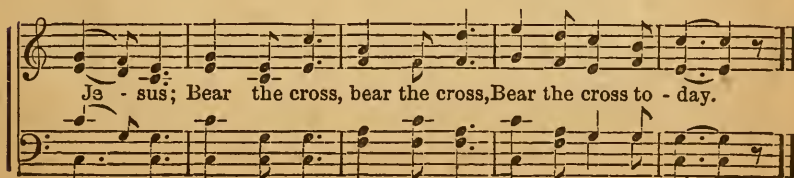


1. Bear the cross for Jesus, Bear the cross to-day; In His peoples' presence  
2. Bear the cross for Jesus, Bear the cross to-day; Answer when He bids thee,  
3. Lis - ten to the Spir-it, Teaching all His will; If thou heed its whisp'rings

### CHORUS.



Deign thy vows to pay.  
Speak, or sing, or pray. Bear the cross, bear the cross, Bear the cross for  
Joy thy soul shall fill.



Ja - sus; Bear the cross, bear the cross, Bear the cross to - day.

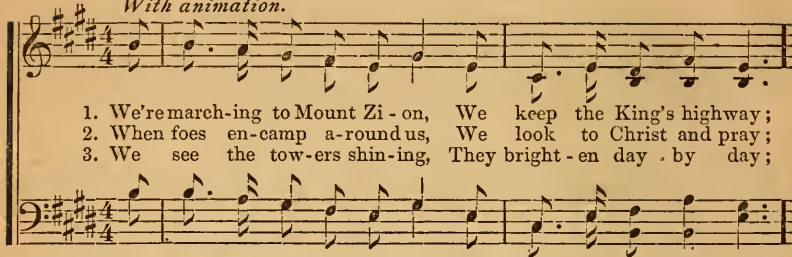
## No. 51.

## The King's Highway.

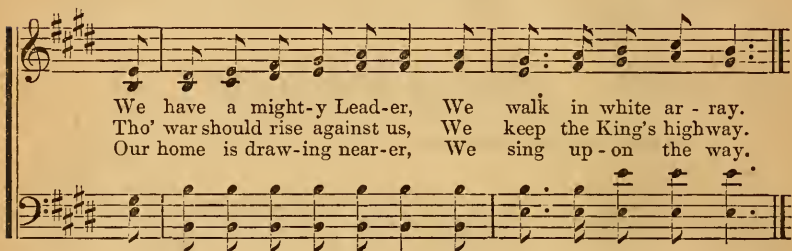
*"And an highway shall be there."—Isaian 35: 8.*

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

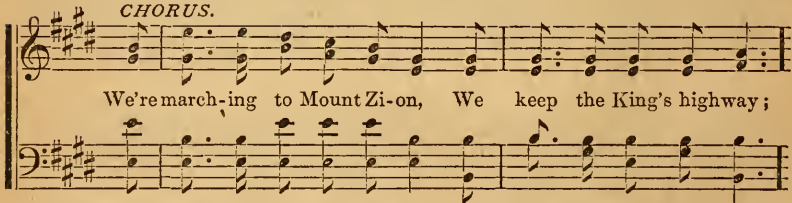
CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

*With animation.*


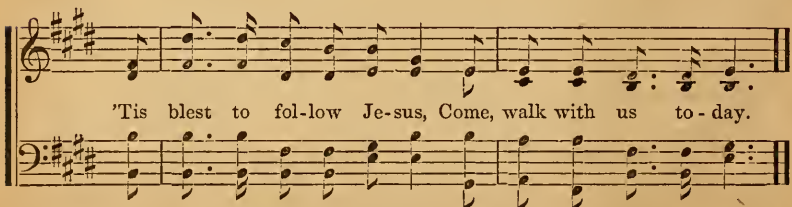
1. We're march-ing to Mount Zi-on, We keep the King's highway;  
 2. When foes en-camp a-round us, We look to Christ and pray;  
 3. We see the tow-ers shin-ing, They bright-en day . by day;



We have a might-y Lead-er, We walk in white ar-ray.  
 Tho' war should rise against us, We keep the King's highway.  
 Our home is draw-ing near-er, We sing up-on the way.

*CHORUS.*


We're march-ing to Mount Zi-on, We keep the King's highway;



'Tis blest to fol-low Je-sus, Come, walk with us to-day.

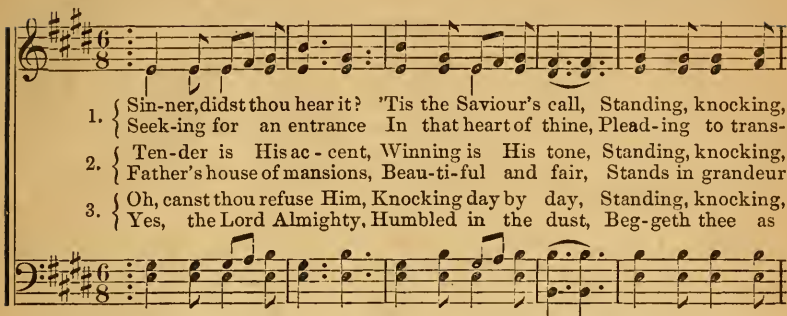
Copyright, 1885, by CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

# No. 52. Standing, Knocking, Waiting.

"Behold I stand at the door and knock."—Rev. 3: 20.

PETER VOGEL.

KNOWLES SHAW.

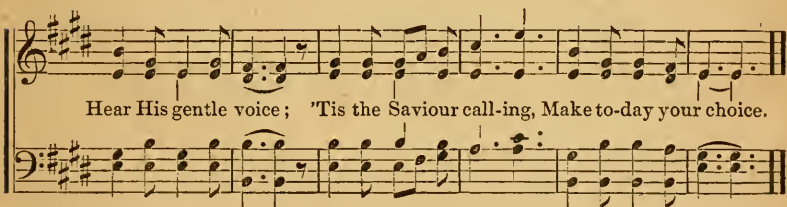


1. { Sin-ner, didst thou hear it? 'Tis the Saviour's call, Standing, knocking,  
 { Seek-ing for an entrance In that heart of thine, Plead-ing to trans-  
 2. { Ten-der is His ac-cent, Winning is His tone, Standing, knocking,  
 { Father's house of mansions, Beau-ti-ful and fair, Stands in grandeur  
 3. { Oh, canst thou refuse Him, Knocking day by day, Standing, knocking,  
 { Yes, the Lord Almighty, Humbled in the dust, Beg-geth thee as

*CHORUS.*



wait-ing, Christ the Lord of all; }  
 form thee By His grace di-vine. }  
 wait-ing, Wants thee for a son. } Standing, knocking, wait-ing,  
 wait-ing, He would sup you there. }  
 wait-ing, Yield with-out de-lay; }  
 sov-reign, "Take me as Thy guest." }



Hear His gentle voice; 'Tis the Saviour call-ing, Make to-day your choice.

4 Soon the day is coming,  
 When no more, as now,  
 Standing, knocking, waiting,  
 Christ to thee will bow;  
 On His throne of glory,  
 Thou the beggar then,  
 Judgment passing o'er thee,  
 Thou wilt beg in vain.

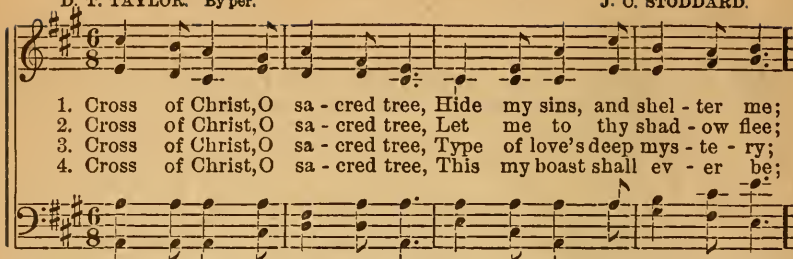
5 Oh, I yield, I open,  
 Saviour, at the door  
 Standing, knocking, waiting,  
 Thou shalt wait no more;  
 Enter with forgiveness,  
 Enter, Peerless One;  
 Treat me as a servant,  
 Never as a son.

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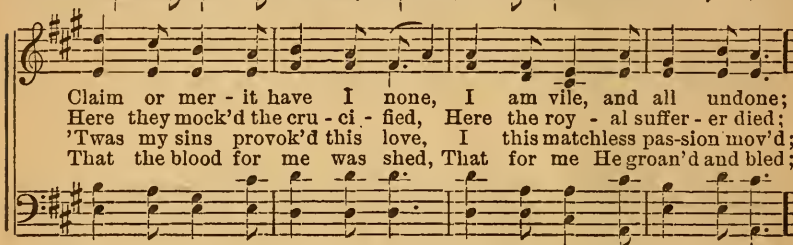


D. T. TAYLOR. By per.

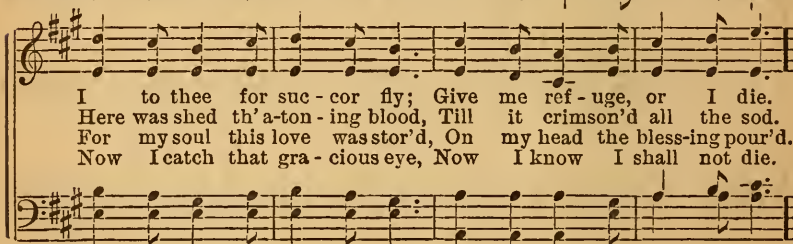
J. C. STODDARD.



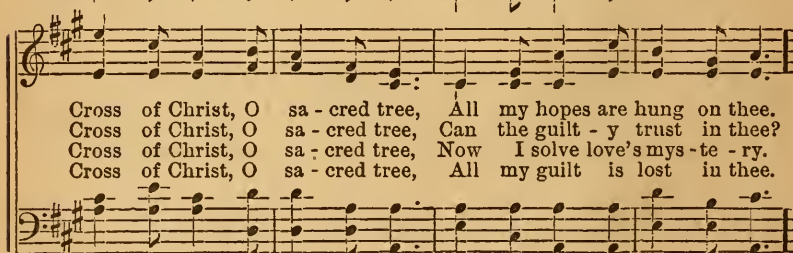
1. Cross of Christ, O sa - cred tree, Hide my sins, and shel - ter me;  
 2. Cross of Christ, O sa - cred tree, Let me to thy shad - ow flee;  
 3. Cross of Christ, O sa - cred tree, Type of love's deep mys - te - ry;  
 4. Cross of Christ, O sa - cred tree, This my boast shall ev - er be;



Claim or mer - it have I none, I am vile, and all undone;  
 Here they mock'd the cru - ci - fied, Here the roy - al suffer - er died;  
 'Twas my sins provok'd this love, I this matchless pas - sion mov'd;  
 That the blood for me was shed, That for me He groan'd and bled;

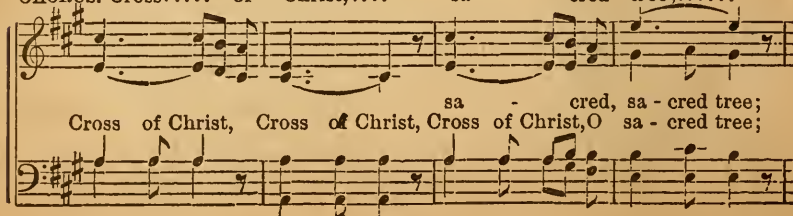


I to thee for suc - cor fly; Give me ref - uge, or I die.  
 Here was shed th'a - ton - ing blood, Till it crimson'd all the sod.  
 For my soul this love was stor'd, On my head the bless - ing pour'd.  
 Now I catch that gra - cious eye, Now I know I shall not die.



Cross of Christ, O sa - cred tree, All my hopes are hung on thee.  
 Cross of Christ, O sa - cred tree, Can the guilt - y trust in thee?  
 Cross of Christ, O sa - cred tree, Now I solve love's mys - te - ry.  
 Cross of Christ, O sa - cred tree, All my guilt is lost in thee.

CHORUS. Cross.... of Christ,... sa - cred tree;.....



sa - cred, sa - cred tree;  
 Cross of Christ, Cross of Christ, Cross of Christ, O sa - cred tree;

# Cross of Christ. CONCLUDED.

Cross of Christ, O sa - cred tree, All my hopes are hung on thee.

## No. 54. Thy Coming Again.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1. I'm wait-ing for Thee, Lord, Thy beauty to see, Lord, I'm waiting for Thee,
2. 'Mid danger and fear, Lord, I'm oft weary here, Lord, The day must be near
3. While Thou art away, Lord, I stumble and stray, Lord, Oh, hasten the day
4. Our loved ones be-fore, Lord, Their troubles are o'er, Lord, I'll meet them once more
5. E'en now let my ways, Lord, Be bright in Thy praise, Lord, For brief are the days

For Thy coming again; Thou'rt gone over there, Lord, A place to prepare, Lord,  
Of Thy coming again; 'Tis all sunshine there, Lord, No sigh - ing nor care, Lord,  
Of Thy coming again; This is not my rest, Lord, A pil-grim confess'd, Lord,  
At Thy coming again; Thy blood was the sign, Lord, That mark'd them as thine, Lord,  
Ere Thy coming again; I'm waiting for Thee, Lord, Thy beau - ty to see, Lord,

Thy home	I shall share,	At Thy com-ing	a - gain.
But glo - ry	so fair	At Thy com-ing	a - gain.
I wait	to be blest,	At Thy com-ing	a - gain.
And bright - ly	they'll shine	At Thy com-ing	a - gain.
No tri - umph	for me	Like Thy com-ing	a - gain.

*Con Spirito.*

1. Let the na - tions a-wake to the signs of the times! A  
 2. Let the Chris - tian a-wake to the signs of the times! For  
 3. Let the young men a-wake to the signs of the times! God  
 4. Care-less sin - ner, a-wake to the signs of the times! Give

voice that is might - y and strong, Like the thun - der of wa - ters, pro -  
 long at the post some have slept; O, a - rise! for the Mas - ter may  
 calls you be - cause you are strong; You can work in the vine - yard with  
 Je - sus your heart while you may; O be washed in His blood, He will

claims to the world, Je - ho - vah is march - ing a - long.  
 sud - den - ly come, And frown at the watch you have kept.  
 ar - dor and zeal, For Him who is march - ing a - long.  
 make you His child, And take your trans - ges - sions a - way.

*CHORUS.*

Then a - wake, let us stand, With our face to the right,  
 Then awake, O awake, let us stand, bravely stand,

And tread 'neath our feet ev - 'ry wrong; See! the kingdoms of dark - ness are

# Awake. CONCLUDED.

tremb-ling with fear, Je - ho - vah is march-ing a - long.

## No. 56. Draw Me to Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

1. Out on the midnight deep Hear Thou my cry, Come to my  
 2. Hope of the des - o - late Light of my soul, Now of my  
 3. Lord, at the o - pen door Let me come in, Heal Thou my

res-cue, Lord, Save or I die. Let not the storm - y waves  
 lone-ly bark, Take Thou con - trol. Yon - der the Ark of Grace  
 bro-ken heart, Wea - ry of sin. Close to Thy bleed - ing side

*Fine.*  
 Break o - ver me, Reach out Thy lov-ing arm, Draw me to Thee.  
 Dim - ly I see, Reach out Thy lov-ing arm, Draw me to Thee.  
 Still would I be, Reach out Thy lov-ing arm, Draw me to Thee.

*D. S.* Reach out Thy lov-ing arm, Draw me to Thee.

*CHORUS.*

*D. S.*

Draw me to Thee, Sav - iour, Draw me to Thee.

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## No. 57.


## Coming Again.

*"I will come again, and receive you unto myself."*—John 19: 3.

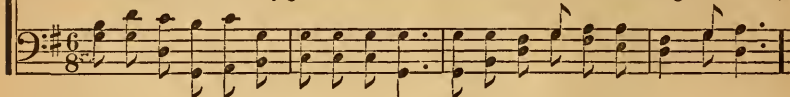

F. A. B.

To Mrs. W. E. PENN.


F. A. BLACKMER.

*May be Sung as a Solo.*



1. Je-sus, my Saviour, is coming again ! Sound out the tidings o'er earth and main ;  
 2. Je-sus is coming, oh, wonderful word ! Sweeter than a - ny on earth I've heard ;  
 3. Oh, can it be He is coming ere long, He whom I'm trusting with faith so strong,  
 4. Why should the tidings bring gladness to me ? Surely mine eyes shall His beauty see ;  
 5. Thought of His coming my soul doth e - late, As in the gloaming I watch and wait,  
 6. When He shall come all my grief will be o'er ; Friends I shall meet to forget no more,

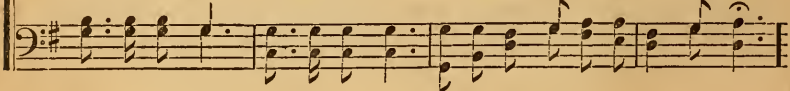
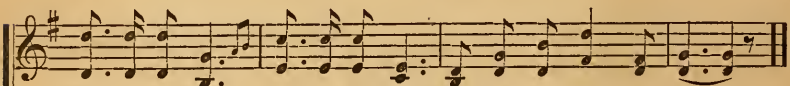
Com - ing to gather His peo - ple and reign, Com - ing to earth a - gain.  
 He whom my soul o - ver all hath pre - ferr'd, Com - ing to earth a - gain.  
 He who a - lone is the theme of my song, Com - ing to earth a - gain ?  
 And in His presence I ev - er shall be, When He shall come a - gain.  
 Longing each day for the glo - ri - fied state ; When He shall come a - gain.  
 Whom death remov'd in the dark days of yore, Till He shall come a - gain.



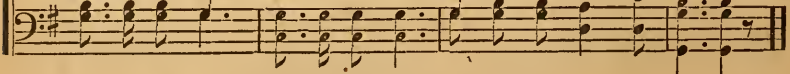
## CHORUS.



Com - ing a - gain, com - ing a - gain, Je - sus is coming, prolong the strain ;

Com - ing a - gain, com - ing a - gain, Com - ing on earth to reign.



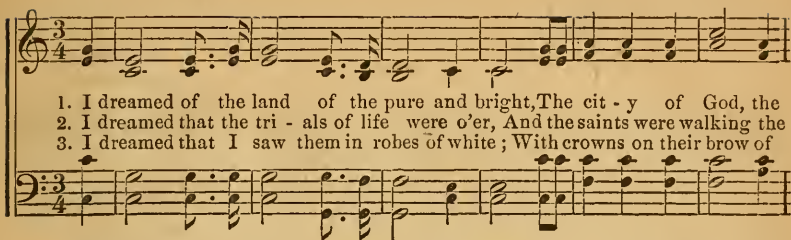
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## No. 61.

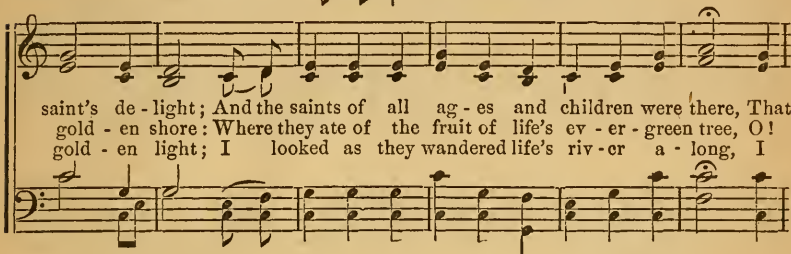
## Beautiful Dream.

KNOWLES SHAW.

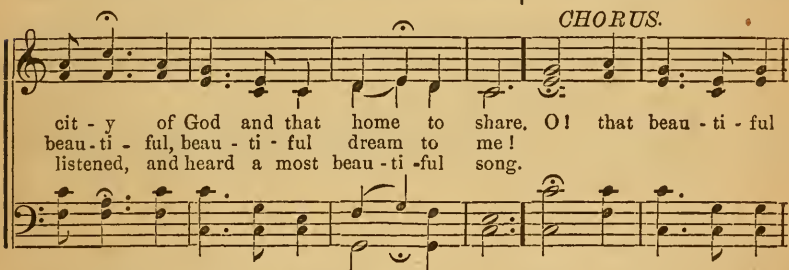
KNOWLES SHAW.



1. I dreamed of the land of the pure and bright, The cit - y of God, the  
 2. I dreamed that the tri - als of life were o'er, And the saints were walking the  
 3. I dreamed that I saw them in robes of white; With crowns on their brow of



saint's de - light; And the saints of all ag - es and children were there, That  
 gold - en shore: Where they ate of the fruit of life's ev - er - green tree, O!  
 gold - en light; I looked as they wandered life's riv - er a - long, I

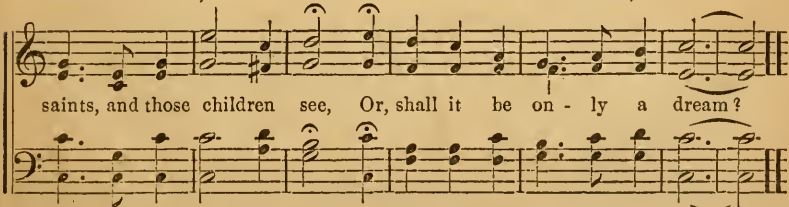


*CHORUS.*

cit - y of God and that home to share, O! that beau - ti - ful  
 beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful dream to me!  
 listened, and heard a most beau - ti - ful song.



dream; O! that beau - ti - ful dream; Shall I the  
 Beau - ti - ful dream;



saints, and those children see, Or, shall it be on - ly a dream?

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## No. 62.

## Trusting in Thee.

A. T. G.

A. T. GORHAM.

By permission.

1. Lord and Redeem - er, list to my cry; Foes now assail me, danger is nigh;  
 2. Storm-clouds enshroud me, waves overwhelm; Weakly my frail grasp slips from the helm;  
 3. Safe to Thy haven grant that I come, Goal of my voy - age, refuge and home.

Un - to Thy shelt'ring arms I would flee, Fearing no e - vil, trusting in Thee.  
 Guide Thou my lone bark over the sea— Keep and defend me, trusting in Thee.  
 Glorious indeed the triumph shall be— Vict'ry o'er death through trusting in Thee.

## REFRAIN.

Trusting in Thee, Lord, trusting in Thee; Thou my high tow'r and covert shall be:

Dark tho' my way, the light I can see, Blessed Redeem - er, trusting in Thee.

# No. 63.

# The Sure Foundation.

"Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner-stone, a sure foundation."  
 "For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ."

F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1. I will build my house up - on the Rock, And I know it will stand for - ev - er;  
 2. No foun-da-tion can by man be laid, Than the one which the Lord hath ta-ken;  
 3. On the sol - id Rock I'll dwell se-cure, And I'll sing of the sure foun-da - tion,

Tho' the rains descend and fierce winds blow, I am sure it will fall, no nev - er.  
 'Tis a Corner Stone precious, e-lect, By the tempests of earth ne'er sha - ken.  
 Till the storms of life are o - ver-past, Then rejoice in complete sal - va - tion.

## CHORUS.

Christ is the Rock, Christ is the Rock, Rock of my sal - va - tion;

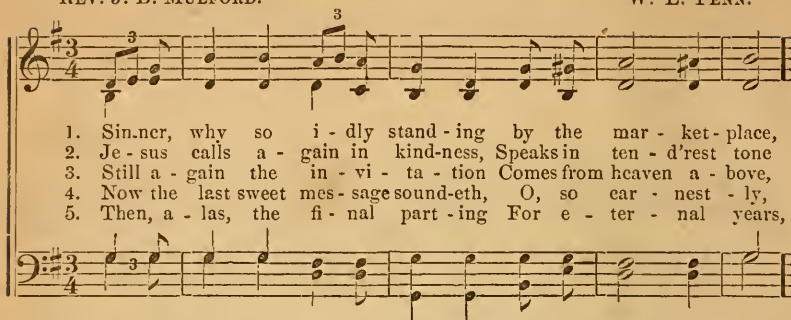
Here will I build, here will I build, On the sure foun-da - tion



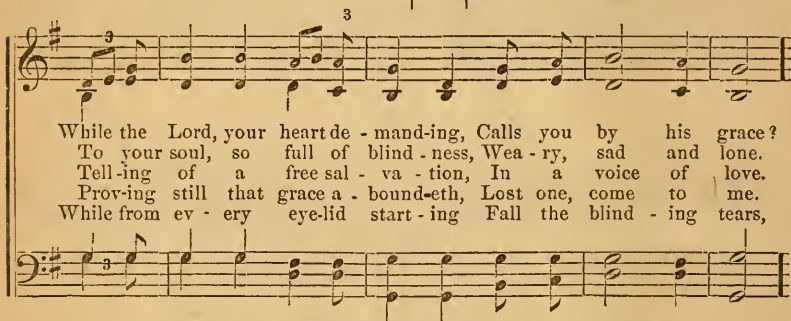
# No. 64. The First and Last Call.

REV. J. B. MULFORD.

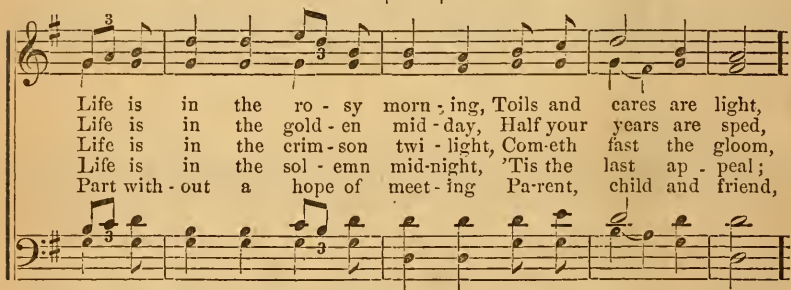
W. E. PENN.



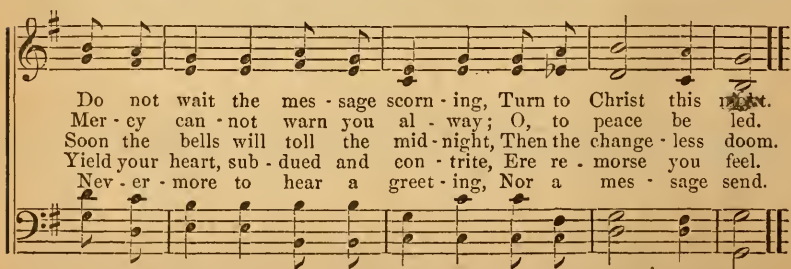
1. Sin-ner, why so i - dly stand - ing by the mar - ket - place,  
 2. Je - sus calls a - gain in kind-ness, Speaks in ten - d'rest tone  
 3. Still a - gain the in - vi - ta - tion Comes from heaven a - bove,  
 4. Now the last sweet mes - sage sound-eth, O, so ear - nest - ly,  
 5. Then, a - las, the fi - nal part - ing For e - ter - nal years,



While the Lord, your heart de - mand-ing, Calls you by his grace?  
 To your soul, so full of blind - ness, Wea - ry, sad and lone.  
 Tell-ing of a free sal - va - tion, In a voice of love.  
 Prov-ing still that grace a - bound-eth, Lost one, come to me.  
 While from ev - ery eye-lid start - ing Fall the blind - ing tears,



Life is in the ro - sy morn - ing, Toils and cares are light,  
 Life is in the gold - en mid - day, Half your years are sped,  
 Life is in the crim - son twi - light, Com-eth fast the gloom,  
 Life is in the sol - emn mid-night, 'Tis the last ap - peal;  
 Part with - out a hope of meet - ing Pa-rent, child and friend,



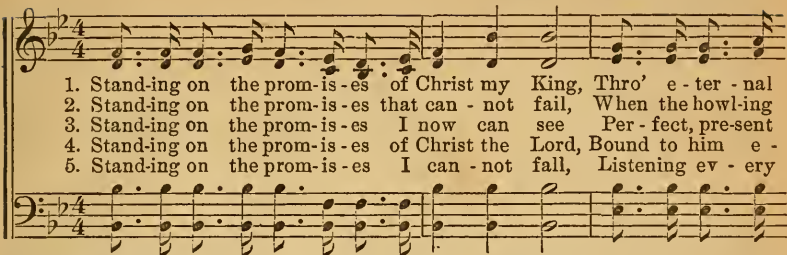
Do not wait the mes - sage scorn - ing, Turn to Christ this night.  
 Mer - cy can - not warn you al - way; O, to peace be led.  
 Soon the bells will toll the mid - night, Then the change - less doom.  
 Yield your heart, sub - dued and con - trite, Ere re - morse you feel.  
 Nev - er - more to hear a greet - ing, Nor a mes - sage send.

From "Harvest Bells" No. 1, by permission of W. E. PENN, owner of copyright.

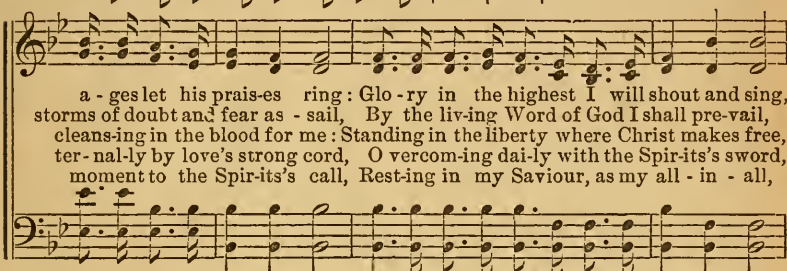
# No. 65. Standing on the Promises.

R. K. C.

Captain R. KELSO CARTER.

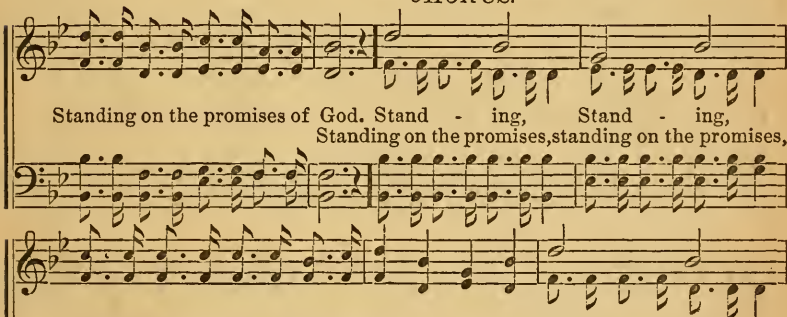


1. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal  
 2. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es that can - not fail, When the howl-ing  
 3. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es I now can see Per - fect, pre-sent  
 4. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ the Lord, Bound to him e -  
 5. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es I can - not fall, Listening ev - ery

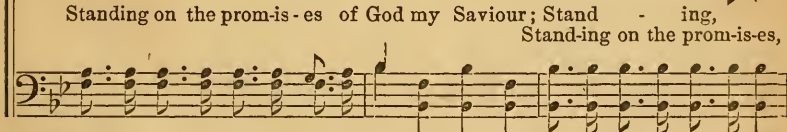


a - ges let his prais-es ring: Glo - ry in the highest I will shout and sing,  
 storms of doubt and fear as - sail, By the liv-ing Word of God I shall pre-vail,  
 cleans-ing in the blood for me: Standing in the liberty where Christ makes free,  
 ter-nal-ly by love's strong cord, O vercom-ing dai-ly with the Spir-its's sword,  
 moment to the Spir-its's call, Rest-ing in my Saviour, as my all - in - all,

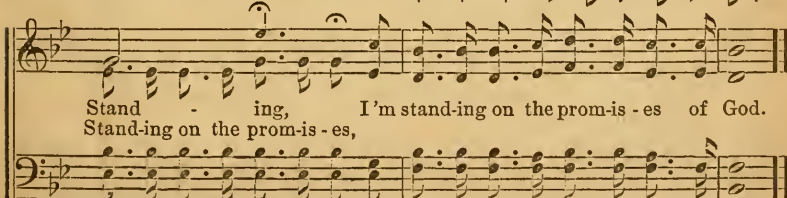
## CHORUS.



Standing on the promises of God. Stand - ing, Stand - ing,  
 Standing on the promises, standing on the promises,



Standing on the prom-is-es of God my Saviour; Stand - ing,  
 Stand-ing on the prom-is-es,



Stand - ing, I'm stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God.  
 Stand-ing on the prom-is-es,

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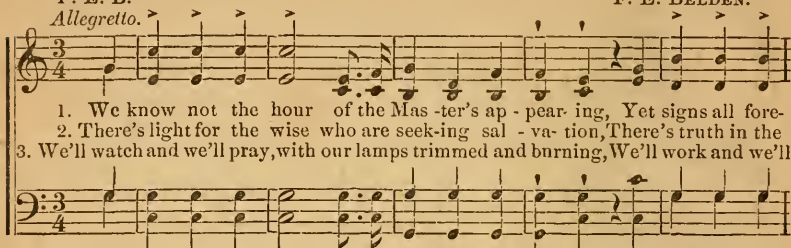
# No. 66. We Know Not the Hour.

"But of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven, but my Father only. \* \* \* Watch therefore; for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."—Matt. 24: 36-42.

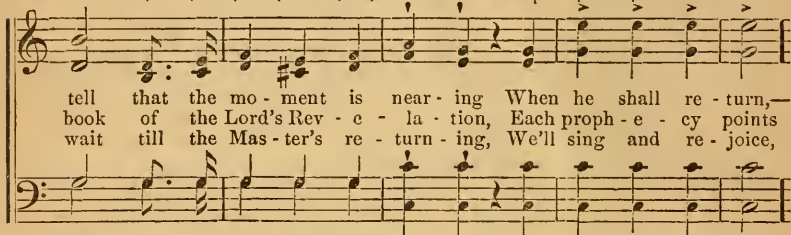
F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN.

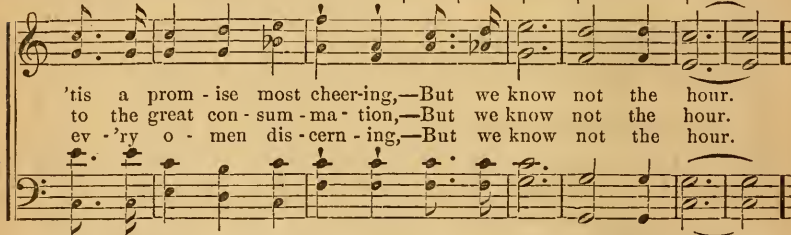
*Allegretto.*



1. We know not the hour of the Mas-ter's ap-pear-ing, Yet signs all fore-  
2. There's light for the wise who are seek-ing sal - va - tion, There's truth in the  
3. We'll watch and we'll pray, with our lamps trimmed and burning, We'll work and we'll

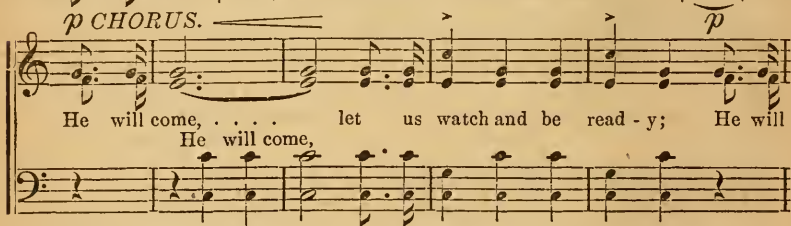


tell that the mo - ment is near - ing When he shall re - turn, —  
book of the Lord's Rev - e - la - tion, Each proph - e - cy points  
wait till the Mas - ter's re - turn - ing, We'll sing and re - joice,

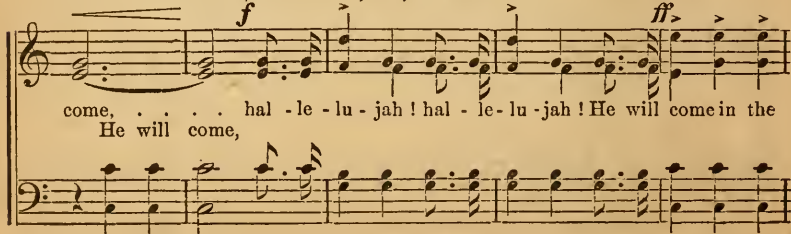


'tis a prom - ise most cheer-ing, — But we know not the hour.  
to the great con - sum - ma - tion, — But we know not the hour.  
ev - 'ry o - men dis - cern - ing, — But we know not the hour.

*p* CHORUS.



He will come, . . . . let us watch and be read - y; He will  
He will come,



come, . . . . hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! He will come in the  
He will come,

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# We Know Not The Hour. CONCLUDED.

clouds of his Father's bright glo-ry,—But we know not the hour.

## No. 67. There Is Joy In Heaven.

F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1. All glo - ry to the Saviour's name, A sin - ner is for - giv - en;  
 2. 'Tis thro' the Fa - ther's wondrous gift, The "Rock" for mor - tals riv - en,  
 3. An - oth - er comes, all praise to God! Yes, comes to be for - giv - en;  
 4. And oth - ers, too, for whom our Lord In ag - o - ny has striv - en,

A wan-d'rer has re - turned to - day, And there is joy in heav - en.  
 That wan-d'ers may re - turn to - day, And cause such joy in heav - en.  
 What joy on earth the sight af - fords, And O, what joy in heav - en!  
 May come and free - ly be received, And free - ly be for - giv - en.

### CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, There is joy in heaven, There is joy in heav - en;

*rit.*  
 A wand'rer has returned to - day, And there is joy in heav - en.

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## No. 68.

## Help Just a Little.

Rev. W. A. SPENCER.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Brother for Christ's kingdom sighing, Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;  
 2. Is thy cup made sad by tri-al? Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;  
 3. Though no wealth to thee is giv-en, Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;  
 4. Let us live for one an oth-er, Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;  
 5. Tho' thy life is pressed with sorrow, Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;

Help to save the mil-lions dy-ing, Help just a lit-tle.  
 Sweet-en it with self-de-ni-al, Help just a lit-tle.  
 Sac-ri-fice is gold in heav-en, Help just a lit-tle.  
 Help to lift each fall-en brother, Help just a lit-tle.  
 Brave-ly look t'ward Gods to-mor-row, Help just a lit-tle.

## CHORUS.

Oh, the wrongs that we may righten! Oh, the hearts that we may lighten!

Oh, the skies that we may brighten! Helping just a lit-tle.

From "Songs of Perfect Love," by permission of JOHN J. HOOD, owner of copyright.

## No. 69.

## I'm Thine, Forever Thine.

"My beloved is mine, and I am his."

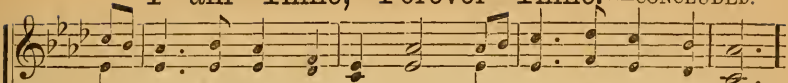
Cant. ii. 16.

WARREN W. BENTLY.

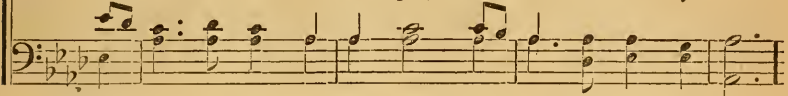
1. No more my own Lord Je-sus, Bought with thy precious blood;  
 2. I give the life thou gav-est, My pres-ent, fu-ture, past,  
 3. I give the love, the sweet-est Thy goodness grants to me;  
 4. Out-side the camp to suf-fer, Within the vale to meet,

By permission of W. W. BENTLY, owner of copyright.

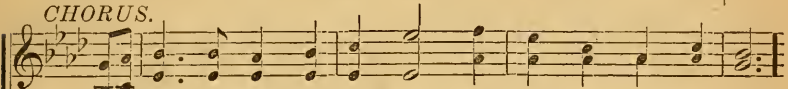
# I am Thine, Forever Thine, —CONCLUDED.



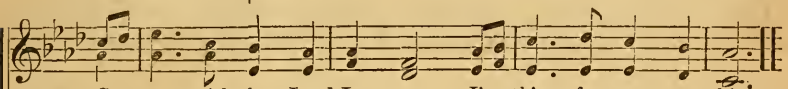
I give thee but thine own, Lord, That long thy love withstood.  
My joys, my fears, my sor - rows, My first hope and my last.  
Oh, take and make it meet, Lord, For of - fer - ing to thee.  
And hear the soft - est whis - per, From out the mer - cy - seat.



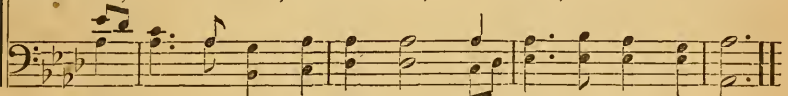
## CHORUS.



Now fash - ion, form, and fill me With light and love di - vine;



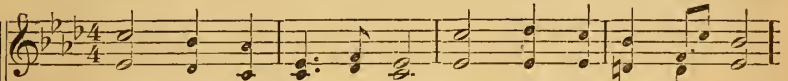
So, one with thee, Lord Je - sus, I'm thine, for - ev - er thine.



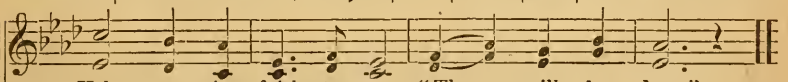
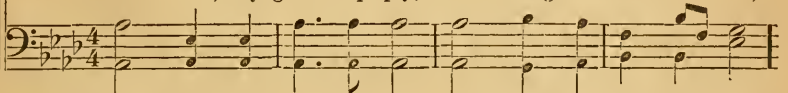
## No. 70. Thy Will be Done,

F. A. B.

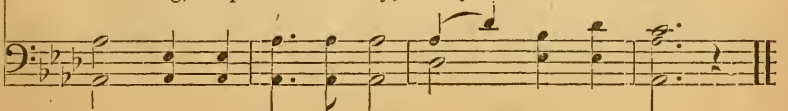
F. A. BLACKMER.



1. Fa - ther, now hear me pray, Dark - ness obscures my way;
2. Bid doubts and ter - rors flee, 'Till I can say to Thee,
3. Help me, my Lord, to see, In dark Gethsem - a - ne,
4. Fa - ther, thy grace sup - ply, And though I live or die,



Help me in faith to say, "Thy will be done."  
With trembling though it be, "Thy will be done."  
Say - ing, while crush'd for me, "Thy will be done."  
Trust - ing, help me to cry, "Thy will be done."

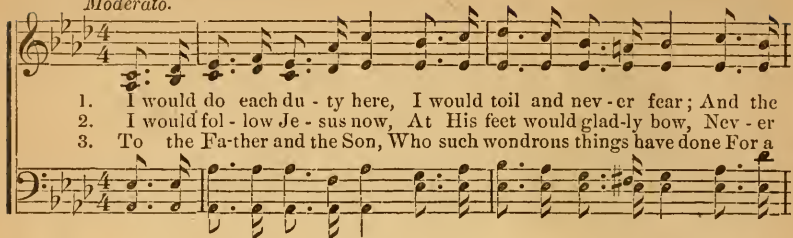


# No. 71. Crown, Harp, and Song.

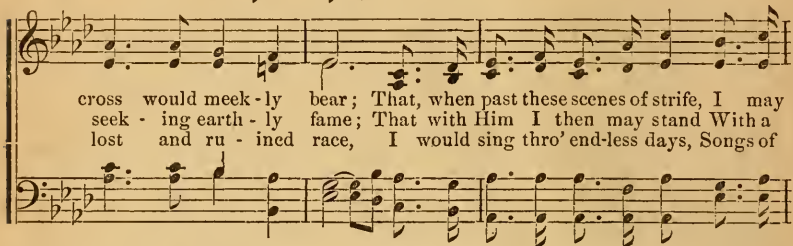
F. A. BLACKMER.

H. N. LINCOLN.

*Moderato.*

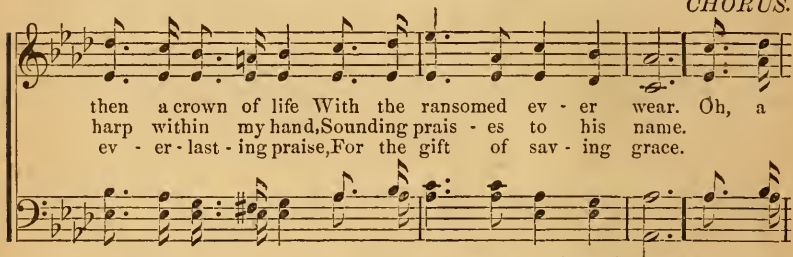


1. I would do each du - ty here, I would toil and nev - er fear; And the  
 2. I would fol - low Je - sus now, At His feet would glad - ly bow, Nev - er  
 3. To the Fa - ther and the Son, Who such wondrous things have done For a

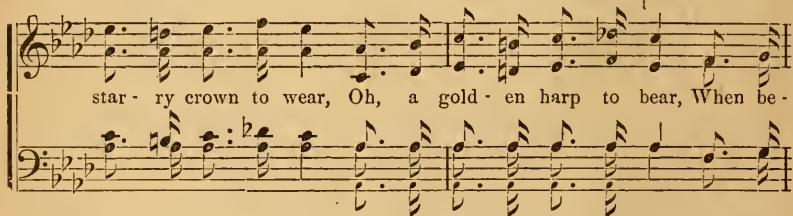


cross would meek - ly bear; That, when past these scenes of strife, I may  
 seek - ing earth - ly fame; That with Him I then may stand With a  
 lost and ru - ined race, I would sing thro' end - less days, Songs of

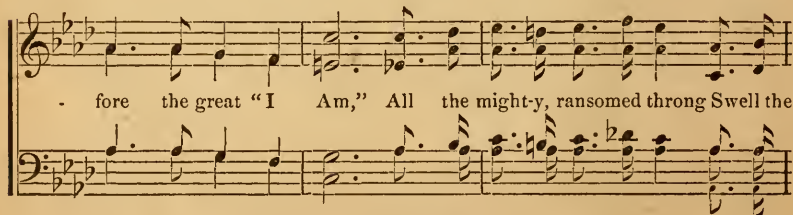
*CHORUS.*



then a crown of life With the ransomed ev - er wear. Oh, a  
 harp within my hand, Sounding prais - es to his name.  
 ev - er - last - ing praise, For the gift of sav - ing grace.

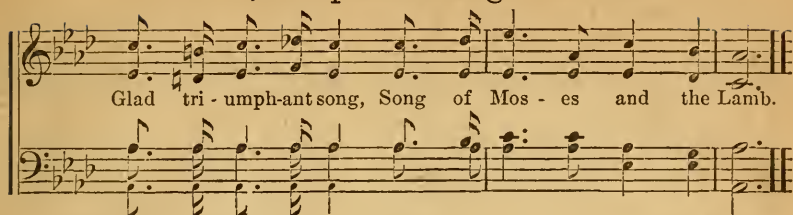


star - ry crown to wear, Oh, a gold - en harp to bear, When be -



- fore the great "I Am," All the might - y, ransomed throng Swell the

# Crown, Harp and Song.—CONCLUDED.

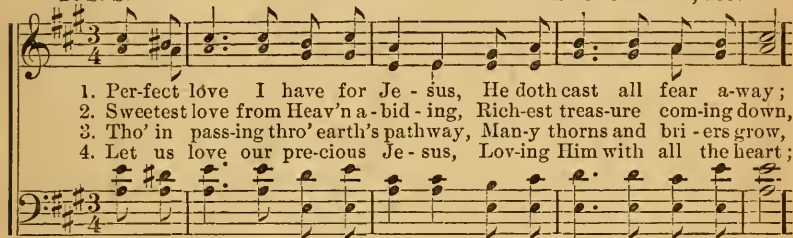


Glad tri - umph-ant song, Song of Mos - es and the Lamb.

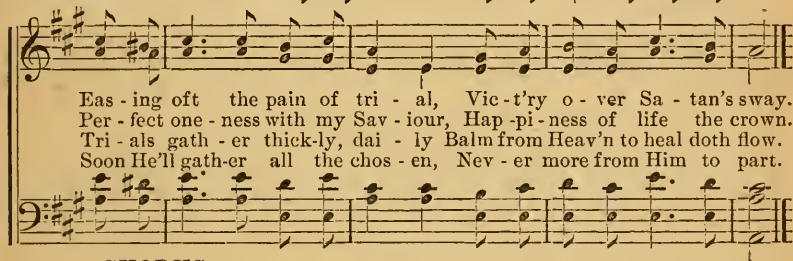
## No. 72. Perfect Love I Have For Jesus.

F. S. S.

F. S. STANTON, 1887.



1. Per-fect love I have for Je - sus, He doth cast all fear a-way ;
2. Sweetest love from Heav'n a-bid - ing, Rich-est treas-ure com-ing down,
3. Tho' in pass-ing thro' earth's pathway, Man-y thorns and bri - ers grow,
4. Let us love our pre-cious Je - sus, Lov-ing Him with all the heart ;

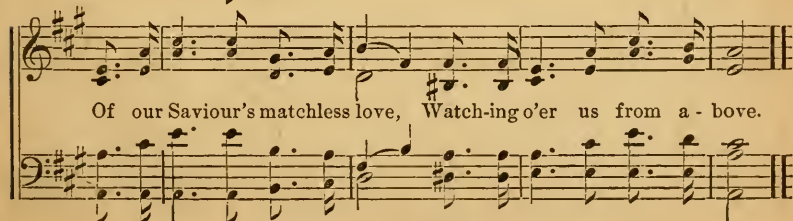


Eas - ing oft the pain of tri - al, Vic-t'ry o - ver Sa - tan's sway.  
 Per - fect one - ness with my Sav - iour, Hap - pi - ness of life the crown.  
 Tri - als gath - er thick-ly, dai - ly Balm from Heav'n to heal doth flow.  
 Soon He'll gath-er all the chos - en, Nev - er more from Him to part.

### CHORUS.



Per-fect love, Oh ! sweet de - light, Giv - ing us a won-drous sight



Of our Saviour's matchless love, Watch-ing o'er us from a - bove.

By permission of F. S. STANTON.



## No. 73.

## Ever Will I Pray.

A. CUMMINGS.

J. H. TENNY.

1. Fa - ther, in the morn - ing Un - to thee I pray;  
 2. At the bus - y noon - tide, Press'd with work and care,  
 3. When the eve - ning shad - ows Chase a - way the light,  
 4. Thus in life's glad morn - ing, In its bright noon - day,

Let thy lov - ing kind - ness Keep me through this' day.  
 Then I'll wait with Je - sus Till he hear my prayer.  
 Fa - ther then I'll pray thee Bless thy child to - night.  
 In its shad - ovy eve - ning, ev - er will I pray.

## CHORUS.

I will pray, I will pray, Ev - er will I pray.  
 I will pray, I will pray, Ev - er will I pray.

Morn - ing, noon, and even - ing Un - to thee I'll pray.  
 Un-to thee I'll pray.

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## No. 74.

## Yonder.

DR. BONAR.

J. H. TENNY.

1. No shad-ows yon-der! All light and song! Each day I won-der,  
 2. No weep-ing yon-der! All fled a - way! While here I wan-der,  
 3. No part-ing yon-der! Time and space ne'er Shall a - gain sun-der.

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# Yonder.—CONCLUDED.

And say how long Shall time me sun-der From that dear throng?  
Each wea-ry day, Sigh-ing, I pon-der My long, long stay.  
Hearts blended there; Dear-er and fon-der Hands clasp for aye.

## REFRAIN.

No shadow yonder! No parting yonder! In my home yonder, Bo't by the Lamb.

## No. 75. The Blessed Shepherd.

LUCY D. HARRINGTON.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1. In-to pas-tures fresh and green, Close beside the liv-ing stream, 'Neath the  
2. On the mountains' sun-ny side, By the riv-er still and wide, In the  
3. Safe with-in the peace-ful fold, They are kept from heat and cold; Ev-er

## REFRAIN.

shad-ows of the rock, There the Shepherd leads His flock. From all perils He doth  
forests' restful shade, Thro' the wellworn pathway made.  
kept from fear and harm, And from all that would a-larm.

*rit.*

keep, Bless-ed Shepherd of the sheep, Bless-ed Shepherd of the sheep.

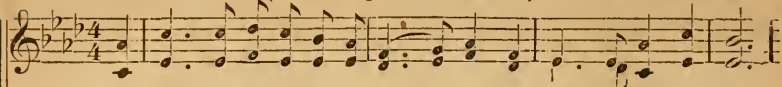
# No. 76. The Master's Call.

"Go, work to-day in my Vineyard."—Matt. 21: 28.

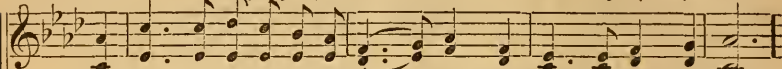
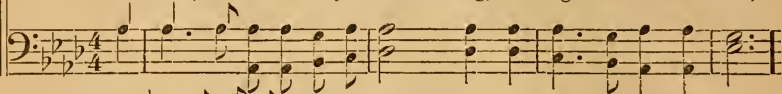
JULIA STERLING.

(Favorite song of FANNY J. CROSBY.)

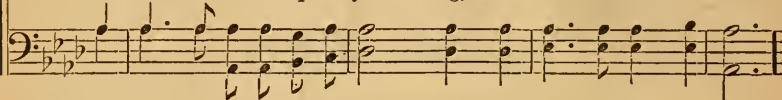
IRA D. SANKEY.



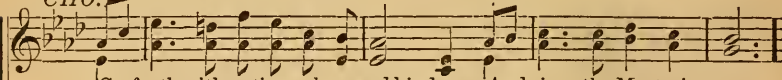
1. Be - hold, the Master now is call - ing, For reap-ers brave and true ;
2. Go forth, and rescue those that per - ish, Where sin and darkness reign ;
3. Go bid the poor with joy and glad - ness, The feast of love to share ;
4. Go forth, the summer days are wan - ing, Their light will soon be o'er ;



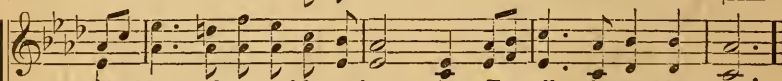
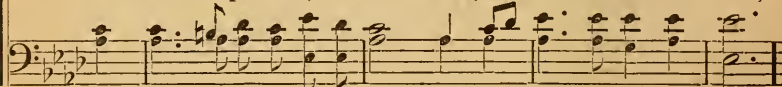
The gold-en harvest fields are wait - ing, But la - bor-ers are few.  
Go lend a helping hand to save them, And break the tempter's chain.  
And He, the Bread of Life Eter - nal, Will make them welcome there.  
The sol - emn hour is quickly com - ing, When we can work no more.



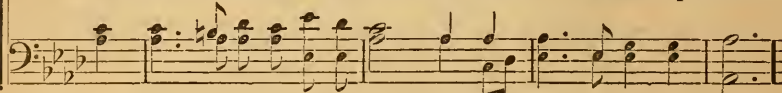
CHO.



Go forth with patience, love and kindness, And in the Master's name,



The bless - ed news of free salva - tion To all the world proclaim.



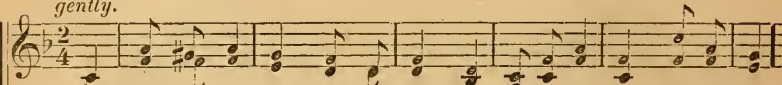
Copyright 1886, by IRA D. SANKEY. Used by per.

# No. 77.

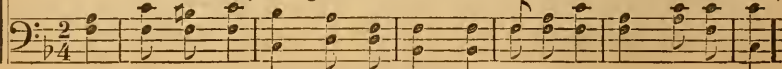
# For Jesus' Sake.

LUCY D. HARRINGTON.  
*gently.*

F. A. BLACKMER.



1. "For Je - sus' sake," 'tis thus we pray, As humbly bowing day by day ;
2. For Je - sus' sake, O Lord, now bless And comfort all in deep distress ;
3. For Je - sus' sake, who gave his life To save from sin and fear and strife ;



Copyright, 1888, by F. A. BLACKMER.

# For Jesus' Sake.—CONCLUDED.

We ask for mer-cy, grace and love, And peace which comes from heav'n a-bove.  
O shine up - on us from on high, And bring Thy sav-ing mer-cy nigh.  
His love, we sing it o'er and o'er, And praise Him now and ev - er more.

## REFRAIN.

*Slow.*  
For Je - sus' sake, For Je - sus' sake, O, an-swer us for Je - sus' sake,

## No. 78. Mildred. 6 s, 4 s.

F. C. VAN ALSTYNE. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK  
By permission.

O, an-swer us for Je - sus' sake.

1. Lord, at thy mer - cy - seat, Humbly I
2. Hark ! how the words of love Tenderly
3. Still at thy mer - cy - seat, Humbly I

fall ; Plead-ing thy promise sweet, Lord, hear my call ; Now let thy work begin,  
fall, Ere to the realms a-bove, Heard is my call ; Now ev-ery doubt has flown,  
fall ; Plead-ing thy promise sweet, Heard is my call ; Faith wings my soul to thee,

Oh, make me pure with-in ; Cleanse me from every sin, Je - sus, my all.  
Broken my heart of stone ; Lord, I am thine a-lone, Je - sus, my all.  
This all my hope shall be, Je - sus has died for me, Je - sus, my all.

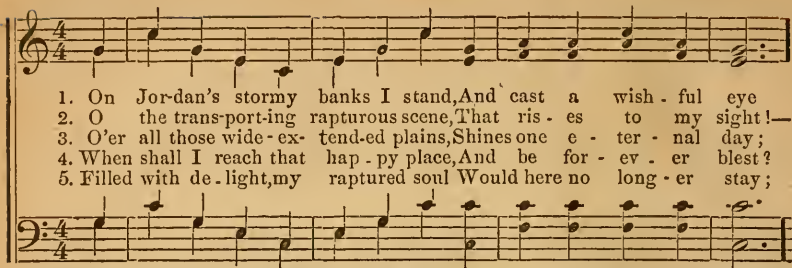


# No. 79.

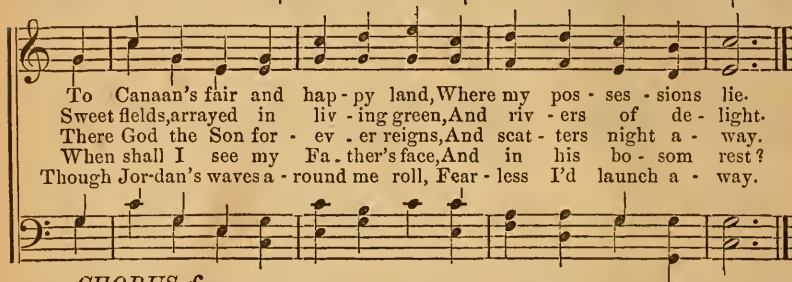
# On Jordan's Banks.

STENNET.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

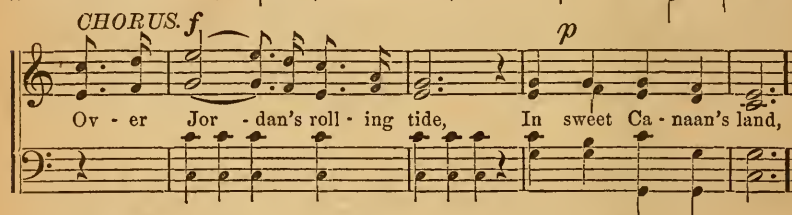


1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye  
 2. O the transport-ing rapturous scene, That ris-es to my sight!—  
 3. O'er all those wide-ex-tend-ed plains, Shines one e-ter-nal day;  
 4. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for-ev-er blest?  
 5. Filled with de-light, my raptured soul Would here no long-er stay;



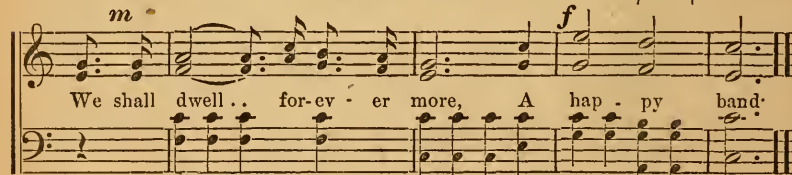
To Canaan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.  
 Sweet fields, arrayed in liv-ing green, And riv-ers of de-light.  
 There God the Son for-ev-er reigns, And scat-ters night a-way.  
 When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in his bo-som rest?  
 Though Jor-dan's waves a-round me roll, Fear-less I'd launch a-way.

**CHORUS. *f***



Ov-er Jor-dan's roll-ing tide, In sweet Ca-naan's land,

***m***



We shall dwell... for-ev-er more, A hap-py band.

We shall dwell for-ev-er more, A ho-ly, hap-py band.

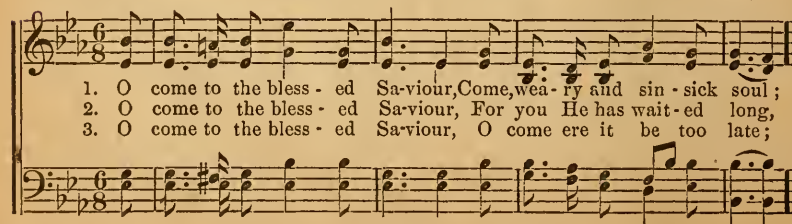
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# No. 80.

# Come to Him Now.

F. A. B.

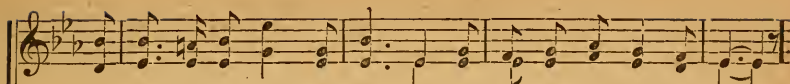
F. A. BLACKMER.



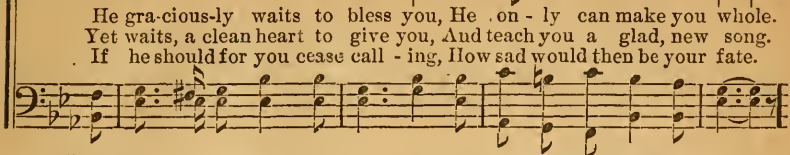
1. O come to the bless-ed Sa-viour, Come, wea-ry and sin-sick soul;  
 2. O come to the bless-ed Sa-viour, For you He has wait-ed long,  
 3. O come to the bless-ed Sa-viour, O come ere it be too late;

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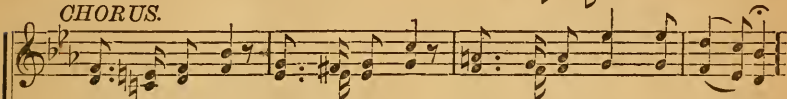
# Come to Him Now.—CONCLUDED.



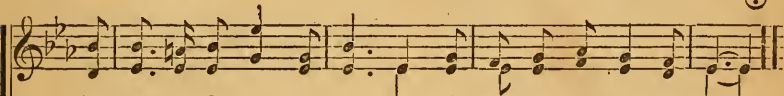
He gra-cious-ly waits to bless you, He on - ly can make you whole.  
 Yet waits, a clean heart to give you, And teach you a glad, new song.  
 If he should for you cease call - ing, How sad would then be your fate.



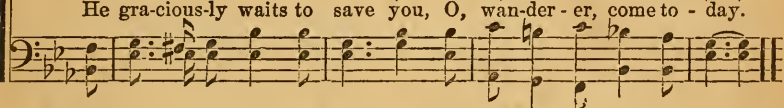
## CHORUS.



Come to Him now, Come to Him now, Come to Him now, I pray ;

He gra-cious-ly waits to save you, O, wan-der - er, come to - day.



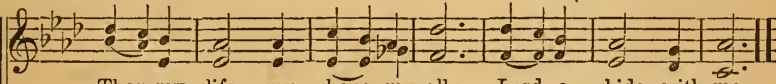
## No. 81. Lord, Abide With Me.

Words selected by C. BEEBE.

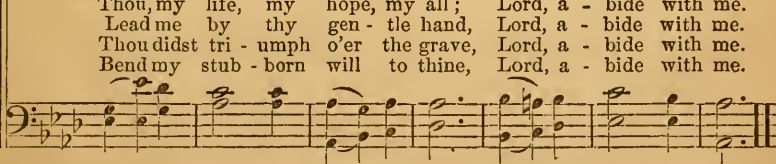
F. S. STANTON.



1. Je - sus, Sav-ior! hear my call, Sin-ful though my heart may be ;  
 2. Lone-ly in a stranger land, Cast me not a - way from thee ;  
 3. Thou hast died the lost to save, Died to set the cap-tives free ;  
 4. Fill me with thy love di-vine, Con-se-crate my life to thee ;

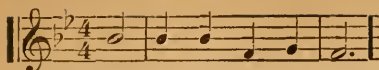



Thou, my life, my hope, my all ; Lord, a - bide with me.  
 Lead me by thy gen - tle hand, Lord, a - bide with me.  
 Thou didst tri - umph o'er the grave, Lord, a - bide with me.  
 Bend my stub - born will to thine, Lord, a - bide with me.



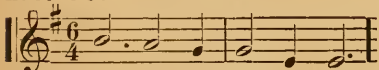
From "Sweet Hosannahs," by permission.

# No. 82. LENOX.



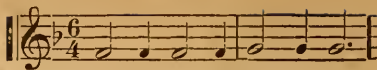
- 1 Arise, my soul, arise;  
Shake off thy guilty fears;  
The bleeding sacrifice  
In my behalf appears.  
Before the throne my surety stands,  
My name is written on His hands.
- 2 He ever lives above,  
For me to intercede;  
His all redeeming love,  
His precious blood to plead;  
His blood atoned for all our race,  
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,  
Received on Calvary;  
They pour effectual prayers,  
They strongly plead for me:  
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry;  
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die."
- 4 To God I'm reconciled;  
His pardoning voice I hear;  
He owns me for His child.  
I can no longer fear:  
With confidence I now draw nigh,  
And, "Father, Abba, Father," cry.

# No. 83. BETHANY.



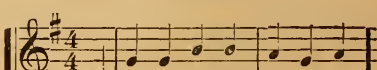
- 1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me;  
Still all my song shall be—  
Nearer, my God, to Thee!  
Nearer to Thee.
- 2 Though, like the wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone;  
Yet in my dreams I'd be—  
Nearer, my God, to Thee!  
Nearer to Thee!
- 3 There let the way appear,  
Steps unto heaven;  
All that thou sendest me,  
In mercy given;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to Thee—  
Nearer to Thee!

# No. 84. MARTYN.



- 1 Jesus, Lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high!  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past;  
Safe into the haven guide,  
O receive me home at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none;  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:  
Leave, O leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me:  
All my trust on Thee is stayed,  
All my help from Thee I bring;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing!
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;  
More than all in Thee I find;  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
Just and holy is Thy name,  
I am all unrighteousness:  
False and full of sin I am,  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

# No. 85. CORONATION.



- 1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!  
Let angels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
Ye ransomed from the fall,  
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,  
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To Him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 4 O that with yonder sacred throng  
We at His feet may fall!  
We'll join the everlasting song,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

## No. 86. ROCK OF AGES.



1 Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From Thy side a healing flood,  
Be of sin the double cure,—  
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

2 Should my tears forever flow,  
Should my zeal no languor know,  
All for sin could not atone;  
Thou must save, and thou alone;  
In my hand no price I bring;  
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When mine eyelids close in death,  
When I with the throng unknown,  
See thee on thy judgment throne,—  
Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

## No. 87. WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS.

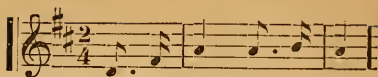
*Key F.*

1 What a friend we have in Jesus,  
All our sins and griefs to bear;  
What a privilege to carry  
Everything to God in prayer.  
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,  
Oh, what needless pain we bear—  
All because we do not carry  
Everything to God in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations?  
Is there trouble anywhere?  
We should never be discouraged,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Can we find a friend so faithful,  
Who will all our sorrows share?  
Jesus knows our every weakness,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,  
Cumbered with a load of care?  
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?  
Take it to the Lord in prayer;  
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,  
Thou wilt find a solace there.

## No. 88. SINNER'S INVITATION.



1 Sinner, go, will you go,  
To the high lands of Eden?  
Where the storms never blow,  
And the long summer's given;  
Where the bright blooming flow'rs  
Are their odors emitting;  
And the leaves of the bow'rs  
In the breezes are fitting?

2 Where the saints robed in white,  
Cleansed in life's flowing fountain,  
Shining beauteous and bright,  
They inhabit the mountain;  
Where no sin nor dismay,  
Neither trouble nor sorrow,  
Will be felt for a day,  
Nor be feared for the morrow.

3 He's prepared thee a home,  
Sinner, canst thou believe it?  
And invites thee to come,  
Sinner, wilt thou receive it?  
O! come, sinner, come,  
For the tide is receding,  
And the Saviour will soon  
And forever cease pleading.

## No. 89. COME TO JESUS.

*Key F.*

1 Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,  
Come to Jesus just now;  
Just now come to Jesus,  
Come to Jesus, just now.

2 He will save you, etc.

3 He is able, etc.

4 He is willing, etc.

5 He will cleanse you, etc.

6 Only trust Him, etc.

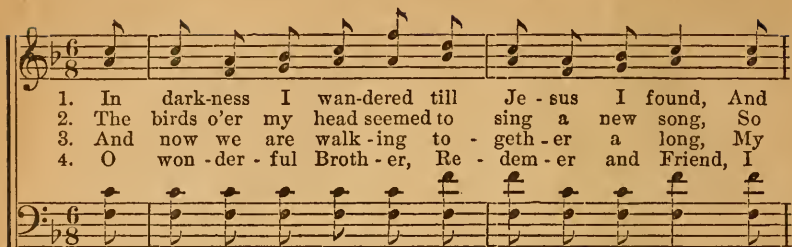
7 O, accept Him, etc.



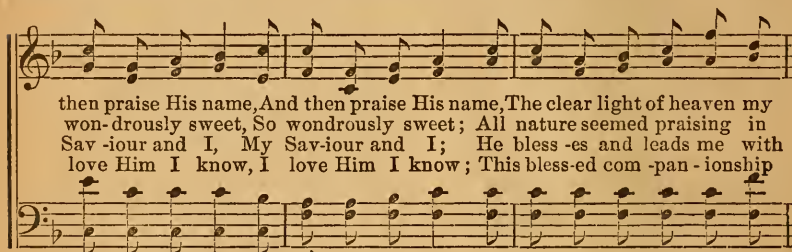
# No. 90. In Darkness I Wandered.

F. A. B.

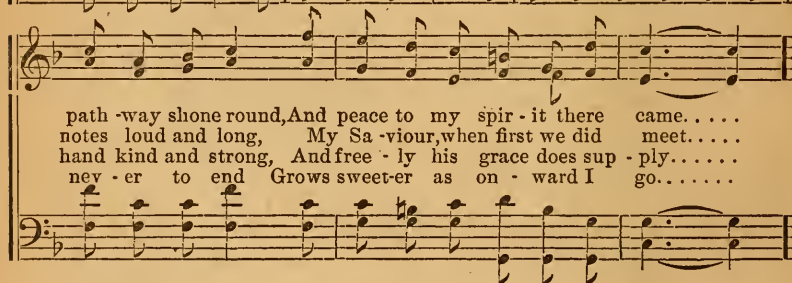
F. A. BLACKMER.



1. In dark-ness I wan-dered till Je - sus I found, And  
 2. The birds o'er my head seemed to sing a new song, So  
 3. And now we are walk - ing to - geth - er a long, My  
 4. O won - der - ful Broth - er, Re - dem - er and Friend, I

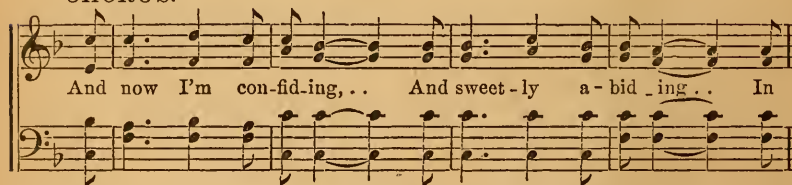


then praise His name, And then praise His name, The clear light of heaven my  
 won-drously sweet, So wondrously sweet; All nature seemed praising in  
 Sav-iour and I, My Sav-iour and I; He bless-es and leads me with  
 love Him I know, I love Him I know; This bless-ed com-pan-ionship

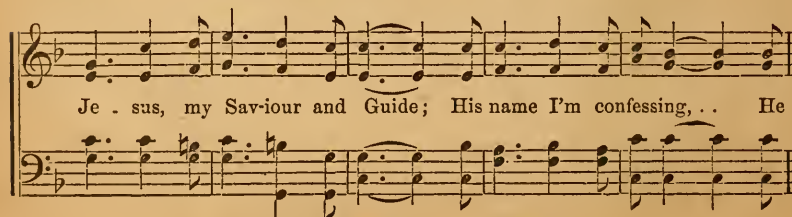


path-way shone long, And peace to my spir-it there came....  
 notes loud and long, My Sa-viour, when first we did meet....  
 hand kind and strong, And free-ly his grace does sup-ply....  
 nev-er to end Grows sweet-er as on-ward I go.....

## CHORUS.

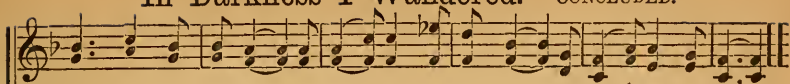


And now I'm con-fid-ing, . . And sweet-ly a-bid-ing . . In

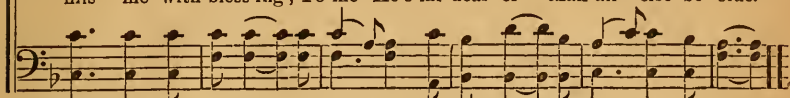


Je - sus, my Sav-iour and Guide; His name I'm confessing, . . He

# In Darkness I Wandered.—CONCLUDED.



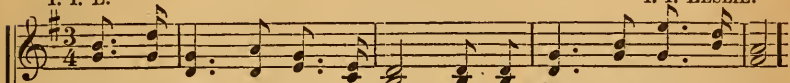
fills me with bless-ing; To me He's far dear-er than all else be-side.



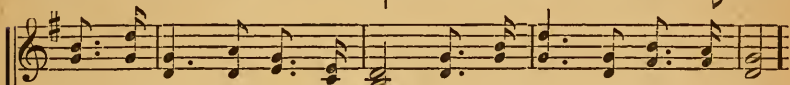
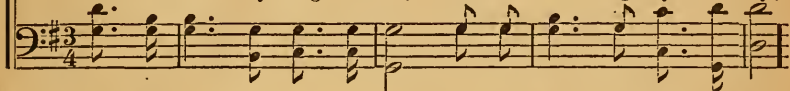
## No. 91. He is Everything to Me.

I. I. L.

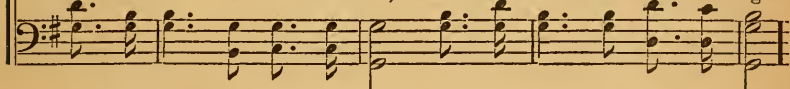
I. I. LESLIE.



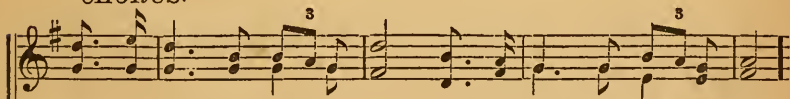
1. He is ev - 'ry-thing to me; Bet-ter than all earth-ly store;
2. He is ev - 'ry-thing to me; All a-long this wea-ry way;
3. He is ev - 'ry-thing to me; In my trou-ble and my care,
4. He is ev - 'ry-thing to me; Tak-ing all my sins a-way;
5. He is ev - 'ry-thing to me; And He's com-ing by-and-by;



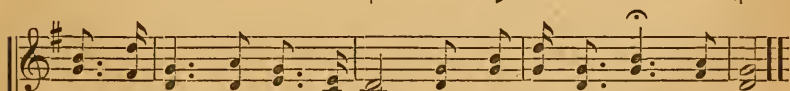
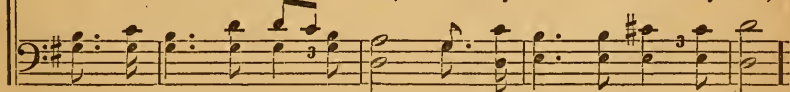
And His love so great and free—Would that I could tell it more.  
 And He tells me I shall see, By-and-by a bet-ter day.  
 To His sheltering side I flee, And I find pro-tec-tion there.  
 Giv-ing me the vic-to-ry Now and in that com-ing day.  
 Where He is I then shall be, Ev-er-more to see Him nigh.



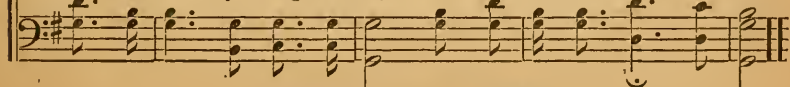
### CHORUS.



All in all is He to me; He's my chos-en and my love;



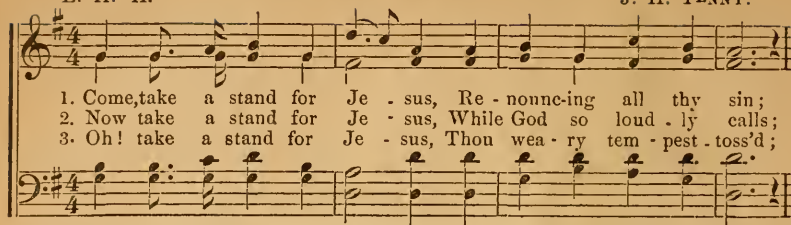
Poor and need-y though I be, I have treasures laid a-bove.



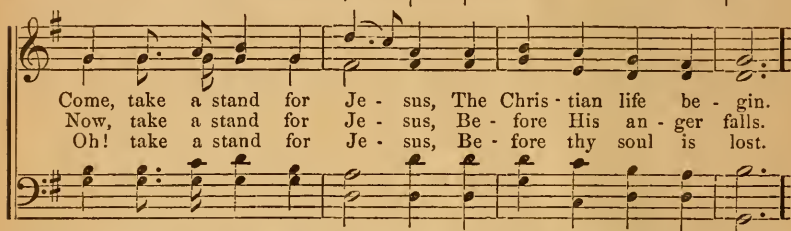
# No. 92. Take a Stand for Jesus.

E. A. H.

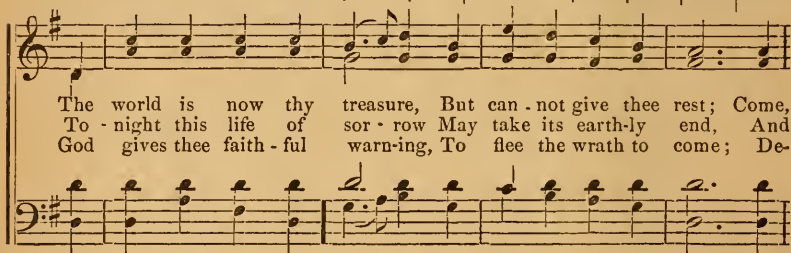
J. H. TENNY.



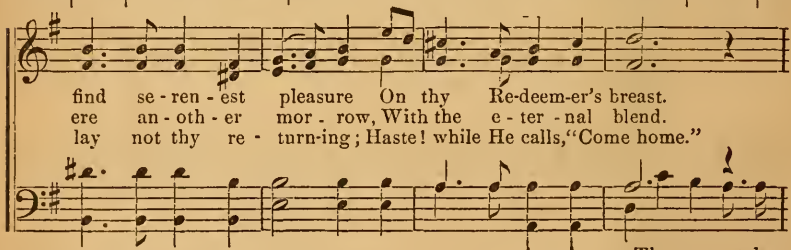
1. Come, take a stand for Je - sus, Re - nonne-ing all thy sin;  
 2. Now take a stand for Je - sus, While God so loud - ly calls;  
 3. Oh! take a stand for Je - sus, Thou wea - ry tem - pest - toss'd;



Come, take a stand for Je - sus, The Chris - tian life be - gin.  
 Now, take a stand for Je - sus, Be - fore His an - ger falls.  
 Oh! take a stand for Je - sus, Be - fore thy soul is lost.



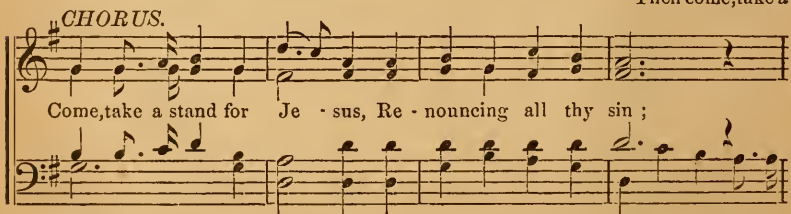
The world is now thy treasure, But can - not give thee rest; Come,  
 To - night this life of sor - row May take its earth - ly end, And  
 God gives thee faith - ful warn - ing, To flee the wrath to come; De -



find se - ren - est pleasure On thy Re - deem - er's breast.  
 ere an - oth - er mor - row, With the e - ter - nal blend.  
 lay not thy re - turn - ing; Haste! while He calls, "Come home."

Then come, take a

*CHORUS.*



Come, take a stand for Je - sus, Re - nonne-ing all thy sin;

stand,

Then come, take a

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# Take a Stand for Jesus.—CONCLUDED.

Come, take a stand for Je - sus, The Chris-tian life be - gin.

stand,

## No. 93. Escape to the Mountain.

F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1. Like Lot and his kin-dred, vain worldling, Thou'rt down in the val-ley of sin ;
2. This mountain of mer-cy poor sin-ner, Hath God in his goodness pre-pared ;
3. With Je - sus the as - cent is ea - sy, With Je - sus a - lone canst thou go ;
4. Oh, trust to His guidance, poor sin-ner, Through paths of contrition He'll lead,

Es-cape with thy life to the mountain ! This moment the jour - ney be - gin.  
That He will those save who as-cend it, He oft in His word hath de-clared.  
He'll guide thee a-way to the sum-mit, And help thee o'ercome ev-'ry foe.  
But up-ward and on-ward for-ev-er, To heights that are wondrous in-deed.

### CHORUS.

Es-cape with thy life to the mountain, The val-ley of sin leave be-hind.

Up-ward haste ! look not back And pardon and peace thou shalt find.  
O'er thy sin-beaten track,



## No. 94.

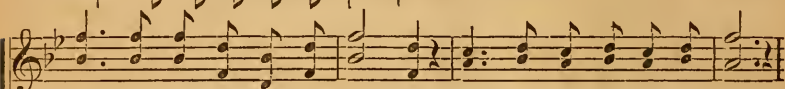
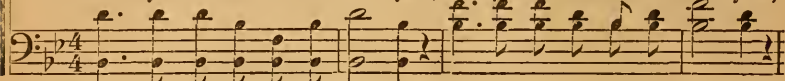
## The Transfiguration.

F. A. B.

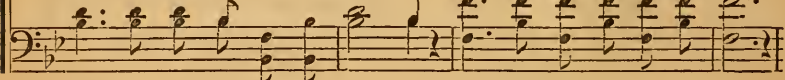
F. A. BLACKMER.



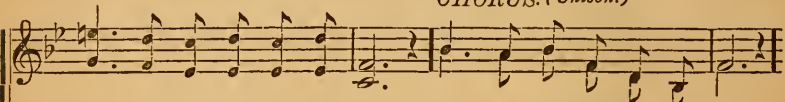
1. Glo-rious scene, those three ap-pall-ing! Blind-ed see them prostrate fall-ing,
2. God is speaking, mortals hear Him; Awful voice, cre-a-tion fears Him;
3. Through that voice to ev-'ry na-tion, God is of-fer-ing sal-va-tion,
4. Hear ye Him for sin en-thralls you; Hear ye Him ere harm be-falls you;



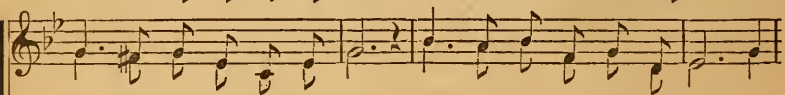
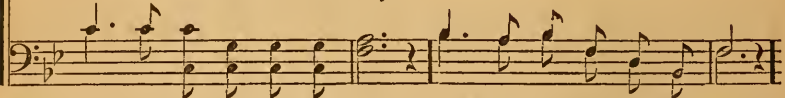
While the voice of God is call-ing, "This is my be-lov-ed Son,  
Owns His Son, bids men re-vere Him, Bids them hear the gracious One,  
Free to men of ev-'ry sta-tion. Hear ye Him, He speaks to-day,  
Hear ye Him while yet He calls you, Do not from Him turn a-way,



## CHORUS. (Unison.)



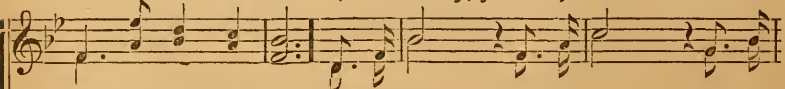
This is my be-lov-ed Son." "This is My be-lov-ed Son.  
Bids them hear the gra-cious one.  
Hear ye Him, He speaks to-day.  
Do not from Him turn a-way.



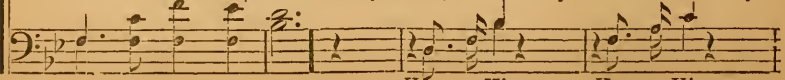
This is My be-lov-ed Son, This is My be-lov-ed Son, In



(Last time only, if desired.)



whom I am well pleased. Hear ye Him; Hear ye Him; Hear ye



Hear ye Him; Hear ye Him;

# The Transfiguration.—CONCLUDED.

O hear ye Him ;

Musical score for 'The Transfiguration'. It consists of two staves, treble and bass, in G major and 6/8 time. The melody is simple and hymn-like. The lyrics are: 'Him ; O hear ye Him ; Hear ye Him, hear ye Him, hear ye Him.' The score ends with a double bar line.

## No. 95. From Death Unto Life.

ALICE CARY.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK. by per.

Musical score for 'From Death Unto Life'. It consists of two staves, treble and bass, in G major and 6/8 time. The melody is simple and hymn-like. The lyrics are: '1. Till I learned to love thy name, Lord, Thy grace de - ny - ing, 2. Noth - ing could the world im - part, Dark - ness held no mor - row ; 3. When I learned to love Thy name, O Thou meek and low - ly, 3. Henceforth shall cre - a - tion ring With Sal - va - tion's sto - ry,'

Musical score for 'From Death Unto Life'. It consists of two staves, treble and bass, in G major and 6/8 time. The melody is simple and hymn-like. The lyrics are: 'I was lost in sin and shame, Dy - ing, Dy - ing, Dy - ing ! In my soul and in my heart, Sor - row, Sor - row, Sor - row ! Rapt - ure kin - dled to a flame, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly ! Till I rise with Thee to sing, Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Glo - ry !'

### REFRAIN.

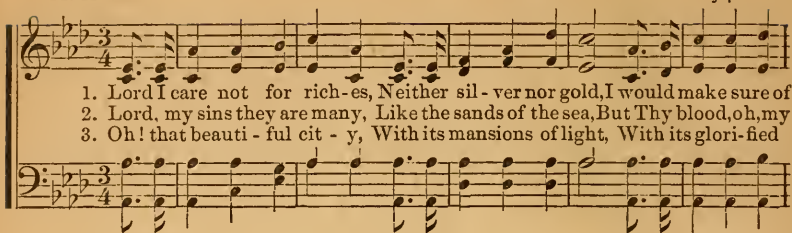
Musical score for 'From Death Unto Life'. It consists of two staves, treble and bass, in G major and 6/8 time. The melody is simple and hymn-like. The lyrics are: '1 & 2. This is now my constant theme, This my fa vorite sto - ry. 3 & 4. Hal - le - lu - jah, grace is free, I will tell the sto - ry.'

Musical score for 'From Death Unto Life'. It consists of two staves, treble and bass, in G major and 6/8 time. The melody is simple and hymn-like. The lyrics are: 'Je - sus' blood a - vails for me, Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Glo - ry ! Je - sus' blood hath made me free, Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Glo - ry !'

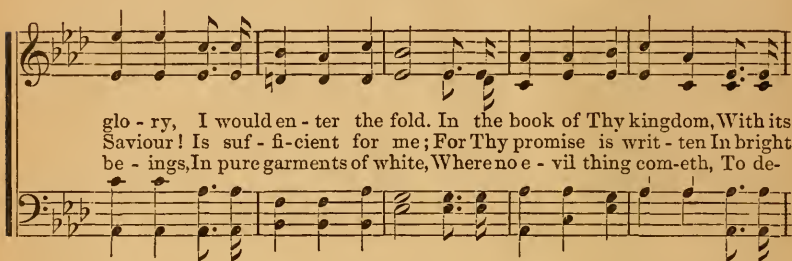
# No. 96. Is My Name Written There?

M. A. K.

FRANK M. DAVIS. By per.



1. Lord I care not for rich-es, Neither sil-ver nor gold, I would make sure of  
 2. Lord, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea, But Thy blood, oh, my  
 3. Oh! that beauti-ful cit-y, With its mansions of light, With its glori-fied

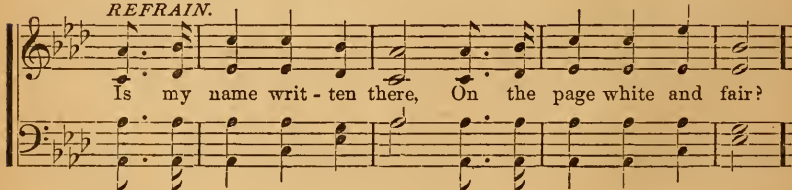


glo-ry, I would en-ter the fold. In the book of Thy kingdom, With its  
 Saviour! Is suf-fi-cient for me; For Thy promise is writ-ten In bright  
 be-ings, In pure garments of white, Where no e-vil thing com-eth, To de-

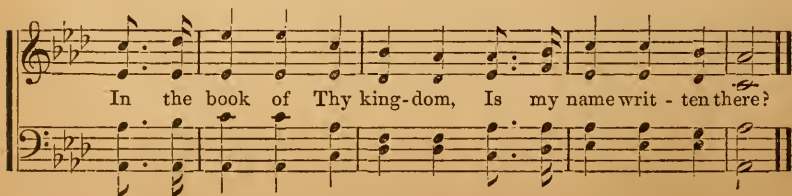


pa-ges so fair, Tell me, Je-sus, my Saviour, Is my name written there?  
 let-ters that glow, "Tho' your sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow."  
 spoil what is fair; Where the angels are watching, Is my name written there?

## REFRAIN.



Is my name writ-ten there, On the page white and fair?

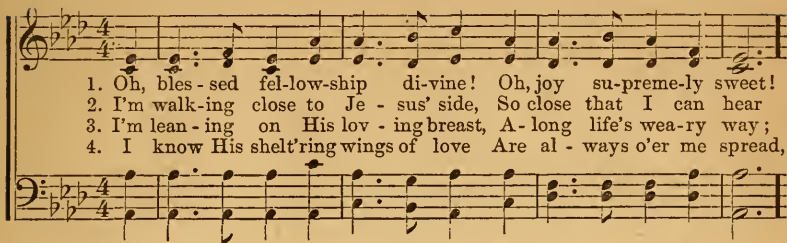


In the book of Thy king-dom, Is my name writ-ten there?

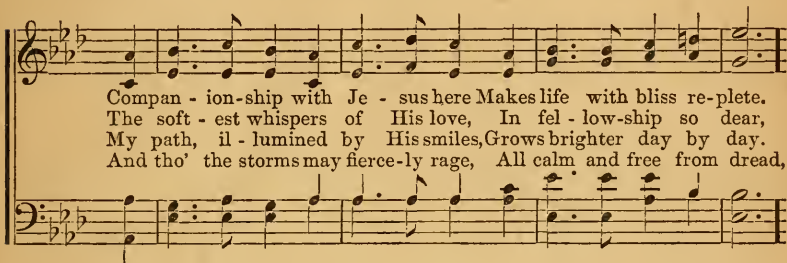
# No. 97. Companionship With Jesus.

MARY D. JAMES.

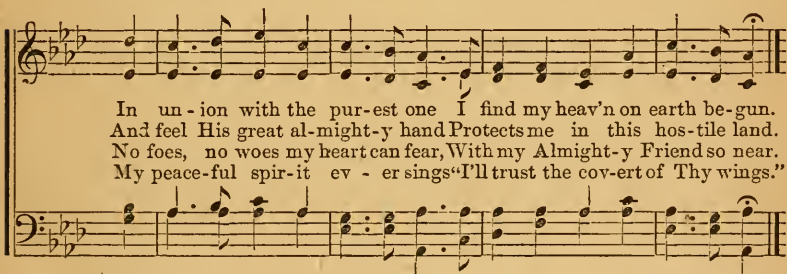
W. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.



1. Oh, bles - sed fel-low-ship di-vine! Oh, joy su-preme-ly sweet!  
 2. I'm walk-ing close to Je - sus' side, So close that I can hear  
 3. I'm lean-ing on His lov-ing breast, A-long life's wea-ry way;  
 4. I know His shelt'ring wings of love Are al - ways o'er me spread,

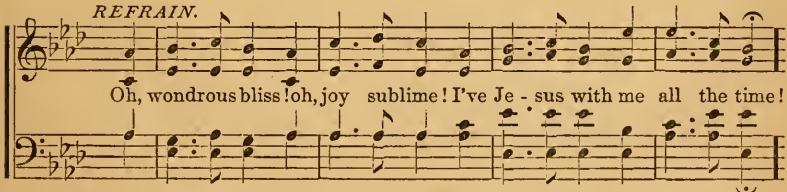


Compan - ion-ship with Je - sus here Makes life with bliss re-plete.  
 The soft - est whispers of His love, In fel - low-ship so dear,  
 My path, il - lumined by His smiles, Grows brighter day by day.  
 And tho' the storms may fierce-ly rage, All calm and free from dread,

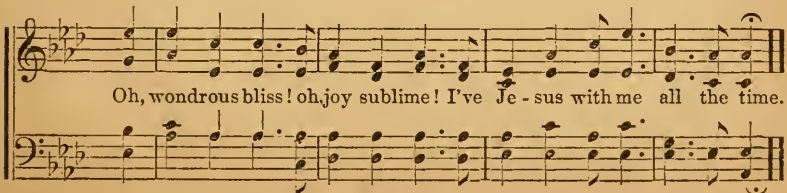


In un-ion with the pur-est one I find my heav'n on earth be-gun.  
 And feel His great al-might-y hand Protects me in this hos-tile land.  
 No foes, no woes my heart can fear, With my Almight-y Friend so near.  
 My peace-ful spir-it ev - er sings "I'll trust the cov-ert of Thy wings."

## REFRAIN.



Oh, wondrous bliss! oh, joy sublime! I've Je - sus with me all the time!



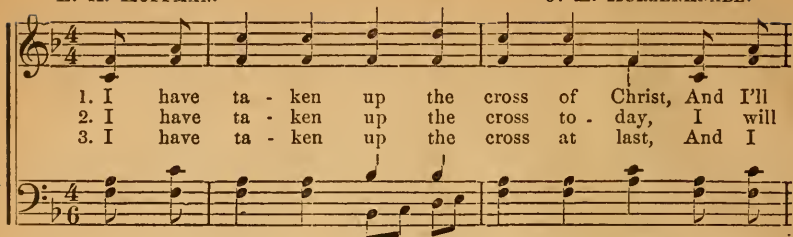
Oh, wondrous bliss! oh, joy sublime! I've Je - sus with me all the time.



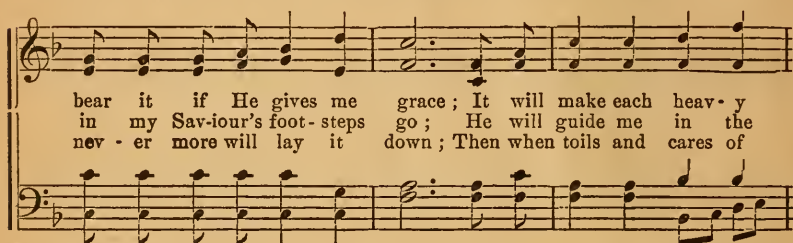
# No. 98. I Have Taken Up the Cross.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

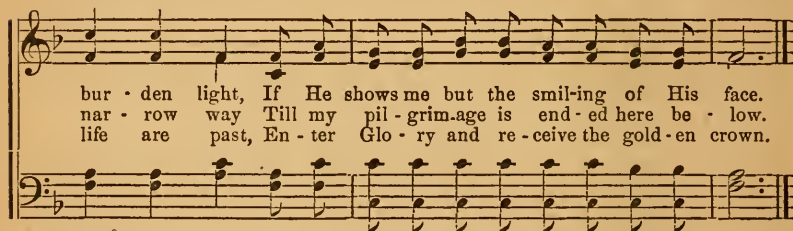
J. H. KURZENKNABE.



1. I have ta - ken up the cross of Christ, And I'll  
 2. I have ta - ken up the cross to - day, I will  
 3. I have ta - ken up the cross at last, And I

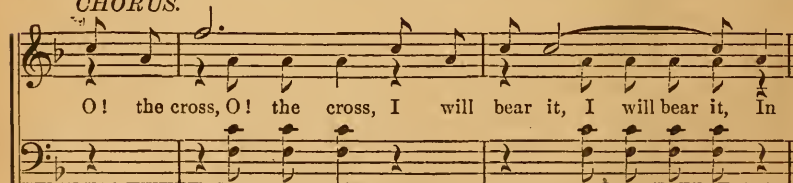


bear it if He gives me grace ; It will make each heav - y  
 in my Sav - iour's foot - steps go ; He will guide me in the  
 nev - er more will lay it down ; Then when toils and cares of

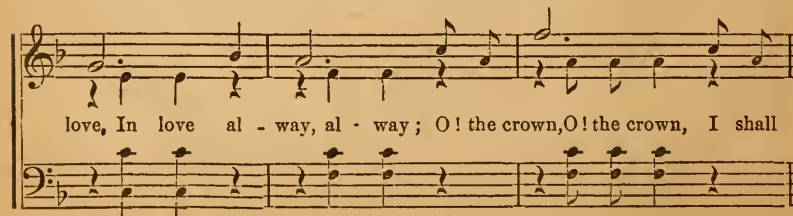


bur - den light, If He shows me but the smil - ing of His face.  
 nar - row way Till my pil - grim - age is end - ed here be - low.  
 life are past, En - ter Glo - ry and re - ceive the gold - en crown.

## CHORUS.



O ! the cross, O ! the cross, I will bear it, I will bear it, In



love, In love al - way, al - way ; O ! the crown, O ! the crown, I shall

# I Have Taken Up the Cross.—CONCLUDED.

wear it, I shall wear it, Through the bright, end - less day.

## No. 99. Why Not Come?

F. A. B.

We pray you in Christ's stead be ye reconciled to God.

II Cor., v: 20.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1. Seek the Lord, we in - vite you; Broth - er He will ne'er slight you,  
2. Come, His ser - vice is pleas - ure, Grace He'll give with - out meas - ure;  
3. Now the Spir - it is plead - ing, And the Lord in - ter - ced - ing;  
4. Now with par - don He'll greet you; Soon He'll cease to en - treat you,

But with par - don de - light you, Why not come?  
Seek this heav - en - ly treas - ure, Why not come?  
Now His grace you are need - ing, Why not come?  
But in judg - ment will meet you, Why not come?

### CHORUS.

Why not, why not At the feet of the Sav - iour bow?

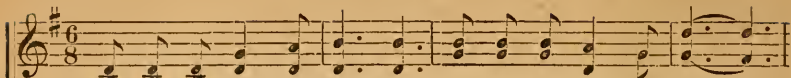
Why not, why not, Why not come to Him now?

# No. 100. Seek First the Kingdom of God.

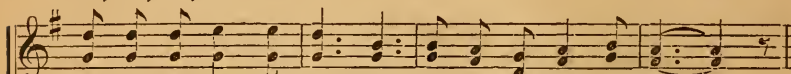
H. N. L.

Mathew 6:33.


H. N. LINCOLN.



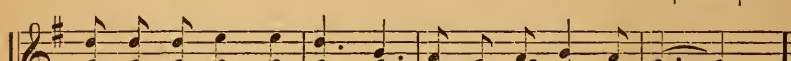
1. Trav'ler on life's great high-way, Striv-ing for earth - ly dross,  
2. See to it now, my broth - er, Be not deceived, I pray,  
3. Vain are the world's al-lure-ments; Fleeting the joys of sin;



Tho' you a-mass a fort - une, Yet it may prove a loss;  
Shun the broad road of fol - ly, En - ter the nar - row way;  
Fail not to seek God's King-dom, Je - sus will let you in;




Seek first our Fath-er's King-dom, Come to His peace-ful fold,  
Look to your fut - ure wel - fare While the bright moments roll;  
Then to you shall be ad - ded Rich-es in earth - ly store,



Here you will find a treas - ure More to be sought than gold.  
When this brief life is end - ed, How then will fare your soul?  
All that you need He'll give you, How could you wish for more?

## REFRAIN.



Seek first the King-dom of God, And His right-eous - ness,

From "Harvest Bells" No. 1, by permission of W. E. PENN, owner of copyright.

# Seek First, etc.—CONCLUDED.

And all these things shall be ad - ded Un - to . . . you.  
Ad-ded un - to you.

## No. 101. Pray for the Wanderer.

Rev. C. M. HOTT.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1. Far in the des - ert wild, Walk - ing a drear - y way ;  
2. Ten - der - ly bid, they come, Back from sin's wil - der-ness ;  
3. Plead now at mer - cy's gate, For each poor wan - d'ring one ;  
4. Pray, and with love en-treat All who by sin are pressed ;

Suf - fring and sin de - filed, Go - ing a - stray.  
Come to our Fa - ther's home, Saved by his grace.  
Soon it will be too late, Life will be gone.  
Bid them at Je - sus' feet Find end - less rest.

### CHORUS.

Pray for the wan - der - er, Pray for the wan - der - er,

Pray for the wan - der - er Go - ing a - stray!

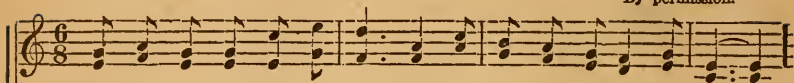
From "Sweet Fields of Eden," by permission.



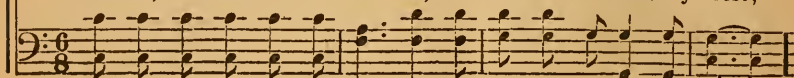
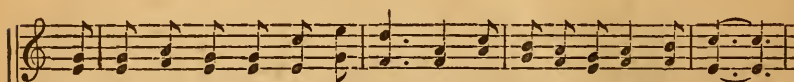
"Jesus rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace! be still!" Mark 4: 39.

MISS M. A. BAKER.

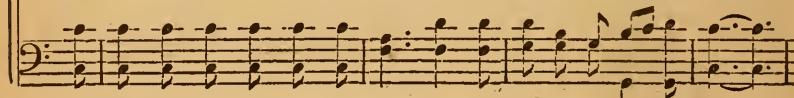
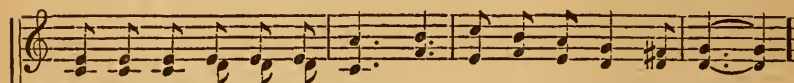
H. R. PALMER.  
By permission.




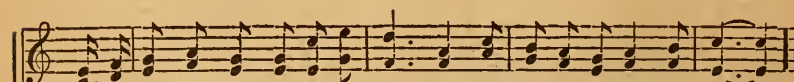
1. Master, the tempest is rag - ing! The billows are tossing high!  
2. Master, with anguish of spir - it I bow in my grief to - day;  
3. Master, the ter - ror is o - ver, The el - e - ments sweetly rest;

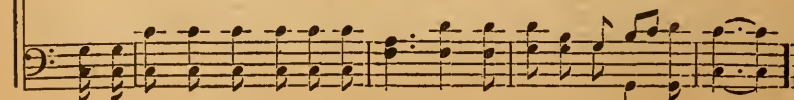
The sky is o'ershadowed with blackness, No shelter or help is nigh;  
The depths of my sad heart are troub - led; Oh, waken and save, I pray!  
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mirrored, And heaven's within my breast;

"Car - est Thou not that we per - ish?"— How canst Thou lie a - sleep,  
Torrents of sin and of an - guish Sweep o'er my sink - ing soul;  
Lin - ger, O bless - ed Re - deem - er; Leave me a - lone no more;

When each moment so madly is threat'ning A grave in the angry deep?  
And I per - ish! I perish! dear Master; Oh has - ten, and take con - trol.  
And with joy I shall make the blest harbor, And rest on the blissful shore.

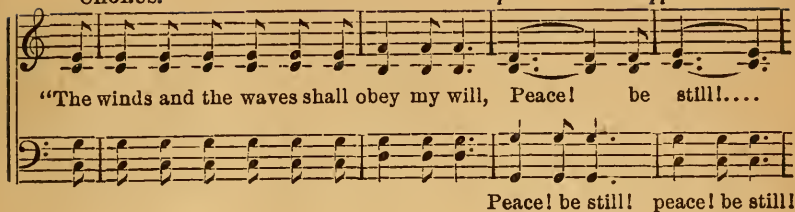


# Peace! Be Still! CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.

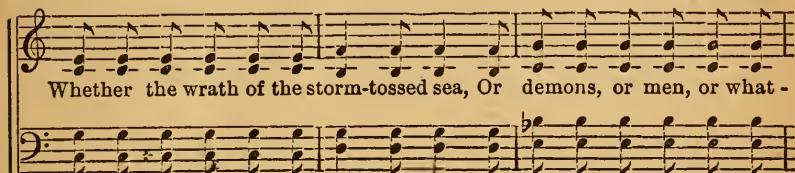
*p*

*pp*

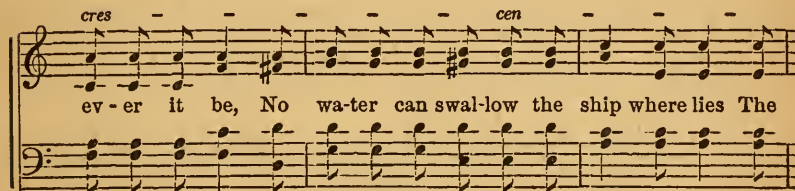


"The winds and the waves shall obey my will, Peace! be still!....

Peace! be still! peace! be still!

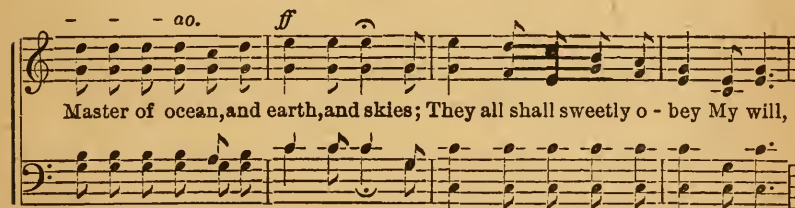


Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or demons, or men, or what -



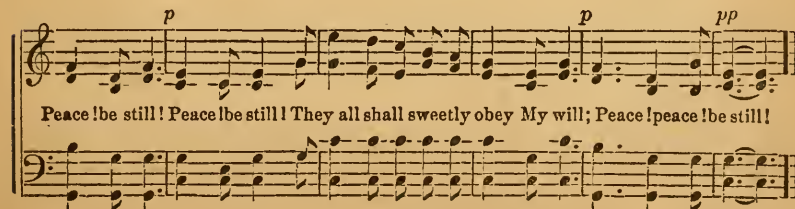
*cres* *cen*

ev - er it be, No wa - ter can swal - low the ship where lies The



*ao.* *ff*

Master of ocean, and earth, and skies; They all shall sweetly o - bey My will,



*p* *p* *pp*

Peace! be still! Peace! be still! They all shall sweetly obey My will; Peace! peace! be still!

# No. 103. How Far to the City of Gold?

MRS. E. E. MILES. Arr'd by F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER.

How far, how far?



1. "How far, how far to the Cit - y of Gold?"

The anxious pilgrim

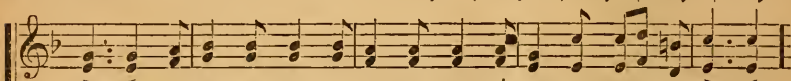
2. How far, how far to the Cit - y of Gold?

The saddened hearts would

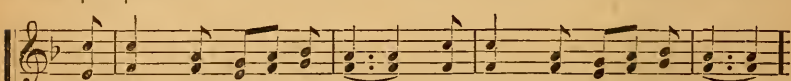
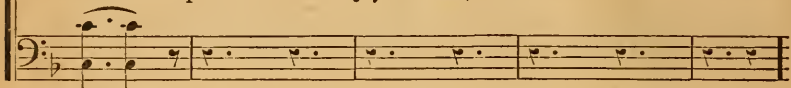
3. How far, how far to the Cit - y of Gold?

Where sorrow ne'er shall

How far, how far?

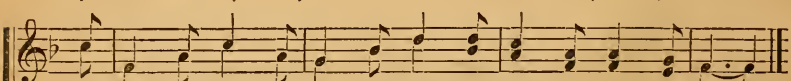


cries, "How far to jour-ney ere I see Its towers be-fore me rise?"  
know, While mourning o'er the friends they love, In death's em-brace laid low;  
come—The promised land of joy and rest, The saints' e - ter - nal home?

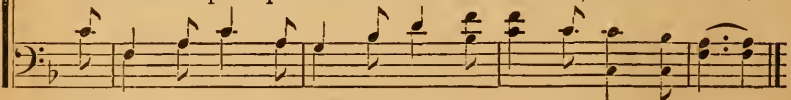


Tho' oft - en worn and sad,  
How long ere saints a - wake  
The jour - ney long has been,

Oppressed with grief and care,  
And pass those por - tals fair?  
But home will soon ap - pear;



Pil-grim, press on a few more steps, Thy feet are al - most there.  
Hope whispers in af - flic-tion's hour, Weep not, they're al - most there.  
Each landmark past proclaims to us We're al - most, al - most there.



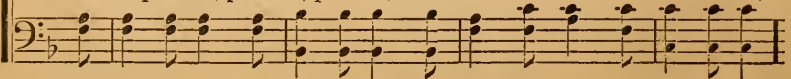
## CHORUS.



Press on,..... Press on,..... Where lies thy home so fair;

Press on, press on, press on, press on,

so fair;



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# How Far to the City of Gold?—CONCLUDED.

Pil-grim, press on a few more steps, Thy feet are al - most, al - most there.

there.

## No. 104. Though your Sins be as Scarlet.

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."—ISAIAH 1:18.  
F. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

DUET. *Gently.*

1st. 2nd.

1. "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
2. Hear the voice that entreats you, Oh, re-turn ye un - to God! to God!
3. He'll forgive your transgressions, And remember them no more; no more;

QUARTET.

Tho' they be red . . . . . like crim-son, They shall be as wool; "  
He is of great . . . . . com-pas-sion And of won-drous love;  
"Look un-to Me, . . . . . ye peo - ple," saith the Lord your God;

Tho' they be red

DUET. *p*

QUARTET. *f*

"Tho' your sins be as scar-let, Tho' your sins be as scar-let,  
Hear the voice that entreats you, Hear the voice that en-treats you,  
He'll forgive your transgressions, He'll forgive your transgressions,

*p ritard.*

They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."  
Oh, re-turn ye un - to God! Oh, re-turn ye un - to God!  
And re-mem-ber them no more, And re-mem-ber them no more.

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## No. 105.

## No Dying There.

F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death." Rev. xxi: 4.

1. A land by faith I see, Where saints shall ev - er be  
 2. There friends shall meet a - gain, In hap - pi - ness to reign;  
 3. There sor - row can - not stay; There tears are wiped a - way;  
 4. O, land of beau - ty rare, Free from earth - blight and care,

Free from mor - tal - i - ty, No dy - ing there.  
 While thro' that blest do - main, No dy - ing there.  
 One bright, e - ter - nal day, No dy - ing there.  
 Thy bliss I long to share. No dy - ing there.

No dy - ing there,..... No dy - ing there;.....  
 CHORUS.  
 No dy - ing there, No dy - ing there;

*rit.*  
 In that fair, heav'nly land, No dying there, no dy - ing there.

5 For such a priceless boon,  
 Who would not seek that home?  
 Safe from the dreaded tomb,  
 No dying there.

6 For thee, sweet home, I wait;  
 Come, and my soul elate;  
 Welcome, O deathless state,  
 No dying there.

# No. 106. It is Better Farther On.

F. A. BLACKMER.

Hark! a voice from E - den steal - ing, Such as

Hark! a voice from E - den steal - ing,

but to an - gels known, Hope its song of cheer is

Such as but to an-gels known, Hope its

sing - ing, "It is bet - ter far - ther on."

song of cheer is singing, "It is bet-ter farther on."

*rit.*

CHORUS.

It is bet - ter farther on, It is bet - ter farther on,

It is better farther on, It is bet-ter farther on,

It is bet - ter farther on, It is bet - ter farther on.

It is better farther on, farther on.

2 Hope is singing, still is singing,  
Softly in an under tone;  
Singing as if God had taught it,  
"It is better farther on."

Cho.

3 Night and day it sings the same song,  
Sings it when I sit alone;  
Sings it so the heart may hear it,  
"It is better farther on."

Cho.

4 On the grave it sits and sings it,  
Sings it when the heart would groan;  
Sings it when the shadows darken,  
"It is better farther on."

Cho.

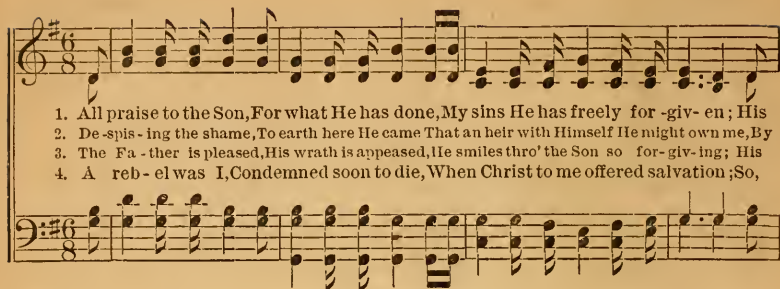
5 Farther on! Oh! how much farther?  
Count the mile-stones one by one;  
No! no counting, only trusting,  
"It is better farther on."

Cho.

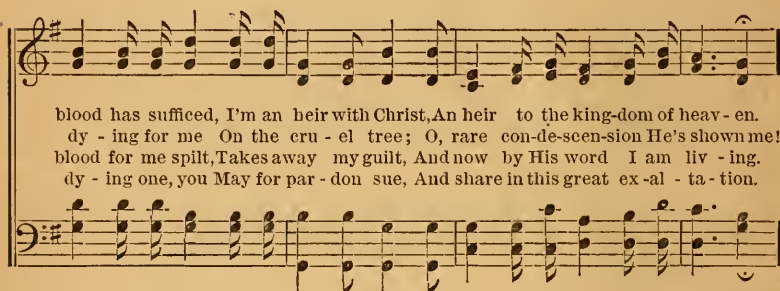
# No. 107. I'm An Heir To A Kingdom.

F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER.

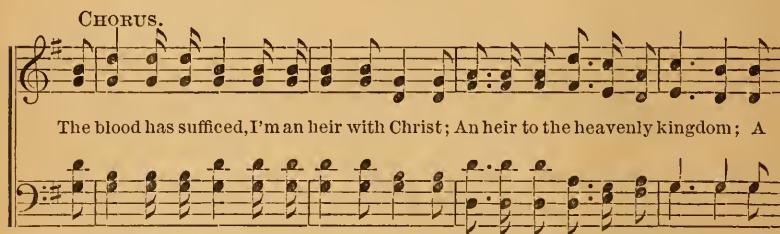


1. All praise to the Son, For what He has done, My sins He has freely for-giv-en; His  
 2. De-spis-ing the shame, To earth here He came That an heir with Himself He might own me, By  
 3. The Fa-ther is pleased, His wrath is appeased, He smiles thro' the Son so for-giv-ing; His  
 4. A reb-el was I, Condemned soon to die, When Christ to me offered salvation; So,

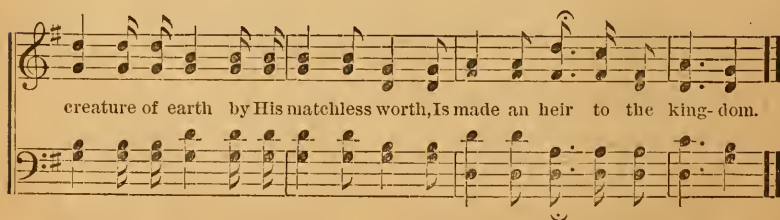


blood has sufficed, I'm an heir with Christ, An heir to the king-dom of heav-en.  
 dy-ing for me On the cru-el tree; O, rare con-de-scen-sion He's shown me!  
 blood for me spilt, Takes away my guilt, And now by His word I am liv-ing.  
 dy-ing one, you May for par-don sue, And share in this great ex-al-ta-tion.

CHORUS.



The blood has sufficed, I'm an heir with Christ; An heir to the heavenly kingdom; A

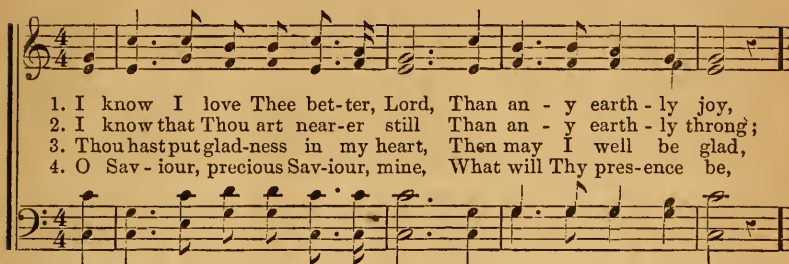


creature of earth by His matchless worth, Is made an heir to the king-dom.

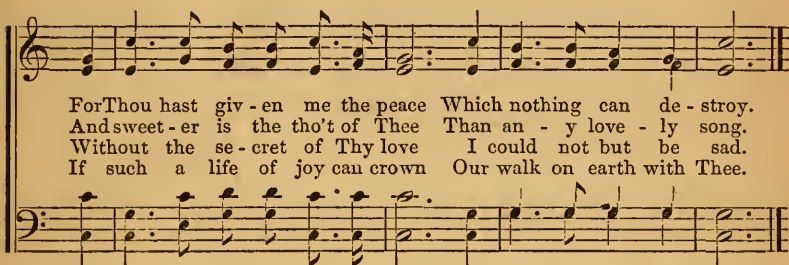
# No. 108. I Know I Love Thee Better, Lord.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

D. B. TOWNER. By per.

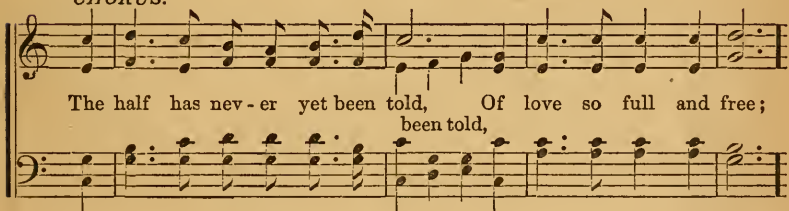


1. I know I love Thee bet-ter, Lord, Than an - y earth - ly joy,  
 2. I know that Thou art near-er still Than an - y earth - ly throng;  
 3. Thou hast put glad-ness in my heart, Then may I well be glad,  
 4. O Sav - iour, precious Sav-iour, mine, What will Thy pres-ence be,

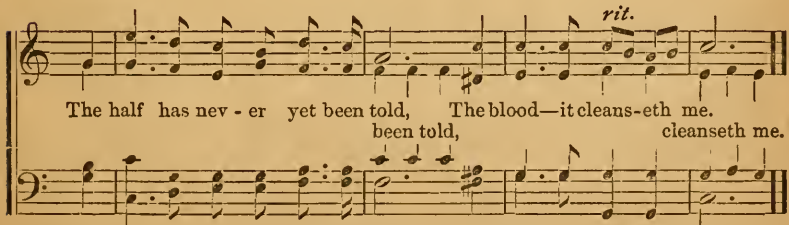


For Thou hast giv - en me the peace Which nothing can de - stroy.  
 And sweet - er is the tho't of Thee Than an - y love - ly song.  
 Without the se - cret of Thy love I could not but be sad.  
 If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with Thee.

## CHORUS.



The half has nev - er yet been told, Of love so full and free;  
 been told,



The half has nev - er yet been told, The blood—it cleans-eth me.  
 been told, cleanseth me.

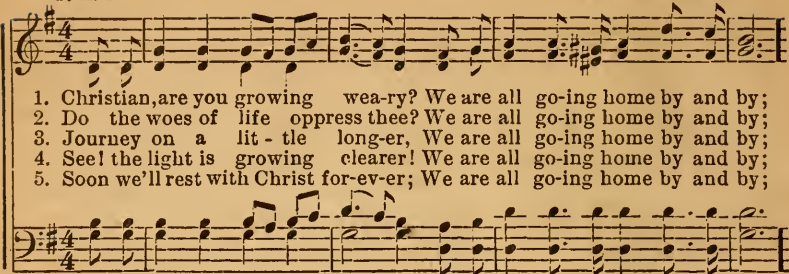
Copyright, 1888, by D. B. TOWNER.



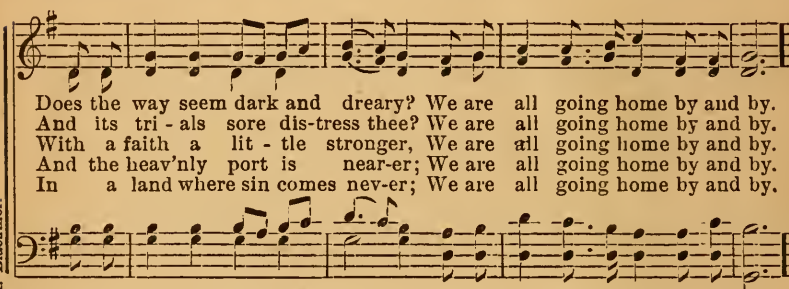
# No. 109. Going Home By and By.

F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER.

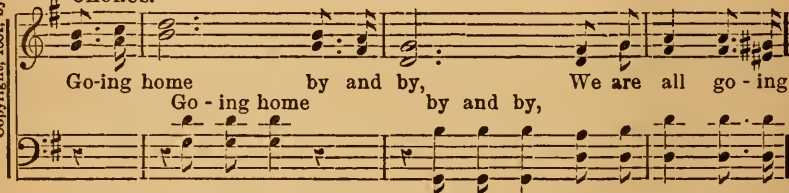


1. Christian, are you growing wea-ry? We are all go-ing home by and by;  
 2. Do the woes of life oppress thee? We are all go-ing home by and by;  
 3. Journey on a lit - tle long-er, We are all go-ing home by and by;  
 4. See! the light is growing clearer! We are all go-ing home by and by;  
 5. Soon we'll rest with Christ for-ev-er; We are all go-ing home by and by;

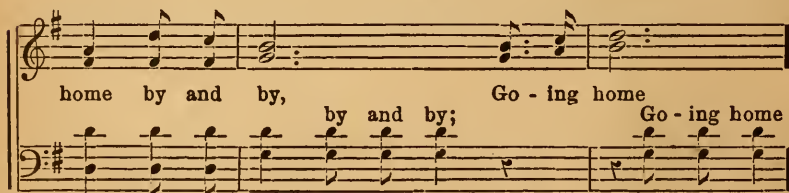


Does the way seem dark and dreary? We are all going home by and by.  
 And its tri - als sore dis-tress thee? We are all going home by and by.  
 With a faith a lit - tle stronger, We are all going home by and by.  
 And the heav'nly port is near-er; We are all going home by and by.  
 In a land where sin comes nev-er; We are all going home by and by.

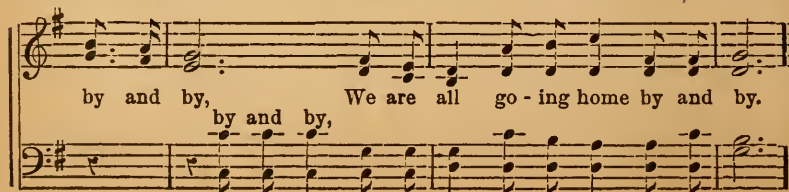
## CHORUS.



Go-ing home by and by, We are all go-ing  
 Go - ing home by and by,



home by and by, Go - ing home  
 by and by; Go - ing home



by and by, We are all go-ing home by and by.  
 by and by,

## No. 110.

## My Crucified Lord.

A. F.

A. FRANCIS.

1. Now will I praise Thy name, And sing Thy wondrous fame;  
 2. For me Thy blood was spilt; Thou didst re - move my guilt;  
 3. Tho' men may mock and sneer, For Thee I'll suf - fer here,  
 4. When Thou shalt come a - gain I shall be freed from pain,  
 5. Till then for this I pine To see Thy face Di - vine,

Thou, who for sin - ners came, My cru - ci - fied Lord.  
 And save, I know Thou wilt, My cru - ci - fied Lord.  
 For Thou wilt soon ap - pear, My cru - ci - fied Lord.  
 And in Thy king - dom reign, My cru - ci - fied Lord.  
 And in Thine im - age shine, My cru - ci - fied Lord.

## No. 111.

## The Sinners' Friend.

1. O Thou, the con-trite sin-ners' friend! Who, loving, lov'st them to the end,  
 2. When weary in the Christian race, Far off appears my resting place,  
 3. When I have err'd and gone a - stray, Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,  
 4. When Sa-tan, by my sins made bold, Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,  
 5. And when my dy - ing hour draws near, Darken'd with anguish, guilt, and fear,  
 6. When the full light of heav'n-ly day Reveals my sins in dread ar - ray,

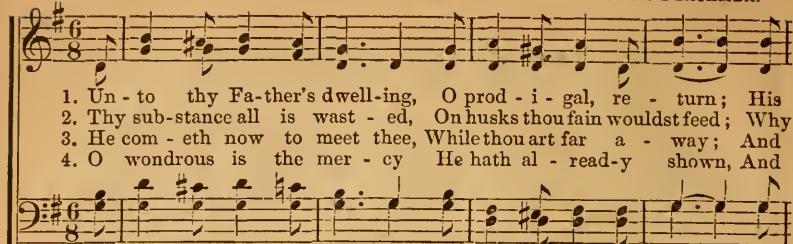
On this a-lone my hopes de-pend, That Thou wilt plead for me.  
 And, faint - ing, I mistrust Thy grace, Then, Savior, plead for me.  
 And see no glimmering, guiding ray, Still, Savior, plead for me.  
 Then with Thy pity-ing arms en - fold, And plead, oh, plead for me.  
 Then to my fainting sight ap-pear, Pleading in heav'n for me.  
 Say Thou hast wash'd them all a - way; Oh, say Thou plead'st for me.

## No. 112.

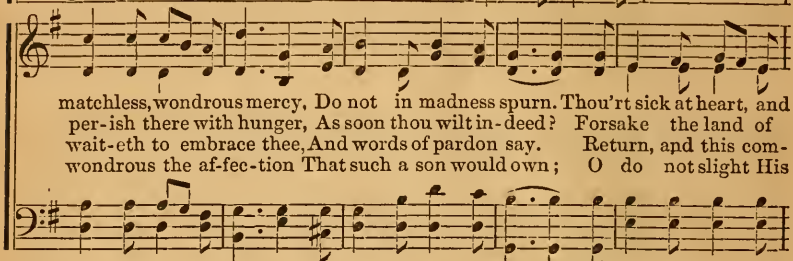
## Come Home, Prodigal.

F. A. B.

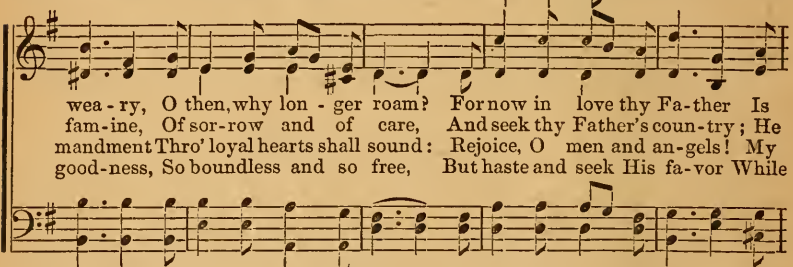
F. A. BLACKMER.



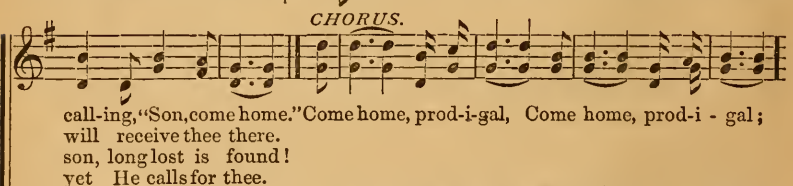
1. Un - to thy Fa-ther's dwell-ing, O prod - i - gal, re - turn; His  
 2. Thy sub-stance all is wast - ed, On husks thou fain wouldst feed; Why  
 3. He com - eth now to meet thee, While thou art far a - way; And  
 4. O wondrous is the mer - cy He hath al - read-y shown, And



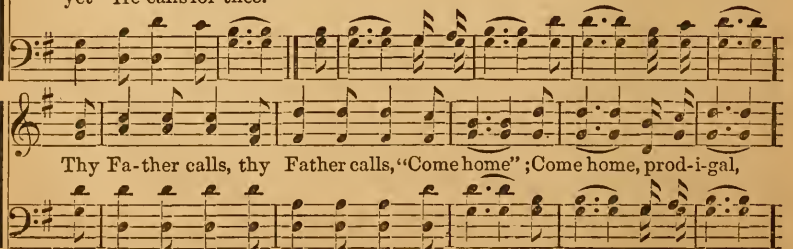
matchless, wondrous mercy, Do not in madness spurn. Thou'rt sick at heart, and  
 per-ish there with hunger, As soon thou wilt in-deed? Forsake the land of  
 wait-eth to embrace thee, And words of pardon say. Return, and this com-  
 wondrous the af-fec-tion That such a son would own; O do not slight His



wea - ry, O then, why lon - ger roam? For now in love thy Fa-ther Is  
 fam-ine, Of sor-row and of care, And seek thy Father's coun-try; He  
 mandment Thro' loyal hearts shall sound: Rejoice, O men and an-gels! My  
 good-ness, So boundless and so free, But haste and seek His fa-vor While



*CHORUS.*  
 call-ing, "Son, come home." Come home, prod-i-gal, Come home, prod-i - gal;  
 will receive thee there.  
 son, long lost is found!  
 yet He calls for thee.



Thy Fa-ther calls, thy Father calls, "Come home"; Come home, prod-i-gal,

# Come Home, Prodigal. CONCLUDED.

Come home, prod-i - gal; Thy Fa-ther calls, thy Fa-ther calls, "Come home."

## No. 113. I'll Bear the Cross.

Arr. from HENRY F. LYTE.

H. N. LINCOLN, by per.

*May be used as a Soprano and Tenor duet, or 1st and 2nd Tenor.*

1. I at last my cross have tak - en, All to leave and fol-low Thee;  
 2. If the world shall turn a-gainst me, 'Tis the lot my Sav - iour knew;  
 3. Take, my soul, thy full sal - va-tion; Rise o'er sin and fear and care;

Tho' I am despised, for-sak - en, Still Thy ser-vant, Lord, I'll be.  
 If men's hearts and words de-ceive me, Thou art not like them un-true.  
 Joy to find in ev - 'ry sta - tion Something still to do or bear.

World-ly gain and fond am - bi - tion, All I cast be-fore Thy throne;  
 Go, then, earth-ly fame and treas-ure, Come, dis-as - ter, scorn and pain;  
 Think what Spir-it dwells with-in thee, What a Father's smile is thine;

Yet re-joice in my con-di-tion, For Thou art now, Lord, my own.  
 In Thy ser-vice pain is pleas-ure, With Thy fa-vor loss is gain.  
 What a Sav-iour died to win thee—Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

Rearranged for this work by H. N. LINCOLN.



# No. 114. The Numberless Host.

"As the stars of the heaven, and as the sand which is upon the sea-shore." Gen. xxii. 17.  
F. A. B. F. A. BLACKMER.

1. When we en-ter the portals of glo - ry, And the great host of ransomed we see,
2. When we see all the saved of the a - ges Who from cruel death partings are free,
3. When we stand by the beautiful riv - er, Neath the shade of the life-giving tree,
4. When we look on the form that redeemed us, And his glory and majesty see,

As the numberless sand of the sea-shore, What a wonderful sight that will be.  
Greeting there with a heavenly greeting, What a wonderful sight that will be.  
Gazing out o'er the fair land of promise, What a wonderful sight that will be.  
While as King of the saints he is reigning, What a wonderful sight that will be.

CHORUS. of the sea - shore,

Num-ber-less as the sand Num-ber-less as the sand, Num-ber-less

of the shore,

as the sand, as the sand of the shore, Oh, what a sight 'twill be

When the ransomed host we see, As numberless as the sand of the sea - shore.

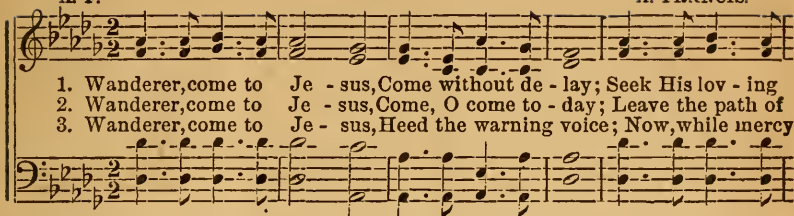
## No. 115.

## Wanderer, Come.

"While it is called to-day."

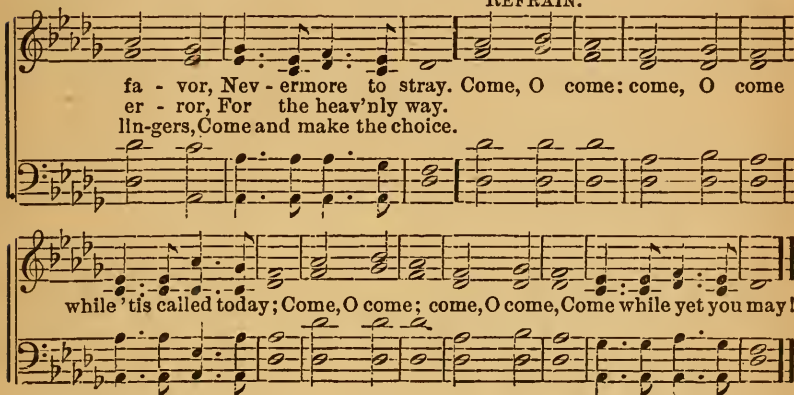
A. F.

A. FRANCIS.



1. Wanderer, come to Je - sus, Come without de - lay; Seek His lov - ing  
2. Wanderer, come to Je - sus, Come, O come to - day; Leave the path of  
3. Wanderer, come to Je - sus, Heed the warning voice; Now, while mercy

## REFRAIN.

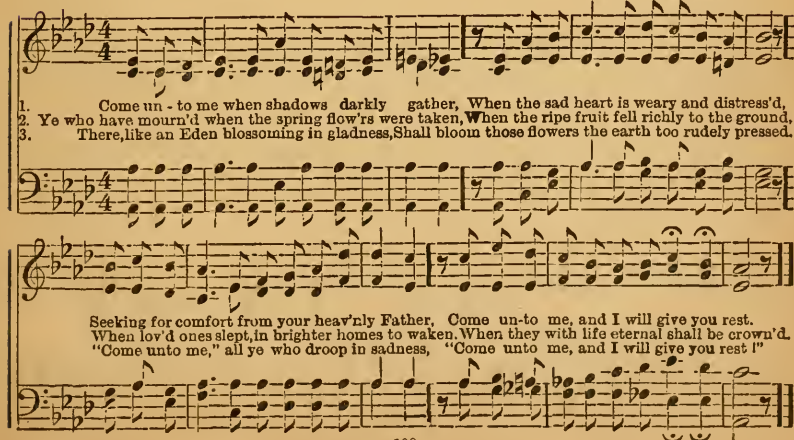


fa - vor, Nev - ermore to stray. Come, O come: come, O come  
er - ror, For the heav'nly way.  
lin - gers, Come and make the choice.  
while 'tis called today; Come, O come; come, O come, Come while yet you may!

## No. 116.

## Leslie.

F. A. BLACKMER.



1. Come un - to me when shadows darkly gather, When the sad heart is weary and distress'd,  
2. Ye who have mourn'd when the spring flow'rs were taken, When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground,  
3. There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness, Shall bloom those flowers the earth too rudely pressed.  
Seeking for comfort from your heav'nly Father, Come un-to me, and I will give you rest.  
When lov'd ones slept, in brighter homes to waken, When they with life eternal shall be crown'd.  
"Come unto me," all ye who droop in sadness, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest!"

## No. 117.

## Blessed Assurance.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP. By per.

1. Blessed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a fore - taste of  
 2. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, per - fect de - light, Vis - ions of rap - ture  
 3. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - iour am

glo - ry divine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchased of God, Born of His  
 burst on my sight; An - gels descending, bring from a - bove, Ech - oes of  
 hap - py and blest; Watching and waiting, look - ing a - bove, Fill'd with His

*CHORUS.*

Spir - it, wash'd in His blood. This is my sto - ry, This is my  
 mer - cy, whis - pers of love.  
 good - ness, lost in His love.

song, Prais - ing my Sav - iour all the day long; This is my sto - ry,

this is my song, Prais - ing my Sav - iour all the day long.

## No. 118.

## Come Over.

F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1. Come o - ver, lost one, come O - ver the line to - day,  
 2. On - ly a step to God, One step to cross the line;  
 3. Mo - ment of price - less worth, When God has drawn so near;  
 4. Dare not this call re - fuse, When du - ty is so plain;  
 5. Lost one, this call to you May be the ver - y last;

Where Je - sus bids you stand; O come a - way.  
 Has - ten, O dy - ing one, Touch the Di - vine!  
 His won - drous ten - der - ness, Sin - ner, re - vere.  
 The Spir - it long de - nied Comes not a - gain.  
 Haste! ere for - ev - er - more Your day be past.

## CHORUS.

Come o - ver, O come o - ver, O - ver the line to - day;

And heav'n delight, while men in - vite, And an - gels seem to say, Come.

To Je - sus bow, He calls you now, Come o - ver, come to - day.



## No. 119.

## The Valley Dim.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil,  
for Thou art with me."—Ps. 23: 4.

REV. H. L. HASTINGS.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Be - fore us lies a val - ley dim, Which soon our feet may tread,  
2. Tho' dark the vale and cold the stream, It can - not us af - fright,  
3. Tho' death's dark shades around may be, My Shepherd still is near,  
4. Bap - tized be - neath death's chilling flood, In glo - ry we shall rise,

And through it rolls a sul - len stream, The riv - er of the dead.  
For Christ hath passed thro' the val - ley dim, To the home of joy and light.  
His rod and staff they com - fort me; No e - vil shall I fear.  
To meet the conquering Son of God De - scend - ing from the skies.

## CHORUS.

We are al - most down to the riv - er side, Soon shall our wand' rings cease ;

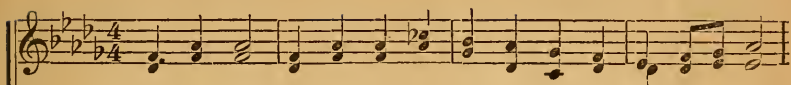
If Je - sus Himself will be our guide, We shall walk thro' the valley in peace.

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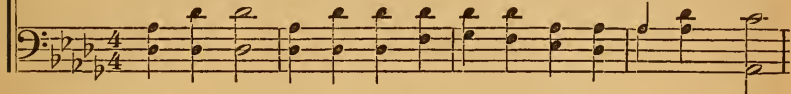
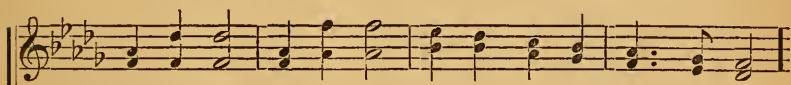
## No. 120.

## Wailing.

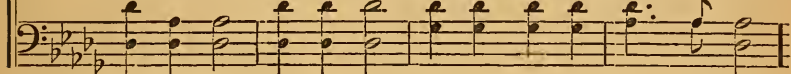
T. BOWMAN STEPHENSON.

Hebrew Melody, arranged by  
GEO. C. STEBBINS.


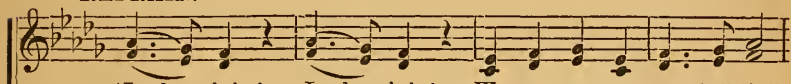
1. God is light! God is love! He hears the brok-en heart-ed sigh:  
 2. Christ is given! Christ is come! He stoops to earth from yon-der throne;  
 3. Crimson blood! on the tree, 'Tis pour'd out for my crim-son sins;


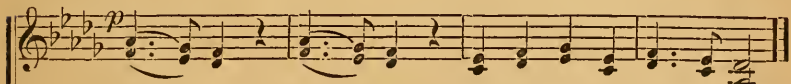
From the heav'ns, high a bove, "Come to me," His heart doth cry,  
 Cries the cross of His doom, "Come to me, for I a-tone."  
 To re-deem e-ven me, Life by death my Sa-viour wins.



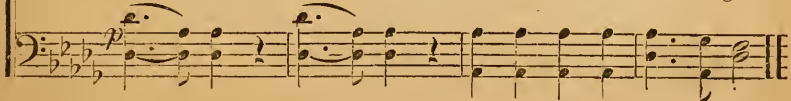
## REFRAIN.



"Lord, help! Lord, help! We must come, or we shall die."  
 "Je-sus, help! Je-sus, help! Wash and make me thus Thine own."  
 "I be-lieve! I be-lieve! Life e-ter-nal now be-gins."

"Lord, help! Lord, help! We must come or we shall die."  
 "Je-sus, help! Je-sus, help! Wash and make me thus thine own."  
 "I be-lieve! I be-lieve! Life e-ter-nal now be-gins."



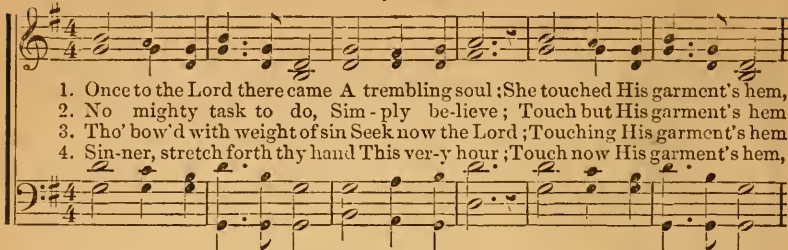
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# No. 121. Touch But the Hem of His Garment.

F. A. B.

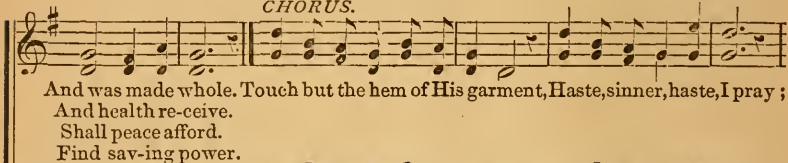
Matt. 9: 20-22.

F. A. BLACKMER.

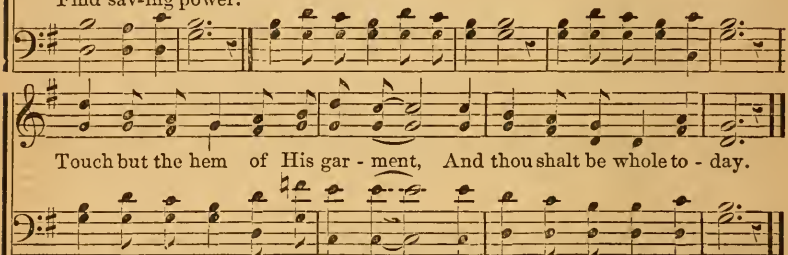


1. Once to the Lord there came A trembling soul ; She touched His garment's hem,
2. No mighty task to do, Sim- ply be- lieve ; Touch but His garment's hem
3. Tho' bow'd with weight of sin Seek now the Lord ; Touching His garment's hem
4. Sin-ner, stretch forth thy hand This ver-y hour ; Touch now His garment's hem,

## CHORUS.



And was made whole. Touch but the hem of His garment, Haste, sinner, haste, I pray ;  
And health re-ceive.  
Shall peace afford.  
Find sav-ing power.



Touch but the hem of His gar-ment, And thou shalt be whole to-day.

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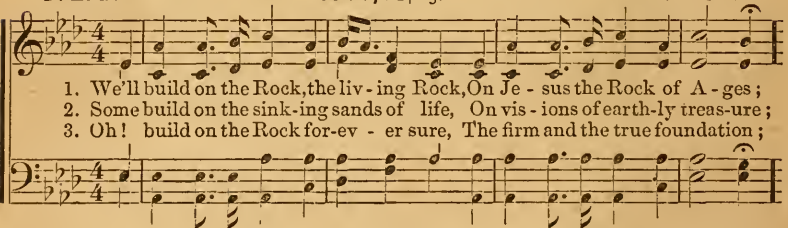
# No. 122.

## Build On the Rock.

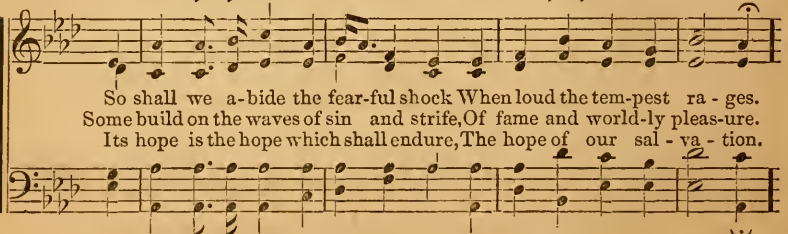
F. E. B.

Matt. 7: 24-25.

F. E. BELDEN.

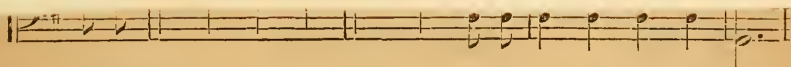


1. We'll build on the Rock, the liv-ing Rock, On Je - sus the Rock of A - ges ;
2. Some build on the sink-ing sands of life, On vis - ions of earth-ly treas-ure ;
3. Oh ! build on the Rock for-ev - er sure, The firm and the true foundation ;



So shall we a-bide the fear-ful shock When loud the tem-pest ra - ges.  
Some build on the waves of sin and strife, Of fame and world-ly pleas-ure.  
Its hope is the hope which shall endure, The hope of our sal - va - tion.

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*REFRAIN.*

Sweet name, dear name, There's no other name like Je- sus. like Je- sus.  
sweet name, dear name,

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No. 125.

# Abide With Me.

10a.

H. F. LYTE.

F. A. BLACKMER.

The musical score is written on two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in the key of B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. The melody is written on the top staff, and the accompaniment is written on the bottom staff. The lyrics are written below the staves.

1. A - bide with me ! Fast falls the eventide, The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide.  
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day, Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;  
3. I need Thy presence every passing hour; What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?  
4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless: Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;

# Abide With Me. CONCLUDED.

When other helpers fail, and comforts flee, O Thou who changest not, abide with me!  
 Change and decay in all around I see; O Thou who changest not, abide with me!  
 Who, like Thyself, my Guide and Stay can be? Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me!  
 Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory? I triumph still if Thou abide with me.

## No. 126. Together They are Growing.

"Let both grow together until the harvest; and in the time of harvest I will say to the reapers, Gather ye together first the tares, and bind them in bundles to burn them: but gather the wheat into my barn."  
 \* \* \* The harvest is the end of the world; and the reapers are the angels."—Matt. xiii: 30, 39.

A. F.

A. FRANCIS.

1. To - geth - er they are grow - ing, The wheat be - side the tares;  
 2. E'en now the fields are whit - ened, And read - y do ap - pear  
 3. Let us im - prove each mo - ment, In love and works a - bound;

The sun - shine of God's mer - cy For har - vest each pre - pares.  
 For work of an - gel reap - ers, — The har - vest must be near.  
 That we may in the har - vest A - mong the wheat be found.

CHORUS.

They are ripening, ripening, Ripening for the har - vest;

The wheat for the garner, The tares for the burning, The reapers soon will come.

# No. 127.

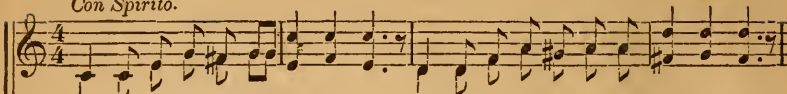
# "Stand."

"And having done all to stand."—Eph. 6:13.

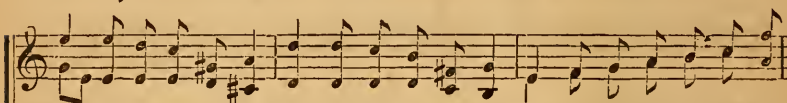
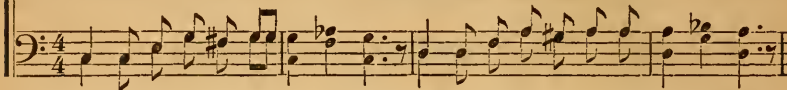
F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER.

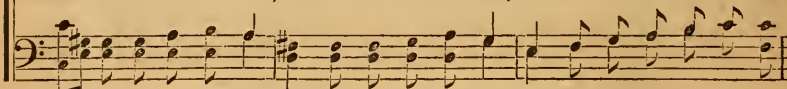
*Con Spirito.*



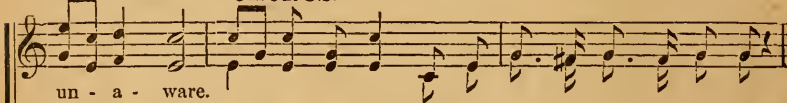
1. List to the sen-try's call, "Who goes there?" A sound of martial tread upon the air
  2. Oft - en the enemy has made attack, Oft in disor - der too been beaten back ;
  3. On, on then to the fray, O Christian host! Let God forever be your strength and boast,
  4. Ere long God's truth shall triumph ev'rywhere; His glo - ry share ;
- The faithful ones shall then



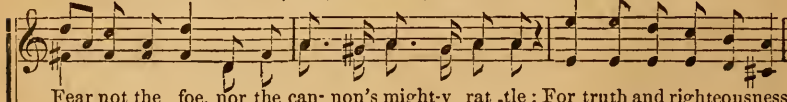
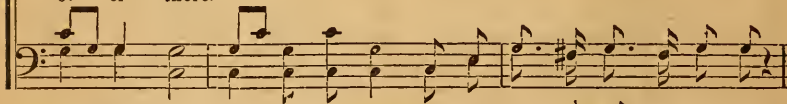
Tells us of a surprise; Error in truth's disguise Once more to rout us tries While  
God bids us nev - er yield; He'll save to us the field And give, as truth we wield, The  
Forward at His command, He leads with His own hand; Then faithful ever stand At  
Error shall down be hurled, Love's banner be unfurled, And o'er a sin-less world Float



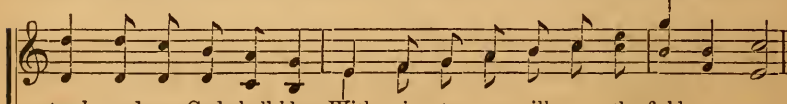
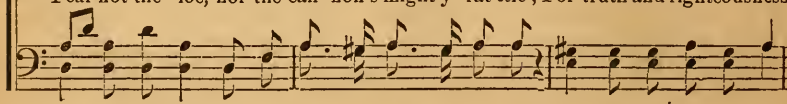
## CHORUS.



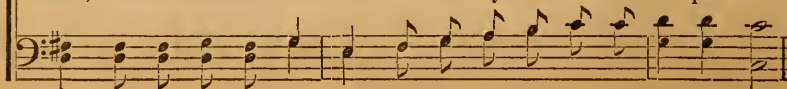
un - a - ware.  
strength we lack. Fall in - to line and a - wait the call to bat - tle;  
du - ty's post.  
ev - er there.



Fear not the foe, nor the can - non's might - y rat - tle; For truth and righteousness



stand, and our God shall bless With vic - to - ry till we the field pos - sess.

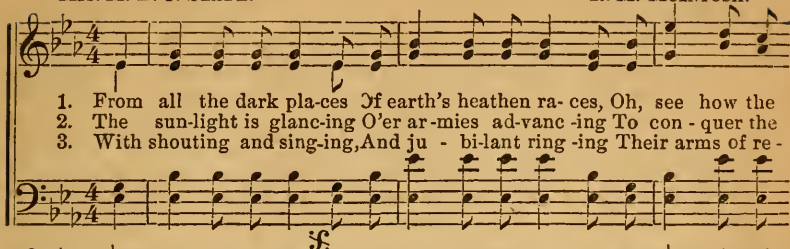


# No. 128: The Saviour is Coming.

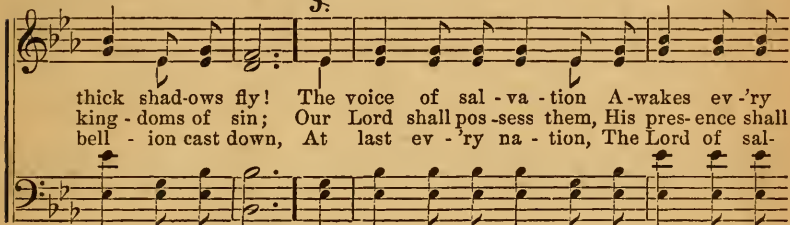
Read Isa. 11: 9. Rev. 11: 15. Ps. 20: 5.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

R. M. MCINTOSH.

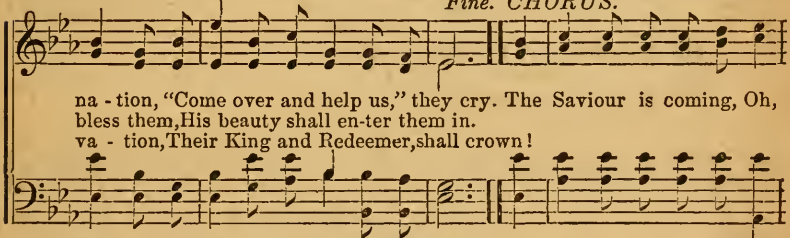


1. From all the dark places Of earth's heathen races, Oh, see how the  
 2. The sun-light is glanc-ing O'er ar-mies ad-vanc-ing To con-quer the  
 3. With shouting and sing-ing, And ju-bi-lant ring-ing Their arms of re-



thick shad-ows fly! The voice of sal-va-tion A-wakes ev-'ry  
 king-doms of sin; Our Lord shall pos-sess them, His pres-ence shall  
 bell-ion cast down, At last ev-'ry na-tion, The Lord of sal-

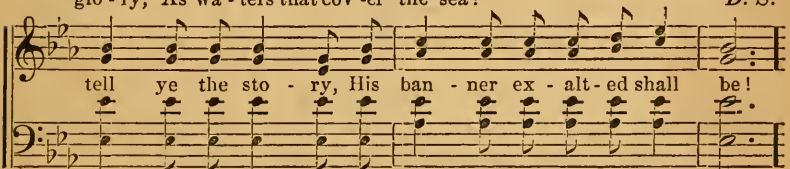
*D. S.*—The earth shall be full of his knowledge and  
*Fine. CHORUS.*



na-tion, "Come over and help us," they cry. The Saviour is coming, Oh,  
 bless them, His beauty shall en-ter them in.  
 va-tion, Their King and Redeemer, shall crown!

glo-ry, As wa-ters that cov-er the sea!

*D. S.*



tell ye the sto-ry, His ban-ner ex-alt-ed shall be!

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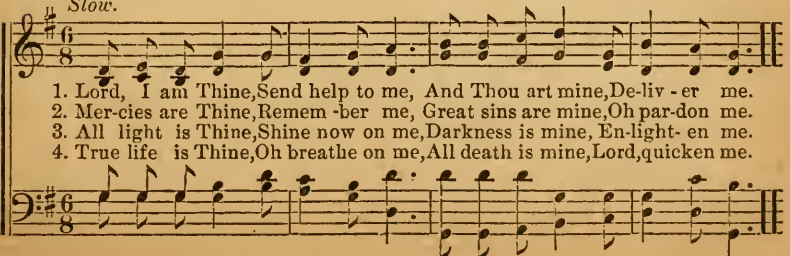
## No. 129.

## Thine, Mine.

H. BONAR. (arr.)

H. N. LINCOLN. By per.

*Slow.*



1. Lord, I am Thine, Send help to me, And Thou art mine, De-liv-er me.  
 2. Mer-cies are Thine, Remem-ber me, Great sins are mine, Oh par-don me.  
 3. All light is Thine, Shine now on me, Darkness is mine, En-light-en me.  
 4. True life is Thine, Oh breathe on me, All death is mine, Lord, quicken me.



# No. 130. The Child of a King.

HATTIE E. BUEL.

REV. JOHN B. SUMNER.

1. My Father is rich in hou-ses and lands, He holdeth the wealth of the
2. My Father's own Son, the Saviour of men, Once wandered o'er earth as the
3. I once was an outcast-stranger on earth, A sin - ner by choice, and an
4. A tent or a cot-tage, why should I care? They're building a palace for

world in His hands! Of rubies and diamonds, of sil-ver and gold, His  
 poor-est of them; But now He is reigning in glo - ry on high, And will  
 al - ien by birth! But I've been adopted, my name's written down,—An  
 me o-ver there! Tho' ex - iled from home, yet, still I may sing: All

## CHORUS.

coffers are full,—He has riches un-told.  
 give me a home when He comes by and by. I'm the child of a King, The  
 heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown.  
 glo - ry to God, I'm the child of a King.

child of a King; With Je - sus my Saviour, I'm the child of a King.

As arr. in "Songs of the New Life," by per. John J. Hood.

# No. 131. Simply Trusting Christ My Lord.

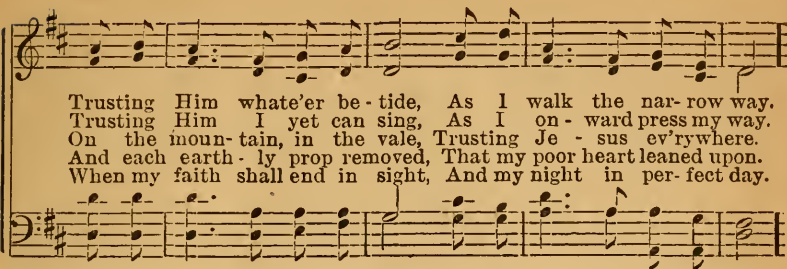
F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1. Simp-ly trust - ing Christ my Lord, Simp-ly trust - ing ev'-ry day;
2. Trusting when the shades of night Hide each glim'ring, guid-ing ray;
3. Trusting when the heart is light, Trusting 'neath a load of care;
4. Simp-ly trust - ing, ev - en when Ev'-ry cher - ished hope is gone,
5. Simp-ly trust - ing to the end Of this earth - ly pil-grim way,

# Simply Trusting Christ My Lord. CONCLUDED.

Copyright, 1884, by F. A. Blackmer.

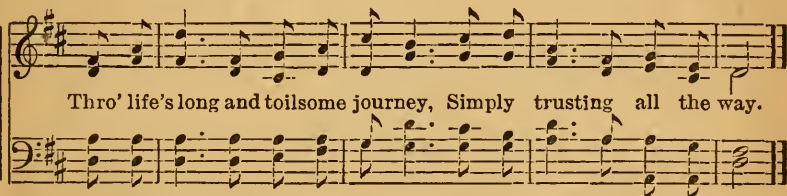


Trusting Him whate'er be-tide, As I walk the nar-row way.  
Trusting Him I yet can sing, As I on-ward press my way.  
On the moun-tain, in the vale, Trusting Je-sus ev'rywhere.  
And each earth-ly prop removed, That my poor heart leaned upon.  
When my faith shall end in sight, And my night in per-fect day.

## CHORUS.



Simp-ly trust-ing, simply trusting, Trust-ing Je-sus day by day;

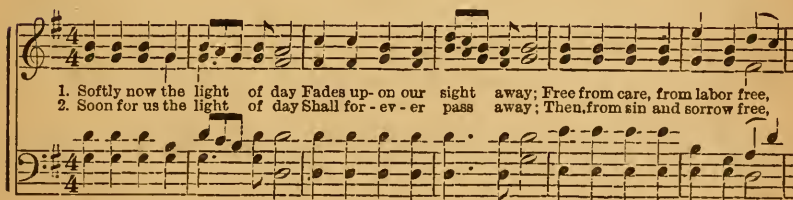


Thro' life's long and toilsome journey, Simply trusting all the way.

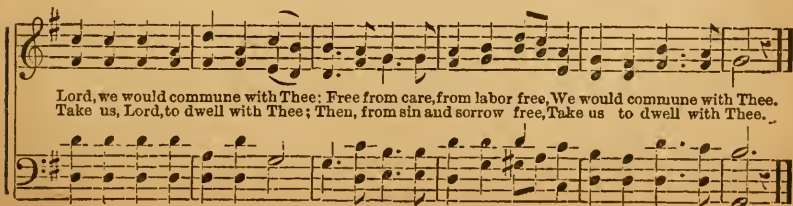
No. 132.

Frederick.

F. A. B.



1. Softly now the light of day Fades up-on our sight away; Free from care, from labor free,  
2. Soon for us the light of day Shall for-ev-er pass away; Then, from sin and sorrow free,



Lord, we would commune with Thee; Free from care, from labor free, We would commune with Thee.  
Take us, Lord, to dwell with Thee; Then, from sin and sorrow free, Take us to dwell with Thee.

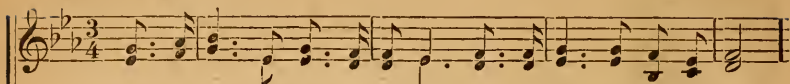
## No. 133.

## Only Waiting.

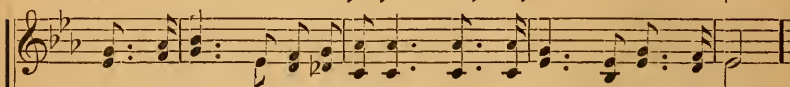
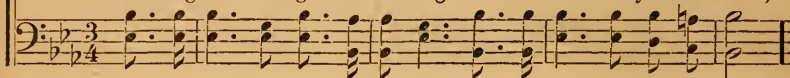
"Waiting for the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ."—1 Cor. 1:7.

Mrs. F. L. MACE.

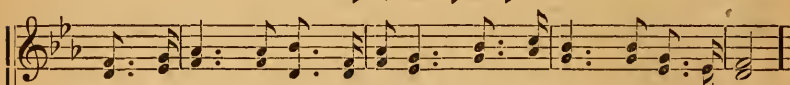
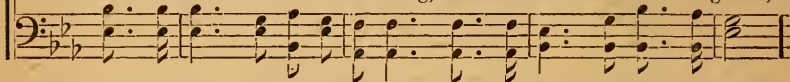
J. M. HUNT.



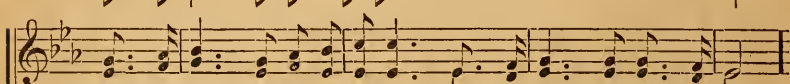
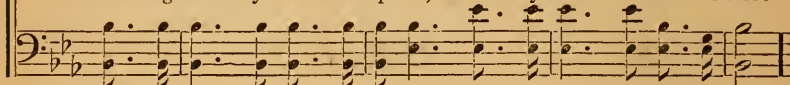
1. On - ly wait - ing till the shadows Are a lit - tle long - er grown ;
2. On - ly wait - ing till the an - gels O - pen wide the mys - tic gate,
3. On - ly wait - ing till the reapers Shall the ripe sheaves gather home ;
4. Waiting for a bright - er dwelling Than I ev - er yet have seen,



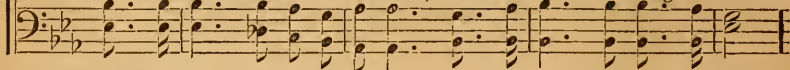
On - ly wait - ing till the glimmer Of the day's last beam has flown ;  
 At whose feet I long have waited, Wea - ry, poor, and des - o - late.  
 For the sum - mer time is faded, And the au - tumn leaves have come.  
 Where the Tree of Life is blooming, And the fields are ev - er green ;



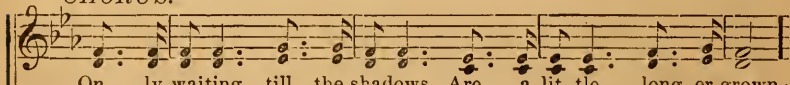
Till the night of earth is fa - ded From the heart once full of day,  
 E - ven now I hear their footsteps And their voic - es far a way ;  
 Quick - ly, reap - ers, quick - ly gather Those who with expect - ant heart,  
 Wait - ing for my full re - demption, When my Sav - iour shall re - store



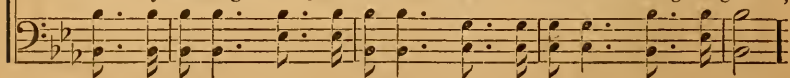
Till the stars of heaven are breaking Thro' the twilight soft and gray.  
 If they call me, I am waiting, On - ly wait - ing to o - bey.  
 For thy com - ing long have waited ; They are ea - ger to de - part.  
 All that sin has caused to wither ; Shall restore to change no more.



CHORUS.



On - ly waiting till the shadows Are a lit - tle long - er grown ;



# Only Waiting. —CONCLUDED.

On-ly wait-ing till the glim-mer Of the day's last beam is flown.

## No. 134. Ask Not to be Excused.

F. E. BELDEN.

Luke 14: 16-24.

F. E. BELDEN.

*Staccato movement.*

1. Ask not to be ex-cused, There's earnest work to do ; Stand ready to be used
2. Ask not to be ex-cused, The Master calls to - day ; Too long hast thou refused,
3. Ask not to be ex-cused, There's danger in delay ; That wondrous love abused,

Where God may station you. His in - vi - ta - tion kind To you has oft been giv'n ;  
Now hast-en to o - bey. The harvest fields are white, The labor-ers are few ;  
For - ev - er turns away. While Mercy gently pleads And points the way to heav'n,

*D.S.*—Ask not to be excused, This answer may be giv'n :

*Fine.* **REFRAIN.**

Ac-cept, and thou shalt find 'Tis sweet to work for heav'n. Come, oh ! come,  
Let this be thy de-light, The Master's work to do.  
While Je-sus in - tereedes, Oh ! come and be for- giv'n. to-day,

Thou hast my love a - bused, Thou art excused from heav'n.

*D.S.*

Ask not to be ex-cused ; Come, oh ! come (to-day), Stand ready to be used.

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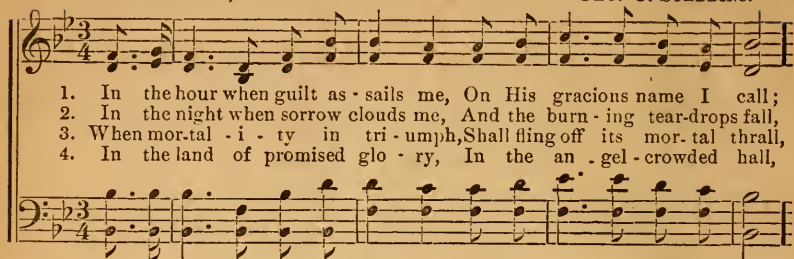
## No. 135.

## Christ my All.

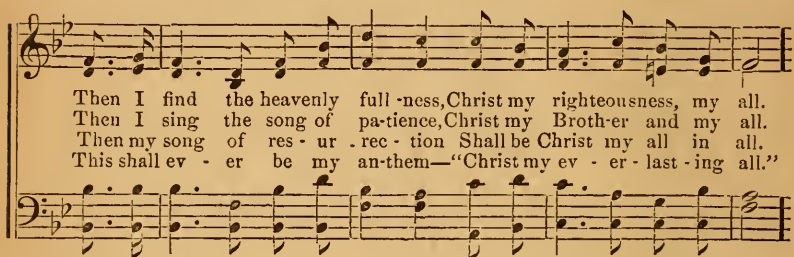
"Christ is all, and in all."—Col. 3: 11.

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

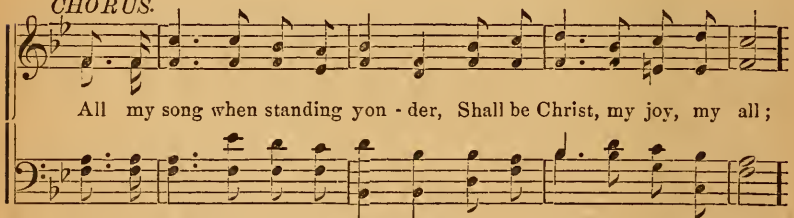


1. In the hour when guilt as - sails me, On His gracious name I call;  
 2. In the night when sorrow clouds me, And the burn - ing tear-drops fall,  
 3. When mor-tal - i - ty in tri - umph, Shall fling off its mor - tal thrall,  
 4. In the land of promised glo - ry, In the an - gel - crowd - ed hall,

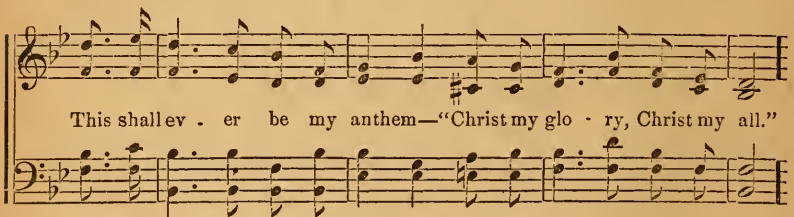


Then I find the heavenly full - ness, Christ my righteousness, my all.  
 Then I sing the song of pa - tience, Christ my Brother and my all.  
 Then my song of res - ur - rec - tion Shall be Christ my all in all.  
 This shall ev - er be my an - them—"Christ my ev - er - last - ing all."

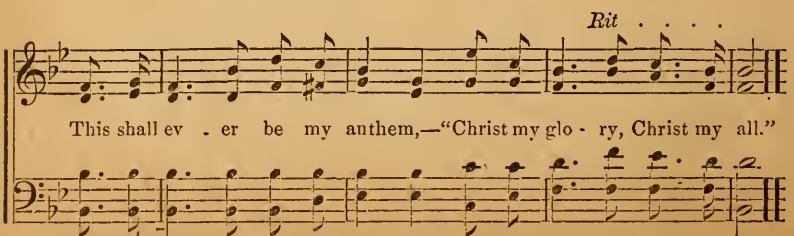
## CHORUS.



All my song when standing yon - der, Shall be Christ, my joy, my all;



This shall ev - er be my anthem—"Christ my glo - ry, Christ my all."



This shall ev - er be my anthem—"Christ my glo - ry, Christ my all."

# No. 136. There's Room for You to Anchor.

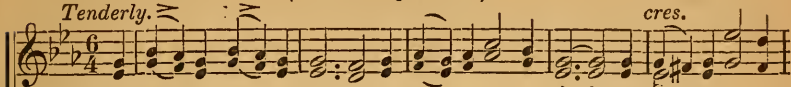
"In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so I would have told you; I go to prepare a place for you."—John 14: 2.

F. E. B.  
*Tenderly.*  $\text{z}$

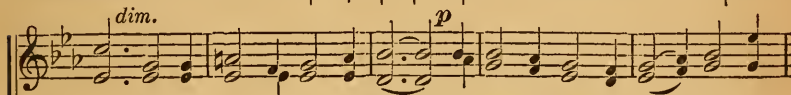
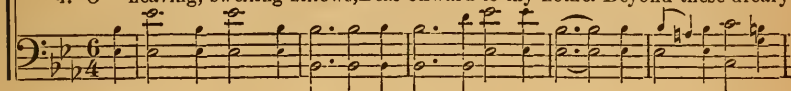
(DUET OR QUARTET.)

F. E. BELDEN.

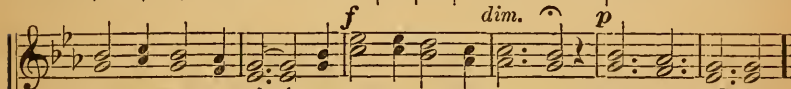
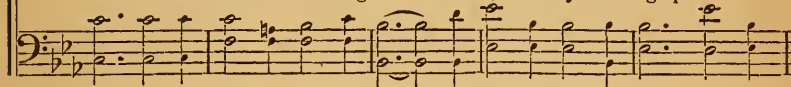
*cres.*



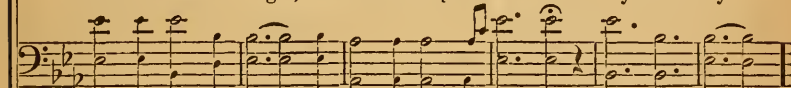
1. There's room for you to an-chor Within the port of rest, Where tempests all are
2. There's room for you to anchor; The ship is waiting now; The ship of God's pre-
3. The same dear friends shall meet us That we have loved below; The same sweet voices
4. O heaving, swelling billows, Bear onward to my home! Beyond these dreary



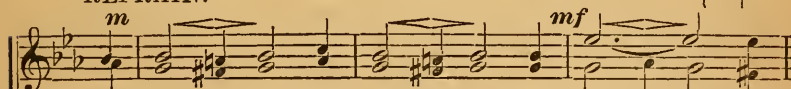
o - ver, And calms no more molest; How sweet to wea-ry voya-gers, This  
par - ing, O ask not Why nor How. His boundless love and mer - cy No  
greet us As in the long a - go. Then hush! ye murm'ring wa-ters, Ye  
headlands I see its shin-ing dome. There, there my fainting spir - it No



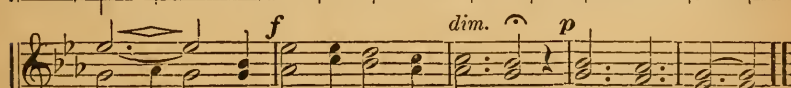
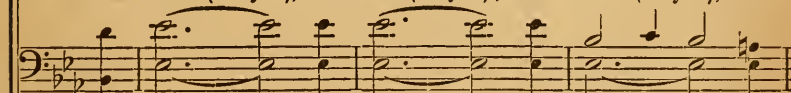
precious promise giv'n : There's room for you to anchor Safe in heav'n.  
tongue can ev - er tell,— If you but trust His promise, All is well.  
tempests, cease to blow! I al - most hear the mu - sic Soft and low.  
more for rest shall sigh ; 'Tis there I hope to an - chor By and by.



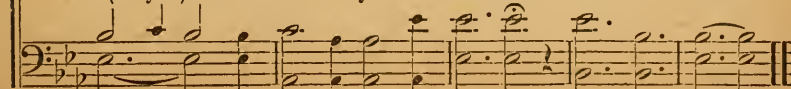
## REFRAIN.

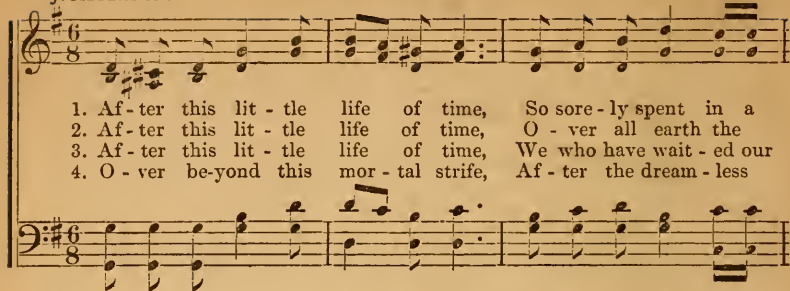


There's room (for you), there's room (for you) ; There's room (for you), there's



room (for you). There's room for you to an - chor Safe in heav'n.

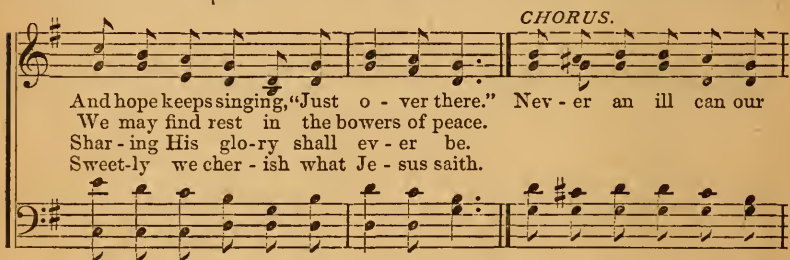




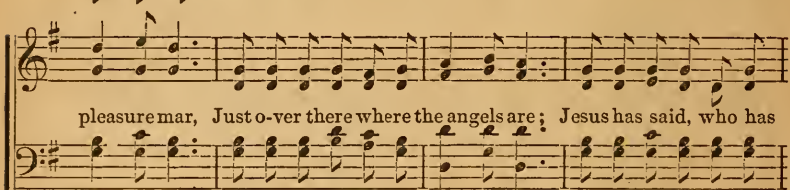
1. Af - ter this lit - tle life of time, So sore - ly spent in a  
 2. Af - ter this lit - tle life of time, O - ver all earth the  
 3. Af - ter this lit - tle life of time, We who have wait - ed our  
 4. O - ver be - yond this mor - tal strife, Af - ter the dream - less



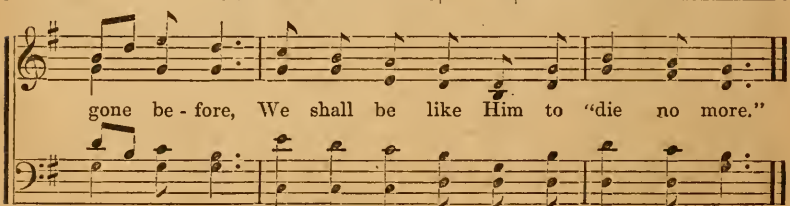
world of care, Com - eth for us a life sub - lime,  
 curse shall cease; Robed then as in her sin - less prime,  
 King to see, Blest in a king - dom free from crime,  
 sleep of death, Come all the joys of end - less life;



*CHORUS.*  
 And hope keeps singing, "Just o - ver there." Nev - er an ill can our  
 We may find rest in the bowers of peace.  
 Shar - ing His glo - ry shall ev - er be.  
 Sweet - ly we cher - ish what Je - sus saith.



pleasure mar, Just o - ver there where the angels are; Jesus has said, who has



gone be - fore, We shall be like Him to "die no more."

REV. F. DENISON.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Wild the storm-wind, dark the night, Drifts the sea up - on the shoal,  
 2. Yes, I hear a cry - ing soul, Bat - tling with the storm and wave;  
 3. In the name of Je - sus, go; With His word of truth and grace,  
 4. Speed the life - boat! raise the cry, "Bat - tle on 'gainst wind and tide";

Look, a per - ile'd bark in sight, Lo! a lost and found'ring soul.  
 Deep - er yet the bil - lows roll; Who will haste that soul to save?  
 Some sweet prom - ise to him throw, Bid him Je - sus' word embrace.  
 Sig - nal to him "help is nigh," Bid him trust the Cru - ci - fied.

## CHORUS.

Speed the life - boat! bend the oar! Swift - ly to his rescue fly!

See him struggling far from shore! Throw the life - line ere he die!

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# No. 139. Invitation. 8s & 7s.

ANNA-SHIPMAN.

F. A. BLACKMER.

*Gently.*

1. Come to Je-sus! are you lone-ly? Sol-ace sweet He will af-ford;  
 2. He is waiting—will you leave Him, Pleading at your heart in vain?  
 3. Now it is the time to test Him, Test Him by His writ-ten word;  
 4. By still wa-ters He will lead you, In green pastures you shall rest;

*rit.*

Lean on Je-sus, Je-sus on-ly! Come and find a lov-ing Lord.  
 He is will-ing—oh, be-lieve Him; He may nev-er call a-gain.  
 Come, for He will ne'er de-ny it; Come to Christ, the ris-en Lord.  
 And the pierc-ed hands that freed you, Bear you near His ten-der breast.

# No. 140. Be Patient.

REV. B. F. CORN.

D. P. AIRHART, by per.

1. Be pa-tient but a lit-tle while, In suff'ring you must learn to wait;  
 2. Be pa-tient, tho' the way seems dark, A Fa-ther's care will thee surround,  
 3. Be pa-tient then, your way pursue Till you the vic-to-ry have won;

*Fine.*

The Saviour keeps His trust-ing child, And guides him to the golden gate.  
 His love prepares the need-ed ark Where bit-ter wa-ters may abound.  
 Till Christ the Lord shall say to you, "It is enough, well done, well done."

D.S.—The Saviour keeps His trust-ing child, And guides him to the gold-en gate.

# Be Patient. CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.

D.S

Be pa-tient but a lit-tle while, Be pa-tient, wea-ry one, and wait;

## No. 141. Over the River.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

DUET.

1. O-ver the riv-er, the riv-er <sup>of</sup> time, Lies the bright land of a verdure sublime;
2. Over the river time never grows old; There are enjoyments and pleasures untold;
3. Over the river our sorrows will cease, Hush'd by the songs of a heavenly peace;

Val-leys of beauty in splendor do shine, Beautiful, beau-ti-ful home!  
 There is a cit-y with streets of pure gold; Beautiful, beau-ti-ful home!  
 When we get there what a hap-py release! Beautiful, beau-ti-ful home!

CHORUS.

O - - ver the riv - er, O - - ver the riv - er,  
 O - ver the beau - ti - ful riv - er, O - ver the beau - ti - ful riv - er,

O - - ver the riv - er, The fields..... are all green.  
 O - ver the beau - ti - ful riv - er, The beau-ti - ful fields are all green.

From HARVEST BELLS No. 1, by permission of W. E. PENN, owner of copyright.

# No. 142. I Can Never Go Alone.

MARY SMALL. Arr. by F. A. B.

JOHN R. SWENEY.

1. Take my hand, O Fa-ther, take it, Clasp it gen-tly in thine own;  
 2. When the dark clouds round me gather, I would then approach thy throne;  
 3. When tempta-tions fierce as -sail me, And my faith so weak has grown,  
 4. When I near the brink of Jor-dan, And life's wea-ry day is done,

*Fine.*  
 I'm so weak, dear Fa-ther, lead me, I can nev-er go a-lone.  
 Let me lean on Thee my Sav-iour, I can nev-er go a-lone.  
 Has-ten to me, O my Sav-iour, I can nev-er go a-lone.  
 Gen-tly lead me through the val-ley, I can nev-er go a-lone.

*D. S.*—I'm so weak, dear Fa-ther, lead me, I can nev-er go a-lone.

CHORUS.

*D. S.*

Take my hand, Take my hand, Take it gen-tly in thine own;

Copyright, 1888, by JOHN R. SWENEY.

# No. 143. Keep Your Windows Open.

F. E. B.

Dan. 6: 10.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Would you fear to have your win-dows o - pen Three times each day,  
 2. Would you of-fer up a bold pe-ti-tion If well you knew  
 3. Would you kneel believ-ing ev-ry pro-mise The Lord has giv'n?  
 4. The les-son taught is not to of-fer A world-wide prayer:  
 5. Then kneel at morn-ing, noon, and even-ing, Nor ev-er fear

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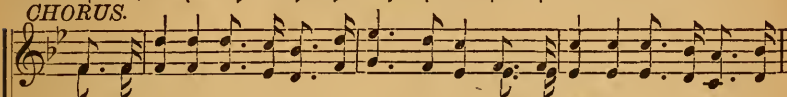
# Keep Your Windows Open.—CONCLUDED.



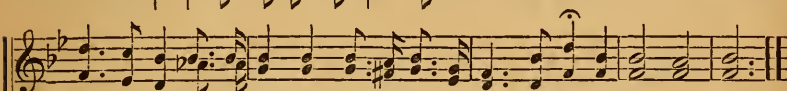
If sin-ners saw that you were kneel-ing Three times to pray?  
That aw-ful den of roar-ing li- ons A- wait- ed you?  
Or think-ing si- lent prayer suf-fi- cient For you and heav'n?  
'Tis du- ty *first*, and *then* the prom- ise Of heav'n-ly care.  
That oth- ers who are un- be- liev- ing Your prayer may hear.



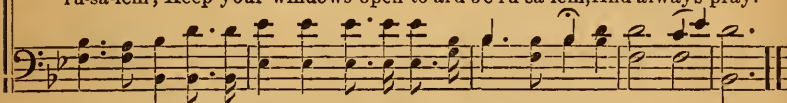
## CHORUS.



Keep your windows open to'ard Jeru-sa-lem, Keep your windows open to'ard Je-



ru-sa-lem; Keep your windows open to'ard Je-ru-sa-lem, And always pray.

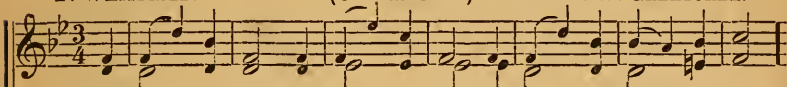


# No. 144. There is a Name I Love.

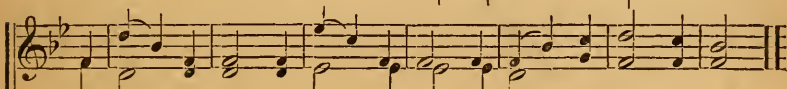
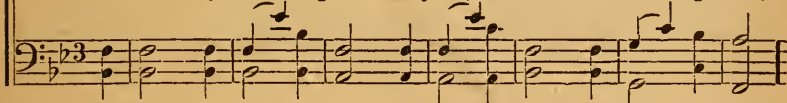
F. WHITFIELD.

(GEER. C. M.)

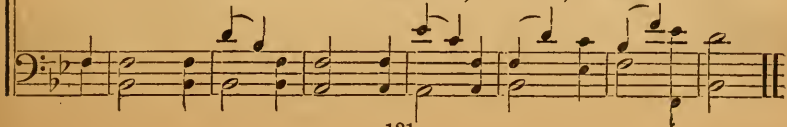
H. W. GREATORIX.



1. There is a name I love to hear; I love to sing its worth;
2. It tells me of a Saviour's love Who died to set me free;
3. It tells of One whose lov- ing heart Can feel my smal- lest woe—
4. It bids my tremb-ling soul re-joice, And dries each ris- ing tear;



It sounds like mu- sic in mine ear—The sweet-est Name on earth.  
It tells me of His pre- cious blood—The sin-ner's per- fect plea.  
Who in each sor- row bears a part That none can bear be- low.  
It tells me in a "still small voice," To trust, and not to fear.





# No. 145. Have You Heard The Gospel Story ?

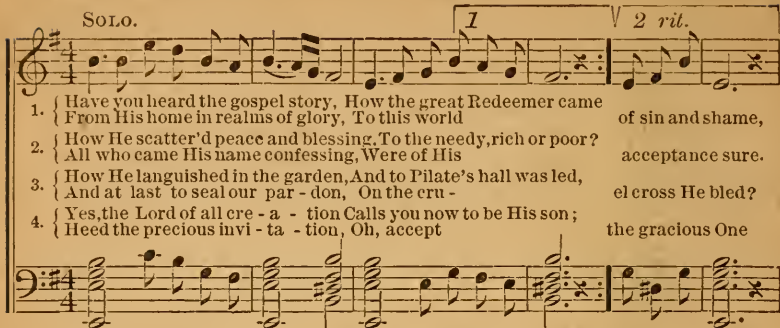
H. N. LINCOLN.

F. A. BLACKMER.

SOLO.

1

2 *rit.*

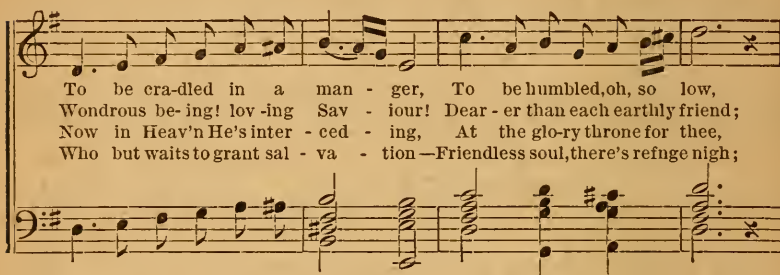


1. { Have you heard the gospel story, How the great Redeemer came  
From His home in realms of glory, To this world of sin and shame,

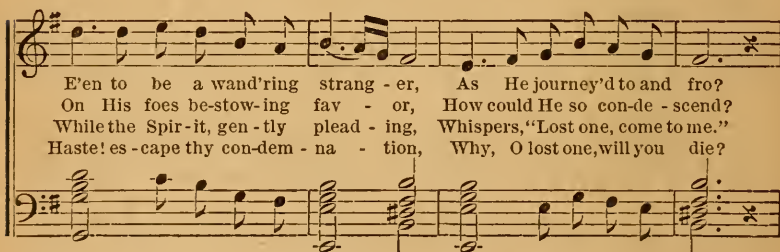
2. { How He scatter'd peace and blessing, To the needy, rich or poor?  
All who came His name confessing, Were of His acceptance sure.

3. { How He languished in the garden, And to Pilate's hall was led,  
And at last to seal our par - don, On the cru - el cross He bled?

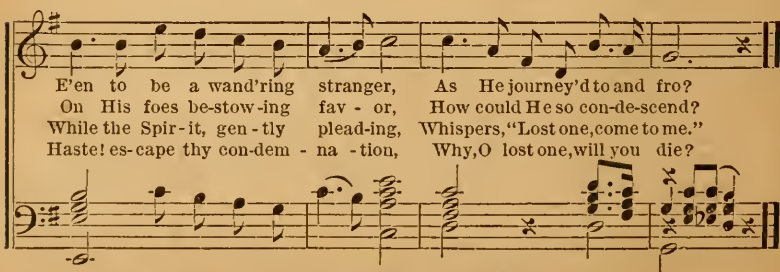
4. { Yes, the Lord of all cre - a - tion Calls you now to be His son;  
Heed the precious invi - ta - tion, Oh, accept the gracious One



To be cra-dled in a man - ger, To be humbled, oh, so low,  
Wondrous be-ing! lov-ing Sav - iour! Dear - er than each earthly friend;  
Now in Heav'n He's inter - ced - ing, At the glo-ry throne for thee,  
Who but waits to grant sal - va - tion—Friendless soul, there's refuge nigh;



E'en to be a wand'ring strang - er, As He journey'd to and fro?  
On His foes be-stow-ing fav - or, How could He so con-de - scend?  
While the Spir-it, gen - tly plead - ing, Whispers, "Lost one, come to me."  
Haste! es-cape thy con-dem - na - tion, Why, O lost one, will you die?



E'en to be a wand'ring stranger, As He journey'd to and fro?  
On His foes be-stow-ing fav - or, How could He so con-de - scend?  
While the Spir-it, gen - tly plead-ing, Whispers, "Lost one, come to me."  
Haste! es-cape thy con-dem - na - tion, Why, O lost one, will you die?

# No. 146. The Blood-Washed Pilgrim.

R. KELSO CARTER, by per.

Arranged.



1. { I saw a blood-washed pil - grim, A sin - ner saved by grace,  
Temp - ta - tions sore be - set him, But noth - ing could af - fright,

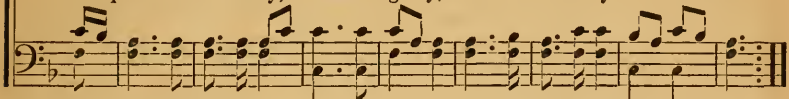


Up - on the King's great highway, With peaceful, shin - ing face. }  
He said, "The yoke is ea - sy, The bur - den, it is light." }

## CHORUS.



Oh! palms of vic - to - ry, crowns of glory, Palms of vic - to - ry I shall wear.



2 His helmet was Salvation,  
A simple Faith his shield,  
And Righteousness his breast-plate;  
The Spirit's sword he'd wield.  
All fiery darts arrested,  
And quenched their blazing flight;  
He cried, "The yoke is easy,  
The burden, it is light."—*Cho.*

3 I saw him in the furnace,  
He doubted not, nor feared,  
And in the flames beside him  
The Son of God appeared.  
Though seven times 'twas heated  
With all the tempter's might,  
He said, "The yoke is easy,  
The burden, it is light."—*Cho.*

4 Mid storms, and clouds, and trials,  
In prison, at the stake,  
He leaped for joy, rejoicing,  
'Twas all for Jesus' sake.  
That God should count him worthy,  
Was such supreme delight,  
He cried, "The yoke is easy,  
The burden, it is so light."—*Cho.*

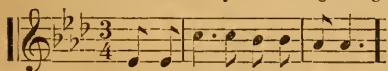
5 I saw him overcoming,  
Through all the swelling strife,  
Until he crossed the threshold  
Of God's Eternal Life.  
The Crown, the Throne, the Sceptre,  
The Name, the Stone so White,  
Were his, who found, in Jesus,  
The yoke and burden light."—*Cho.*

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# No. 147. 1 WILL FOLLOW THEE.

8s & 7s.

Words and Music by Jas. L. Elginburg.



1 I will follow Thee, my Saviour,  
Wheresoe'er my lot may be;  
Where Thou goest I will follow,  
Yes, my Lord, I'll follow Thee.

*Cho.*—I will follow Thee, my Saviour,  
Thou didst shed Thy blood for me,  
And tho' all men should forsake Thee,  
By Thy grace I'll follow Thee.

2 Tho' the road be rough and thorny,  
Trackless as the foaming sea,  
Thou hast trod this way before me,  
And I gladly follow Thee.—*Cho.*

3 Though I meet with tribulations,  
Sorely tempted though I be,  
I remember Thou wast tempted,  
And rejoice to follow Thee.—*Cho.*

4 Though to Jordan's rolling billows,  
Cold and deep, Thou leadest me,  
Thou hast crossed its waves before me,  
And I still will follow Thee.—*Cho.*

# No. 148. Home All Beautiful.

Written for this work and dedicated to MR. and MRS. F. A. BLACKMER.

H. N. LINCOLN.

H. N. LINCOLN.

1. Beau - ti - ful cit - y built a - bove, Beau - ti - ful kingdom full of love;  
 2. Beau - ti - ful cit - y of the blest, Beau - ti - ful walls with jasper drest;  
 3. Beau - ti - ful songs of Christ the King, Beau - ti - ful strains from glad harps ring;

Beau - ti - ful home where all may spend Beautiful days that ne'er shall end;  
 Beau - ti - ful gates of worth un - told, Beautiful streets of pur - est gold;  
 Beau - ti - ful light in that fair dome, Beautiful scenes in that sweet home;

Beau - ti - ful throne with jewels bright, Beau - ti - ful an - gels clothed in white;  
 Beau - ti - ful throng by faith I see, Beau - ti - ful robes for you and me;  
 Beau - ti - ful riv - er glid - ing by, Beau - ti - ful hills of glo - ry nigh;

Beau - ti - ful mansions all may share, Beau - ti - ful be - ings shall dwell there.  
 Beau - ti - ful crowns that all may wear, Beau - ti - ful palms that all may bear.  
 Beau - ti - ful all with rap - ture rife, Beau - ti - ful home of light and life.

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# No. 149. A Little More Rough Tossing.

F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1. A lit - tle more rough tossing, Life's bois - t'rous sea while crossing,  
 2. A few more days of sigh - ing, Of sor - row and of cry - ing,  
 3. A few more days to tar - ry, Life's bur - dens still to car - ry,

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# A Little More Rough Tossing. CONCLUDED.

And we shall land up - on the strand, Where all is calm and fair;  
 And ev'-ry tear shall dis - ap - pear From ev - 'ry weep - ing eye;  
 A - long the path, our Sav - iour hath Ordained that we should go,

Beyond the break - ers' pow - er, Where tem - pests nev - er low - er;  
 No shade of earth - ly sor - row, Shall dim that fair to - mor - row;  
 Oppressed by cares and dan - gers, As pilgrims and as stran - gers;

And all who gain that blest domain, Shall rest and glo - ry share.  
 O glo - ry bright, beyond earth's night, My faith be - holds Thee nigh!  
 And then the life with glo - ry rife, That ne'er an ill shall know.

## No. 150. The Lily of the Valley.

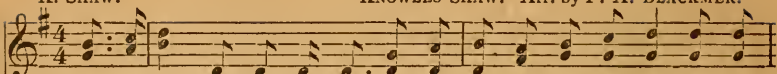
1. I've found a friend in Jesus, He's everything to me,  
 He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul;  
 The Lily of the Valley in Him alone I see,  
 All I need to cleanse and make me fully whole.
- ||: In sorrow He's my comfort, in trouble He's my stay,  
 He tells me ev'ry care on Him to roll.  
 He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright and morning Star,  
 He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul. || *Repeat for Cho.*
- 2 He'll never, never leave me, nor yet forsake me here,  
 While I live by faith and do His blessed will;  
 A wall of fire about me, I've nothing now to fear;  
 With His manna He my hungry soul shall fill;  
 Then sweeping on to glory His blessed face we'll see,  
 Where rivers of delight shall ever roll.  
 He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright and morning Star,  
 He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.



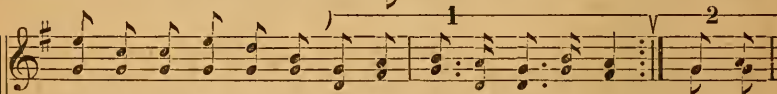
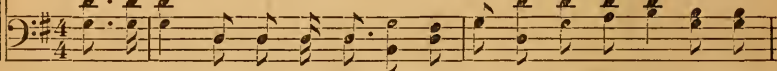
# No. 151. The Handwriting on the Wall.

K. SHAW.

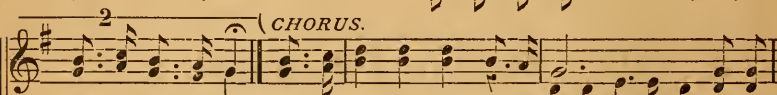
KNOWLES SHAW. Arr. by F. A. BLACKMER.



1. At the feast of Bel-shaz-zar and a thousand of his lords, While they  
In the night as they rev-eled in the roy - al pal - ace hall, They were
2. See the brave cap - tive Dan - iel as he stood before the throng, And re -  
As he read out the writ - ing 'twas the doom of one and all; For the
3. See the faith, zeal and courage that would dare to do the right, Which the  
In his home in Ju - de - a, or a cap - tive in the hall, He
4. So our deeds are re - cord - ed; there's a Hand that's writing now; Sin - ner,  
For the day is ap - proach - ing, it must come to one and all, When the



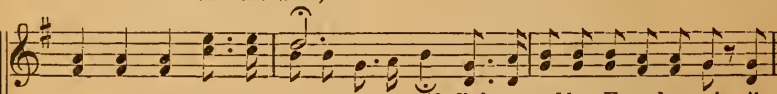
drank from gold - en ves - sels, as the book of truth re - cords,  
seized with conster - na - tion, *Omit.* at the  
buked the haugh - ty mon - arch for his might - y deeds of wrong;  
king - don now was finished— *Omit.* said the  
spir - it gave to Dan - iel—this the se - cret of his might;  
un - derstood the writ - ing *Omit.* of his  
give your heart to Je - sus, to His roy - al man - date bow;  
sin - ner's con - dem - na - tion *Omit.* will be



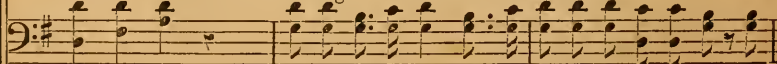
hand up - on the wall. 'Tis the hand of God on the wall  
hand up - on the wall.  
God up - on the wall.  
writ - ten on the wall. 'Tis the hand of God that is writing on the wall; 'Tis the



on the wall;



hand of God that is writing on the wall.  
Shall the record be, "Found wanting," or



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# The Handwriting on the Wall. CONCLUDED.

shall it be, "Found trusting?" While that hand is writing on the wall.  
While 'tis writing on the wall.

No. 152.

MRS. T. M. GRIFFIN.

Home.

Words arr. Chorus and Music by W. E. PENN.

*Slow.*

1. Just o-ver the riv-er are pal-a-ces grand, And mansions so lovely and fair,  
2. Tho' storm-clouds and tempests awhile must abide, And trials and crosses must come,  
3. A few weary journeys, a few busy days, 'Mid tears and temptations and pray'r,  
4 For ev - er we'll dwell in those mansions so nigh, And bask in the glory of God,

They're fashioned and made by our Saviour's own hand, And He is inviting us there.  
The mansions are ready, the portals are wide, And Jesus will soon take us home.  
Our pray'rs will be turned to hosannas of praise As Jesus shall welcome us there.  
Rememb'ring this life as a short, broken sigh, Forgetting the thorns we have trod.

*REFRAIN.*

Home, home, beau - ti - ful home, Home of the pure and blest;  
Home, sweet home,

Home, home, won - der - ful home, Home of e - ter - nal rest.  
Home, sweet home,

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## No. 153.

## Song of the Lost Soul.

W. E. PENN.

J. M. HUNT. Arr. by F. A. B.

1. A-las, a-las, my day is pass'd! My day of grace is gone;  
 2. I can - not tell how oft, how well The warn-ings have been given;  
 3. And now I know, ah, yes, I know I am for-ev - er lost!

And I am left sore-ly distress, A wan-der-er for - lorn!  
 But this I know, ah, yes, I know That I re-ject - ed heaven.  
 No Sav - iour nigh to hear my cry, My soul is tem-pest tossed!

What can I do, where can I go? Ah! whith-er can I fly?  
 Oh, aw - ful tho't it comes unsought That oft did God in - vite,  
 My sin - ner friends, there's no amends, No Sav-iour in the grave;

For I am lost, for-ev - er lost! No God to hear my cry.  
 And whispered, "Come, for yet there's room," But I that voice did slight.  
 I warn you now, to Je - sus bow, That He your souls may save.

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## No. 154.

## What Then?

C. C. LUTHER.

1. Af-ter the joys of earth, 7 Af-ter the songs of mirth, Af-ter the hours of  
 2. Af-ter this empty name, 7 Af-ter this wea-ry frame, Af-ter this conscious  
 3. Af-ter this sad fare-well, To a world we have loved too well, Af-ter this si-lent

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# What Then? CONCLUDED.

light, Af - ter its dream so bright—What then? What then? What then?  
 smart, Af - ter this aeh - ing heart—What then? What then? What then?  
 bed With the for-gotten dead—What then? What then? What then? Ah,

On-ly an emp - ty name, On-ly a wea - ry frame,  
 On-ly a sad fare - well To a world we have loved too well;  
 then the judg - ment throne! Ah, then the last hope gone!

On-ly a conscious smart, On-ly an ach - ing heart, Then! then! then!  
 On-ly a si - lent bed With the for-got - ten dead, Then! then! then!  
 Hear what the Scripture saith, Then an e - ter - nal death, Then! then! then!

## No. 155. SAVED AT THE CROSS.

Behold He bows His sacred head—  
 He bows His head and dies!

1 Behold the Saviour of mankind  
 Nailed to the shameful tree!  
 How great the love that Him inclined  
 To bleed and die for me!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
 And shut His glory in,  
 When Christ the mighty Saviour died  
 For man the rebel's sin.

### CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first  
 saw the light,  
 And the burden of my heart rolled  
 away, Happy day.  
 It was there by faith I received my sight,  
 And now I am happy all the day.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,  
 While His dear cross appears;  
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
 And melt mine eyes to tears.

2 "Tis finished," now the ransom's paid,  
 "Receive my soul," he cries;

5 But drops of grier can ne'er repay  
 The debt of love I owe;  
 Here, Lord, I give myself away;  
 'Tis all that I can do.

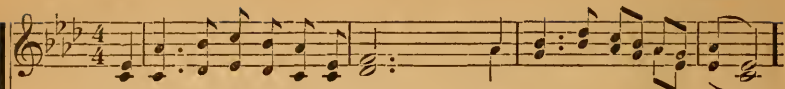


## No. 156.

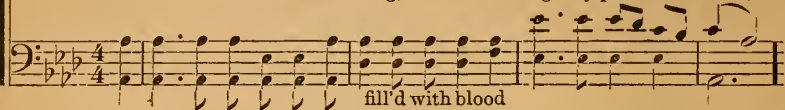
## Precious Fountain.

WILLIAM COWPER.

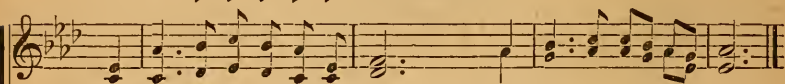
F. A. BLACKMEER.



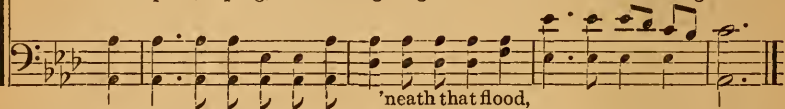
1. There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,  
 2. The dy-ing thief rejoyc'd to see That foun-tain in his day;  
 3. Thoudying Lamb! Thy precious blood, Shall nev-er lose its power,  
 4. Then in a nobler, sweeter song, I'll sing Thy power to save,



fill'd with blood

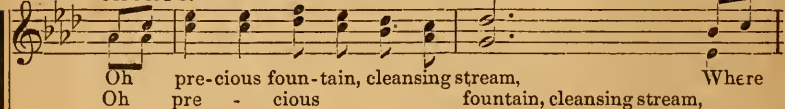


And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.  
 And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.  
 Till all the ransom'd Church of God Aresaved to sin no more.  
 When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue Is ransomed from the grave.

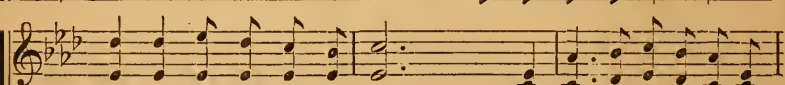


'neath that flood,

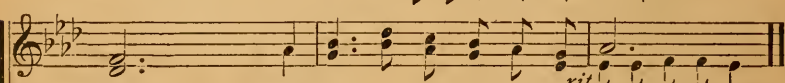
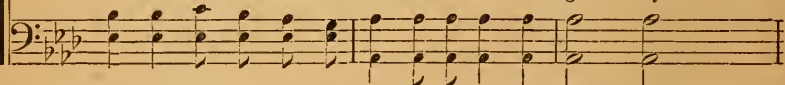
## CHORUS.



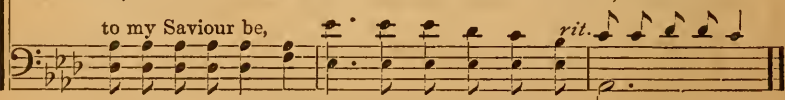
Oh pre-cious foun-tain, cleansing stream, Where  
 Oh pre-cious fountain, cleansing stream,



All may plunge and be made clean; All glo - ry to my Saviour  
 be made clean; All glo - ry



be, Who shed His blood to ran-som me, to ransom me.



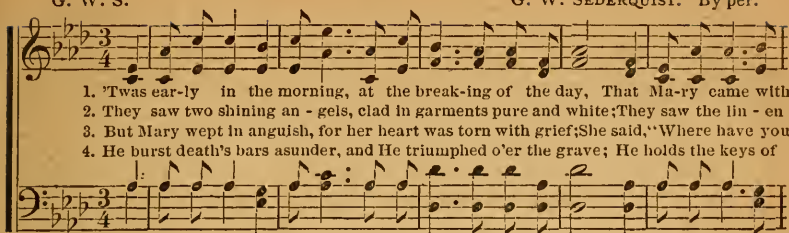
to my Saviour be,

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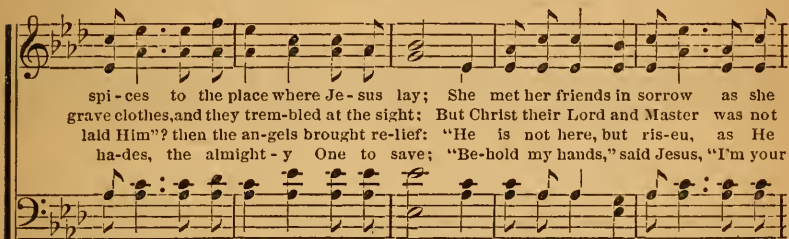
# No. 157. They Rolled the Stone Away.

G. W. S.

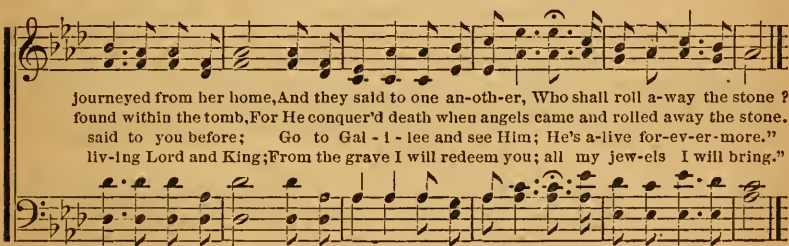
G. W. SEDERQUIST. By per.



1. 'Twas ear-ly in the morning, at the break-ing of the day, That Ma-ry came with  
 2. They saw two shining an - gels, clad in garments pure and white; They saw the lin - en  
 3. But Mary wept in anguish, for her heart was torn with grief; She said, "Where have you  
 4. He burst death's bars asunder, and He triumphed o'er the grave; He holds the keys of

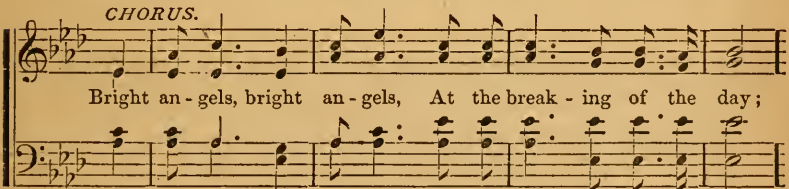


spi - ces to the place where Je - sus lay; She met her friends in sorrow as she  
 grave clothes, and they trem-bled at the sight; But Christ their Lord and Master was not  
 laid Him"? then the an-gels brought re-lief: "He is not here, but ris-eu, as He  
 ha-des, the almight - y One to save; "Be-hold my hands," said Jesus, "I'm your

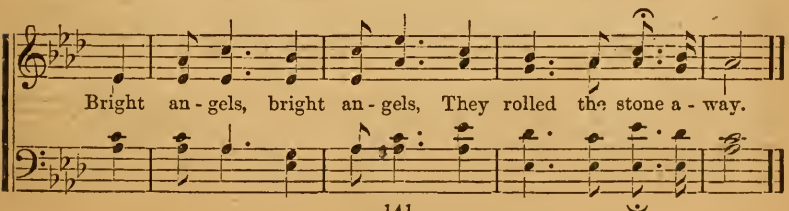


journeyed from her home, And they said to one an-oth-er, Who shall roll a-way the stone?  
 found within the tomb, For He conquer'd death when angels came and rolled away the stone.  
 said to you before; Go to Gal - i - lee and see Him; He's a-live for-ev-er-more."  
 liv-ing Lord and King; From the grave I will redeem you; all my jew-els I will bring."

## CHORUS.



Bright an - gels, bright an - gels, At the break - ing of the day;



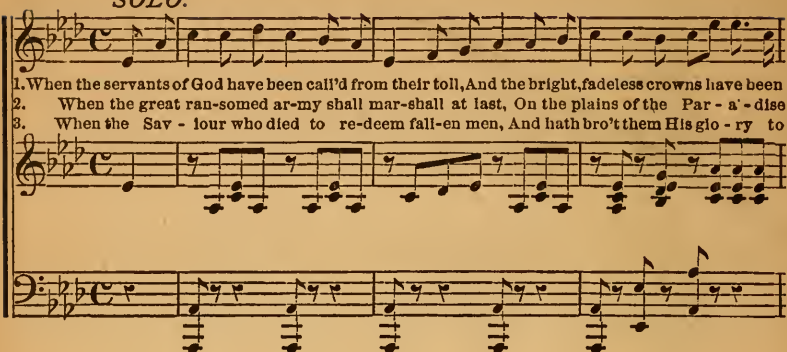
Bright an - gels, bright an - gels, They rolled the stone a - way.

# No. 158. I Know I Shall Want to Be There.

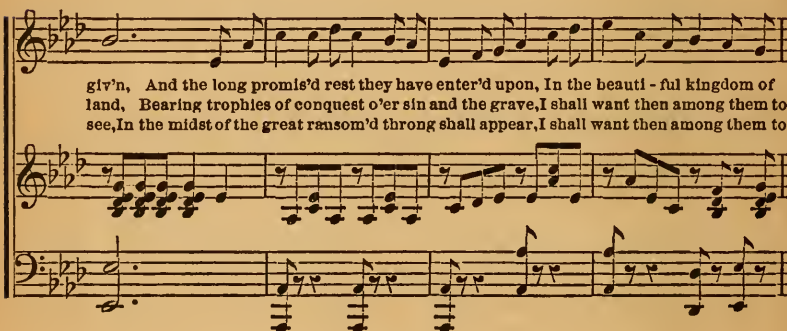
F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER.

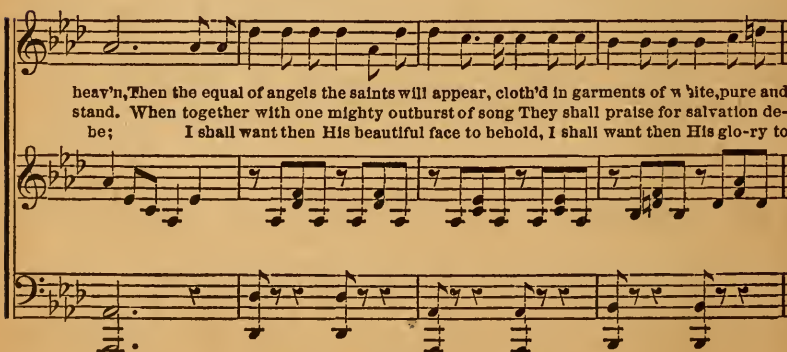
## SOLO.



1. When the servants of God have been call'd from their toll, And the bright, fadeless crowns have been  
 2. When the great ran-somed ar-my shall mar-shall at last, On the plains of the Par - a - dise  
 3. When the Sav - our who died to re-deem fall-en men, And hath bro't them His glo - ry to



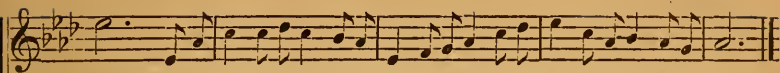
giv'n, And the long promis'd rest they have enter'd upon, In the beauti - ful kingdom of  
 land, Bearing trophies of conquest o'er sin and the grave, I shall want then among them to  
 see, In the midst of the great ransom'd throng shall appear, I shall want then among them to



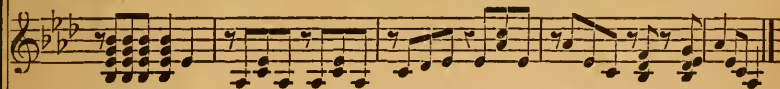
heav'n, Then the equal of angels the saints will appear, cloth'd in garments of w hite, pure and  
 stand. When together with one mighty outburst of song They shall praise for salvation de-  
 be; I shall want then His beautiful face to behold, I shall want then His glo-ry to

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# I Know I Shall Want to Be There. CONCLUDED.



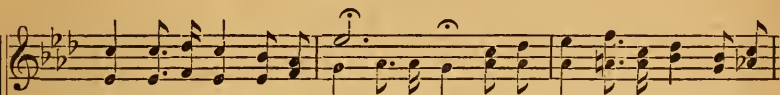
fair; When such wonderful gifts are bestow'd upon men, Oh, I know I shall want to be there.  
 clare, And the great anthem swells thro' the heav'nly domain, Oh, I know I shall want to be there.  
 share; And when He over all shall be crown'd King of kings, Oh, I know I shall want to be there.



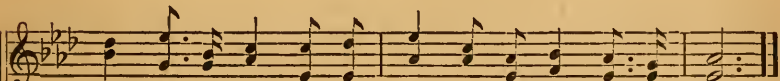
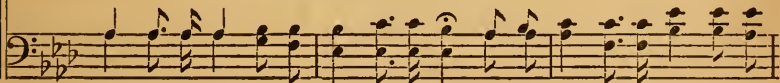
## CHORUS.



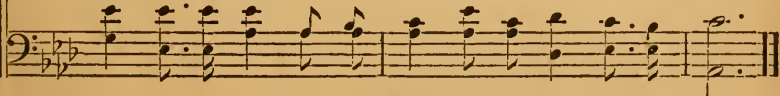
Oh, I know I shall want to be there; Yes, I  
 I shall want to be there;



know I shall want to be there; When the sav'd and the blest reach the  
 I shall want to be there;



fair land of rest, Oh, I know I shall want to be there.

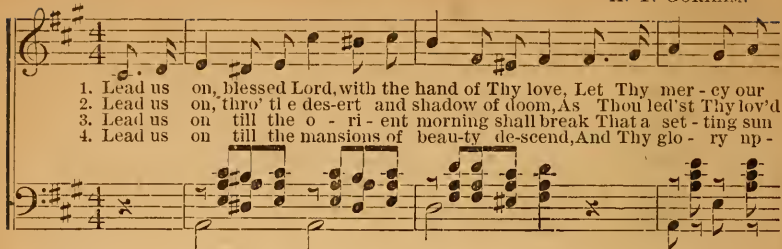




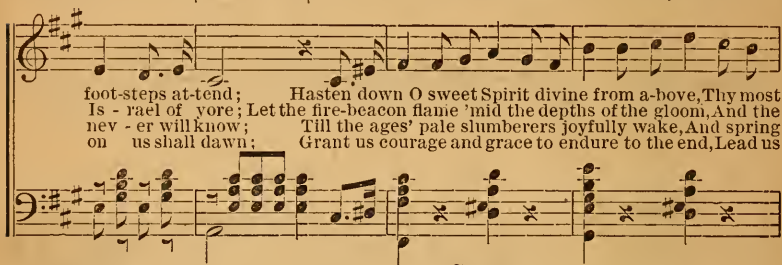
# No. 159. Lead us on, Blessed Lord.

A. T. G.

A. T. GORHAM.

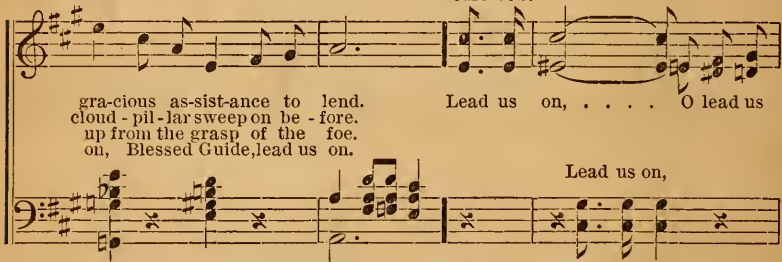


1. Lead us on, blessed Lord, with the hand of Thy love, Let Thy mer-cy our  
 2. Lead us on, thro' the des-ert and shadow of doom, As Thou led'st Thy lov'd  
 3. Lead us on till the o-ri-ent morning shall break That a set-ting sun  
 4. Lead us on till the mansions of beau-ty de-scend, And Thy glo-ry up-

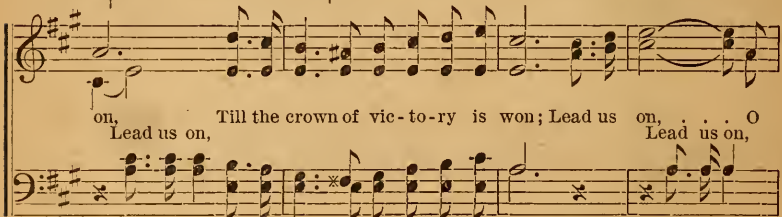


foot-steps at-tend; Hasten down O sweet Spirit divine from a-bove, Thy most  
 Is - rael of yore; Let the fire-beacon flame 'mid the depths of the gloom, And the  
 nev - er will know; Till the ages' pale slumberers joyfully wake, And spring  
 on us shall dawn; Grant us courage and grace to endure to the end, Lead us

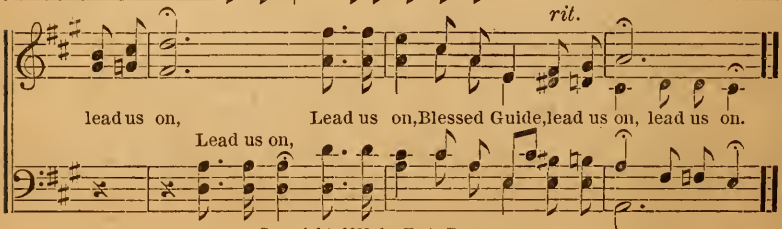
## CHORUS.



gra-cious as-sist-ance to lend. Lead us on, . . . . O lead us  
 cloud - pil-lars sweep on be-fore.  
 up from the grasp of the foe.  
 on, Blessed Guide, lead us on.



on, Lead us on, Till the crown of vic-to-ry is won; Lead us on, Lead us on,  
 Lead us on,



lead us on, rit. Lead us on, Blessed Guide, lead us on, lead us on.  
 Lead us on,

## No. 160.

## Almost Time.

F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1. It is sweet to think of the Sav-iour's words, While here as pilgrims and  
 2. And the theme grows sweeter as we be-hold The time of har-vest so  
 3. Hasten, an-gel band, from the glo-ry heights, And take us o'er to the

strangers we roam, That the ho-ly an-gels will He send forth, To  
 near-ly at hand; And we al-most watch for the shin-ing ones, To  
 sweet oth-er side; To the bless-ed pres-ence of Christ our Lord Con-

## CHORUS.

gath-er the saints to the prom-ised home. Al-most time, it is al-most  
 bear us a-way to the bet-ter land.  
 vey us, and let us with Him a-bide.

time, Al-most time for the an-gels to come; Al-most time, it is

It is al-most time,  
 al-most time, Time for the an-gels to gath-er us home.

# No. 161. Just Over Yonder.

F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1. There's a bet-ter world than this, Just o - ver yonder; Just beyond the  
 2. There is hope for the opprest, Just o - ver yonder; There is joy for  
 3. We shall meet the loved ones gone, Just o - ver yonder; There sweet faces  
 4. But most wondrous! I shall see, Just o - ver yonder, Him who gave His

*Fine.*  
 dark a-byss, Just o - ver yon-der. There are fields of liv-ing green,  
 the dis-trest, Just o - ver yon-der. Grief shall there be felt no more,  
 look up-on, Just o - ver yon-der. We shall greet them as of yore,  
 life for me, Just o - ver yon-der. Bleeding then on Cal - va - ry;  
*D. S.*—Just o - ver yon-der. *D. S.*

There de-cay no more is seen; Skies uncloud - ed, all se - rene,  
 Days of weep - ing all are o'er; Shad - ow-less im - mor - tal shore,  
 They will love us as be - fore; We shall part from them no more,  
 In - ter - ced - ing now for me; Bless - ed hope, with Christ to be,

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# No. 162. Sweet Sabbath Eve.

ANON.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

DUET. *Gently.*

1. Sweet Sabbath eve, Bright is thy smile, Linger, O lin-ger to cheer us a -  
 2. Sweet Sabbath eve, Hallowed and blest, Sending the soul to its ha-ven of  
 3. Sweet Sabbath eve, Bear on thy wing Upward to heaven the praises we

while; Sweet Sabbath eve, Beautiful ray, Fade not so quickly away.  
 rest; Lin - ger a - while, Beautiful ray, Fade not so quickly away.  
 sing; Fainter thy voice, Faded thy hue, Gently we bid thee adieu.

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# Sweet Sabbath Eve.—CONCLUDED.

## CHORUS.

Lovely and pure thy star - lit brow Holy the tho'ts thou art breathing now ;  
 Make us to feel the God of love Looks on us still from that world above.  
 Lovely and pure thy star-lit brow, Holy the tho'ts thou art breathing now :

*rit. e dim.*

Sweet Sabbath eve, Beautiful ray, Fade not so quickly a - way.

## No. 163. Only Believe.

CULLING. Arr. by F. A. B.

H. N. LINCOLN.

1. On-ly be-lieve— . . . . How can I, Lord, The clouds so  
 2. On-ly be-lieve— . . . . Then help me, Lord, Mine un- be-  
 3. On-ly be-lieve— . . . . I will! I do! I do it

dark, . . . . the storm so wild? I want to trust, I want to  
 lief, . . . . do Thou re - move; O come and reign Within my  
 in thy strength, O Lord; Not in the power of hum-an

pray, heart, will, I want to be thy lov-ing child.  
 Dear Saviour come and reign in love.  
 But in the com - fort of thy word.

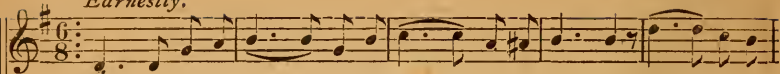


# No. 164. Saviour, Plead For Me.

A. T. G.

A. T. GORHAM.

*Earnestly.*



1. { Sav - iour of sin - ners, oh, hear my pe - ti - tion—Weak-ly I've
2. { Look Thou in pit - y up-on my con-di - tion, And in high
3. { Plead for me, Sav - iour, my path - way is drear - y; Help-less my
4. { Guide Thou my feet to the home of the wea-ry— Wel-come the
5. { Plead for me, Sav - iour! so weak, frail and err-ing; Child - like I
6. { Love, joy and peace thro' Thy rich grace conferr-ing, Look Thou in



wan - dered a-far from home and Thee;  
 heav - en, O..... } Sav-iour, plead for me!  
 frail bark, the sport of storm and sea.  
 wan-d'r'er— O..... } Sav-iour, plead for me!  
 stretch forth my trembling hands to Thee;  
 mer - cy—O..... } Sav-iour, plead for me!

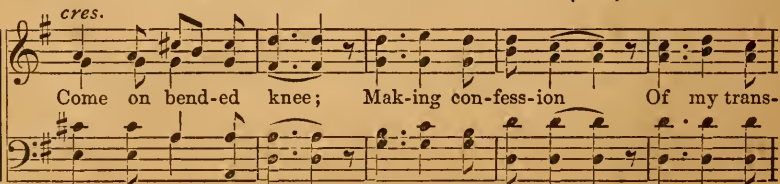


*CHORUS.*



Plead for me, Saviour, Grant me Thy fa-vor; Hum-bly be-fore Thee I

*cres.*



Come on bend-ed knee; Mak-ing con-fess-ion Of my trans-

# Saviour, Plead For Me. CONCLUDED.

*rit.*

gress-ion, Way - ward and err-ing— O Sav-iour, plead for me!

No. 165.

As God Will.

F. A. B.

QUISQUAM, by per.

1. { I will not shrink from "fiery tri-als," Nor murmur when my path seems rough ;  
By grace I will endure the testing, Till God shall say, "It....."  
2. { I will not fear the heat-ed "fur-nace," If He therein shall bid me go ;  
With faith in Him I need not fal - ter, Nor tremble at its.....  
3. { I dare not choose the way I jour-ney, And if I but behold Him near,  
My ill shall seem a "light affliction," Which "for a moment".....

2 ( REFRAIN.

is e-nough." } I will not mur-mur at the sor - row That  
fier - y glow. } The end may come, and that to - mor - row, When  
doth ap - pear.

on - ly lon-ger-liv'd would be; God hath wrought His will in me;

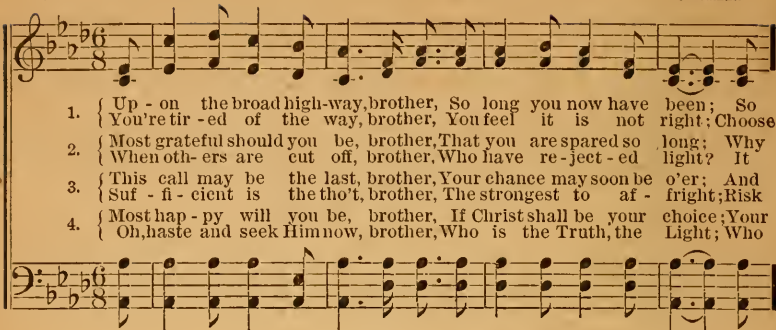
{ And so I whisper, "As God will," And in the hottest fire hold still ;  
{ And so I whisper, "As God will," And trusting to the end hold still.

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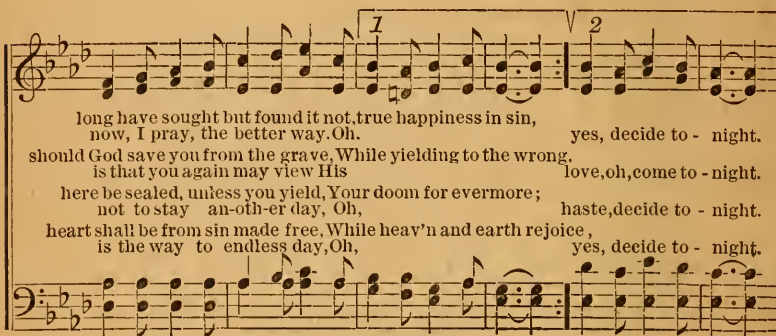
# No. 166. Oh, Decide To-night.

F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER.

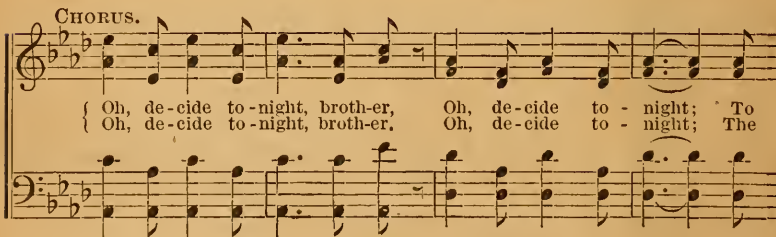


1. { Up - on the broad high-way, brother, So long you now have been; So  
 2. { You're retir - ed of the way, brother, You feel it is not right; Choose  
 3. { Most grateful should you be, brother, That you are spared so long; Why  
 4. { When oth - ers are cut off, brother, Who have re - ject - ed light? It  
 5. { This call may be the last, brother, Your chance may soon be o'er; And  
 6. { Suf - fi - cient is the tho't, brother, The strongest to af - fright; Risk  
 7. { Most hap - py will you be, brother, If Christ shall be your choice; Your  
 8. { Oh, haste and seek Him now, brother, Who is the Truth, the Light; Who

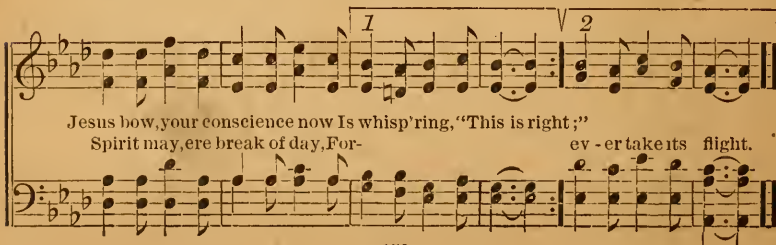


long have sought but found it not, true happiness in sin,  
 now, I pray, the better way. Oh, yes, decide to - night.  
 should God save you from the grave, While yielding to the wrong,  
 is that you again may view His love, oh, come to - night.  
 here be sealed, unless you yield, Your doom for evermore;  
 not to stay an - oth - er day, Oh, haste, decide to - night.  
 heart shall be from sin made free, While heav'n and earth rejoice,  
 is the way to endless day, Oh, yes, decide to - night.

CHORUS.



{ Oh, de - cide to - night, broth - er, Oh, de - cide to - night; To  
 { Oh, de - cide to - night, broth - er, Oh, de - cide to - night; The



Jesus bow, your conscience now Is whisp'ring, "This is right;"  
 Spirit may, ere break of day, For - ev - er take its flight.

## No. 167.

## Buried With Christ.

*Romans 6.*

REV. T. RYDER, (Chorus by R. K. C.)

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Bur-ied with Christ and raised with Him, too, What is there left for  
 2. Ris-en with Christ, my glo-ri-ous Head, Ho-li-ness now the  
 3. Liv-ing with Christ, who di-eth no more, Follow-ing Christ, who  
 4. Liv-ing for Christ, my members I yield Ser-vants of God, for-

me to do? Sim-ply to cease from struggling and strife,  
 path-way I tread; Beau-ti-ful thought, while walking there-in,  
 go-eth be-fore, I am from bond-age ut-ter-ly freed,  
 ev-er-more sealed; Not un-der law, I'm now un-der grace,

*D.S.*—Liv-ing in Christ and free from all strife,

*Fine. CHORUS.*

Sim-ply to walk in newness of life. Bur-ied with Christ and  
 He that is dead is freed from sin.  
 Reck-on-ing self as dead in-deed.  
 Sin is dethroned and Christ takes its place.

Rest-ing in Him, my strength and my life.

*D.S.*

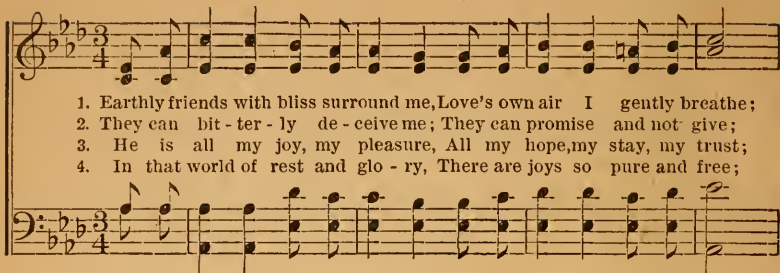
dead un-to sin, Je-sus Him-self a-bid-eth with-in.

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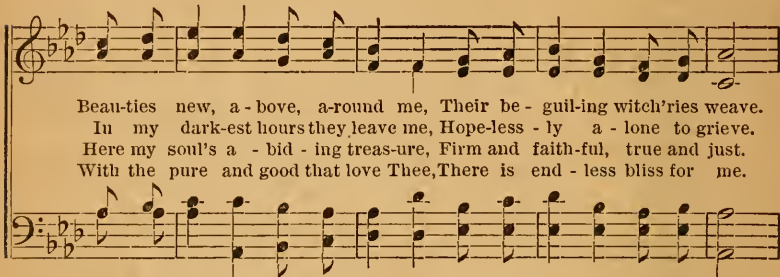


# No. 168. Chiefest Among Ten Thousand.

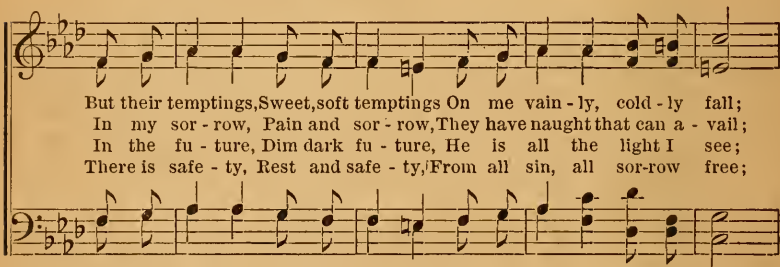
Mrs. F. A. BLACKMER.



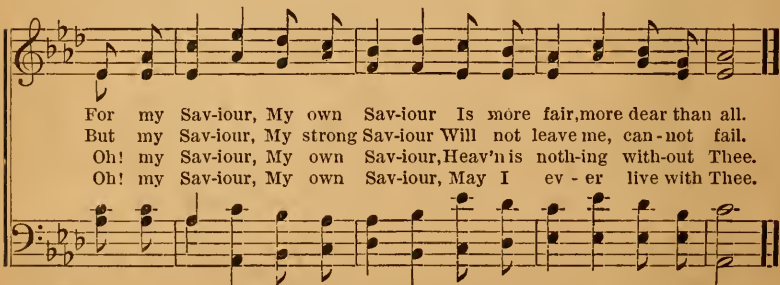
1. Earthly friends with bliss surround me, Love's own air I gently breathe;  
 2. They can bit - ter - ly de - ceive me; They can promise and not give;  
 3. He is all my joy, my pleasure, All my hope, my stay, my trust;  
 4. In that world of rest and glo - ry, There are joys so pure and free;



Beau - ties new, a - bove, a - round me, Their be - guil - ing witch'ries weave.  
 In my dark - est hours they leave me, Hope - less - ly a - lone to grieve.  
 Here my soul's a - bid - ing treas - ure, Firm and faith - ful, true and just.  
 With the pure and good that love Thee, There is end - less bliss for me.



But their temptings, Sweet, soft temptings On me vain - ly, cold - ly fall;  
 In my sor - row, Pain and sor - row, They have naught that can a - vail;  
 In the fu - ture, Dim dark fu - ture, He is all the light I see;  
 There is safe - ty, Rest and safe - ty, From all sin, all sor - row free;



For my Sav - iour, My own Sav - iour Is more fair, more dear than all.  
 But my Sav - iour, My strong Sav - iour Will not leave me, can - not fail.  
 Oh! my Sav - iour, My own Sav - iour, Heav'n is noth - ing with - out Thee.  
 Oh! my Sav - iour, My own Sav - iour, May I ev - er live with Thee.

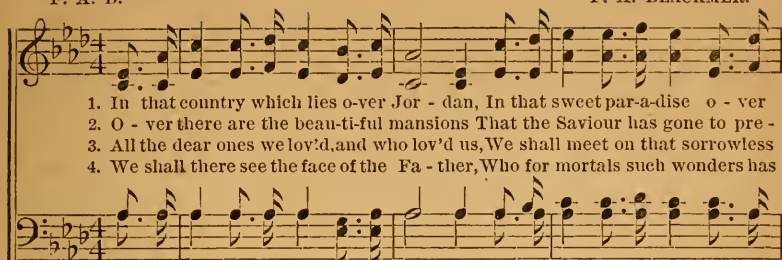
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## No. 169.

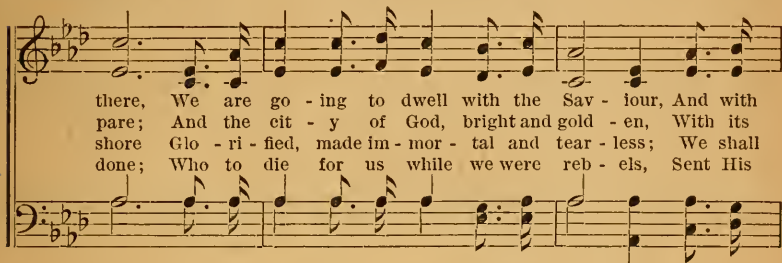
## Over Jordan.

F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER.

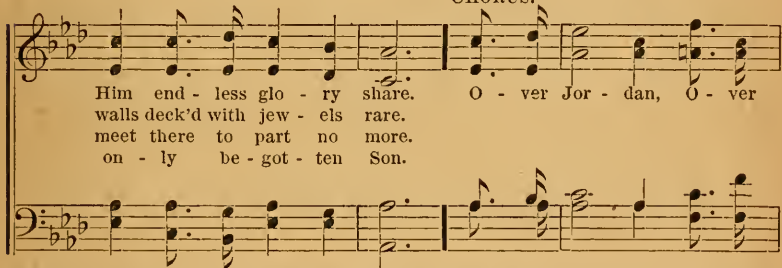


1. In that country which lies o-ver Jor - dan, In that sweet par-a-dise o - ver  
 2. O - ver there are the beau-ti-ful mansions That the Saviour has gone to pre -  
 3. All the dear ones we lov'd, and who lov'd us, We shall meet on that sorrowless  
 4. We shall there see the face of the Fa - ther, Who for mortals such wonders has

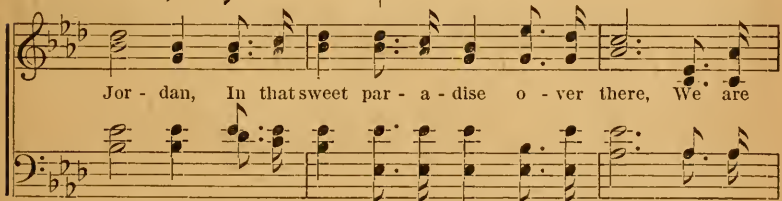


there, We are go - ing to dwell with the Sav - lour, And with  
 pare; And the cit - y of God, bright and gold - en, With its  
 shore Glo - ri - fied, made im - mor - tal and tear - less; We shall  
 done; Who to die for us while we were reb - els, Sent His

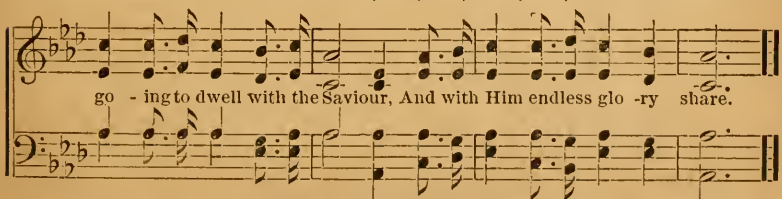
## CHORUS.



Him end - less glo - ry share. O - ver Jor - dan, O - ver  
 walls deck'd with jew - els rare.  
 meet there to part no more.  
 on - ly be - got - ten Son.



Jor - dan, In that sweet par - a - dise o - ver there, We are



go - ing to dwell with the Saviour, And with Him endless glo - ry share.

# No. 170.

# Jesus Walks With Me.

F. S. S.

F. S. STANTON. By per.

1. Pass - ing thro' a lone-ly way, Mists de - ceiv - ing, cloud my day ;  
 2. Though my tri - als heav-y be, He can all my dan - ger see,  
 3. Though in sor - row I may weep, Though in death I fall a - sleep,  
 4. When the judg-ment day shall break, And all hearts with fear shall quake,

## CHORUS.

Why should I my foot-steps stay ? Je-sus walks with me. Je - sus walks with me.  
 Bring me joy and vic - to - ry. Je-sus walks with me.  
 Through the val - ley dark and deep He will walk with me.  
 For His loved ones joy shall wake. He will walk with me.

In the nar - row way ; I will fol - low Him each day, Till His face I see.

# No. 171:

# Going Away Unsaved.

C. C. L.

C. C. LUTHER.

1. Go-ing a-way un-saved to-night, De-spis-ing a - fresh the WORD,  
 2. Go-ing a-way un-saved to-night, Griev-ing the Spirit a - way,  
 3. Go-ing a-way un-saved and *lost*, Oh, friend, and shall it be so ? Is

Lov - ing dark - ness rather than light, Under the wrath of God.  
 Farther than ev - er away from the light, Hardened by de - lay.  
 that your choice ? weigh well the cost, E'er hence unsaved you go.

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# Going Away Unsaved.—CONCLUDED.

## REFRAIN.

Go - ing a - way un - saved, Go - ing a - way un - saved; Still  
un - der the curse, What can be worse? Go - ing a - way un - saved.

## No. 172. In the Shadow of the Cross.

E. R. LATTÀ.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. There's a place a - bove all others, Where my spirit loves to be!  
 2. 'Tis with-in the Sa - cred shadow Of the cross of Cal - va - ry!  
 3. On the cross my Saviour suffered, That He might atone for me!  
 And I love the blessed shadow Of the cross of Cal - va - ry!  
 4. When my heart is full of trouble, Then I love on bended knee,  
 To approach Him in the shadow Of the cross of Cal - va - ry!  
 4. Blessed Saviour, Thou wilt hear me, When I make my earnest plea,  
 If I kneel within the shadow Of the cross of Cal - va - ry!

## CHORUS.

In the shadow of the cross, In the sha - dow of the  
of the cross,  
cross, There my spirit loves to be, In the shadow of the cross.  
of the cross.

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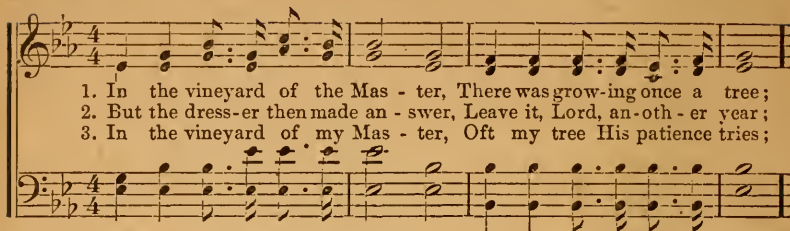


# No. 173. The Barren Fig-Tree.

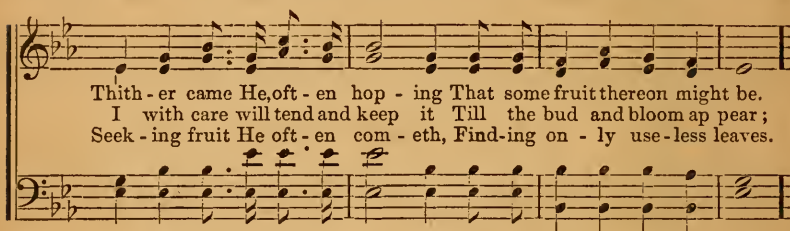
MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.

Read Luke 13: 6-9.

R. M. McINTOSH.



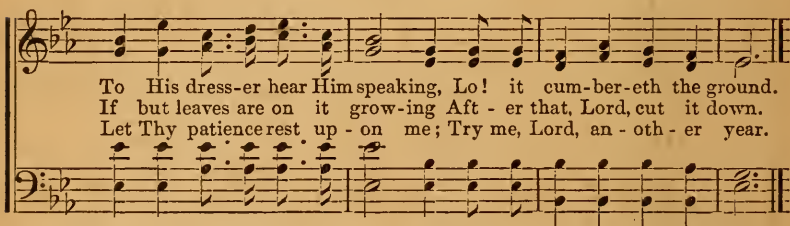
1. In the vineyard of the Mas - ter, There was grow - ing once a tree;  
 2. But the dress - er then made an - sver, Leave it, Lord, an - oth - er year;  
 3. In the vineyard of my Mas - ter, Oft my tree His patience tries;



Thith - er came He, oft - en hop - ing That some fruit thereon might be.  
 I with care will tend and keep it Till the bud and bloom ap pear;  
 Seek - ing fruit He oft - en com - eth, Find - ing on - ly use - less leaves.

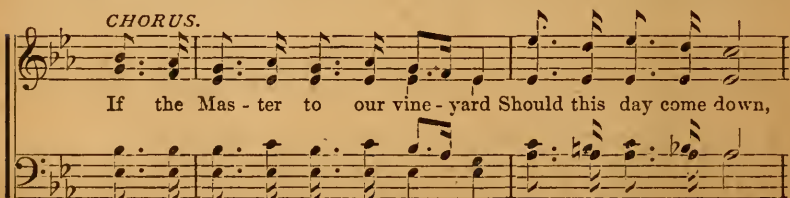


Fruit, not blossom, went He seek - ing, On - ly leaves thereon He found;  
 Then, if ripened fruit be show - ing, It is well, my Lord will own;  
 Let Thy dews of grace fall on me, Till some fruits divine ap - pear;



To His dress - er hear Him speaking, Lo! it cum - ber - eth the ground.  
 If but leaves are on it grow - ing Aft - er that, Lord, cut it down.  
 Let Thy patience rest up - on me; Try me, Lord, an - oth - er year.

## CHORUS.



If the Mas - ter to our vine - yard Should this day come down,

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# The Barren Fig-Tree. CONCLUDED.

Seeking, looking, ask - ing for His own, Read - y for His eye are we?

Is there fruit up-on our tree? Will He bid the dress-er cut it down?

## No. 174. Come to Jesus, Lost One.

F. S. S.

F. S. STANTON, by per.

1. Are you tired of sin-nig, Loathing it to-day? Do you want your  
 2. Are the chains drawn closer, Would you be made free? Come to Je - sus,  
 3. Do you doubt His promise? Put it to the test; He has said, "Come  
 4. Yes, His blood can cleanse you, Wash you from each sin; Yield your heart to

### CHORUS.

heart made clean? Je-sus is the Way. Come to Je-sus, lost one;  
 ling-ring one, He will save e'en thee.  
 un-to Me, I will give you rest."  
 Him this hour, Bid Him en-ter in.

Oh, no longer roam; He in pit-y waits to bless, Calling you, Come home.

# No. 175. Better Days are Coming On.

A. H. GORHAM.

SOPRANO.

DUET.

1. Tho' the path-way seemeth dark and drear-y, As in sad-ness we are
2. Bet-ter days! when naught of sin and sor-row Shall a-bide with those whose
3. Bet - ter days! O, sweet the song in glo - ry, When the vic-to - ry and

TENOR.

wait - ing for the dawn, There is hope and com-fort for the wea - ry,  
pil - grim-age is done; When the night shall yield to gold - en mor - row—  
crown of life are won, And we sing re - demp-tion's wondrous sto - ry,

CHORUS.

Bet - ter days are com-ing on. Bet-ter days are com-ing  
Bet - ter days are com-ing on.  
In the days soon com-ing on. Bet-ter days

on;  
on, com-ing on; Bet - ter days . . . are coming on; Bet-ter  
Bet-ter days are coming on, coming on;

days, Bet - ter days, Bet - ter days are coming, coming on.  
Bet - ter days, Bet - ter days,

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